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**ALEXANDER PETÖFI**

**THE APOSTLE**

**CHILDE JOHN**

**SIMPLE STEVE**

**"CYPRESS LEAVES FROM THE GRAVE OF DEAR ETHEL"**

**SELECTED LYRICS.**

Translated by

**WILLIAM N. LOEW**

Author-Translator of

Gems from Petöfi, Magyar Songs, Magyar Poetry.

Mikszáth's: The Good People of Palocz.

Madách's: Tragedy of Man.

The net proceeds of the sale of this volume are  
dedicated by the publishers, The Hungarian  
Literary Society of New York  
to a fund for the erection of a statue of  
**ALEXANDER PETÖFI**  
in the City of New York.



## PREFACE.

Alexander Petöfi is Hungary's greatest lyric poet and one of the truly great singers of sweet song of the civilized world. Grimm the great German literary essayist, names Petöfi as one of the five greatest poets of the world.

Slowly, but surely his fame grows. If Petöfi had a translator of his lyrics into English as competent as Shakespeare had to translate his dramas into the languages of the European continent, then Petöfi would be universally recognized as the great poet of all of the world's poetical literature.

Many are called—few are Godborn sons of song and only a true poet can translate well.

In the preface to a former volume of mine I earnestly protested against being charged with the conceit of considering myself a poet.

I confessed then and I repeat it here, that I do not claim that my heart and soul are warmed by the holy flame lit by the Muses:—no, only my undying love for my native country, my boundless admiration for Petöfi inspire me to do some "missionary" work in introducing him to Anglo-American readers.

For nearly half a century I have been trying to make him and his poetical genius known here in the United States.

In the early 70's I wrote for Professor Rasmus Anderson of the University of Wisconsin a story of the life of Petőfi and sent him a dozen or more of my earliest Petőfi translations. He was to use my contribution as a preface to his translation of Petőfi's novel "The Hangman's Rope". A few years later I translated a number of Magyar Folk Songs, among them some of Petőfi's, for Francis Korbay, the foremost resident-musician of Magyar birth then living in New York, to be used by him in the transcriptions of Magyar Folk Songs he was then publishing. I did similar work, later on, for our dear old Edward Reményi and for Maximilian Vogrich.

Petőfi's gloriously great poem "One thought torments me"—appeared for the first time in the "Critic", just launched by the late Richard Watson Gilder, one of America's great poets.

In 1881 I published my "Gems from Petőfi etc."—and in 1883 I lectured before a body of Hungarians, at the city of Cleveland, on "Alexander Petőfi". The committee having the lecture in charge published it and devoted the proceeds of the sale to a charitable object. Even to-day, after twentynine years, there still rings in my ear the cheer caused by a passage in that lecture of mine which enthused my hearers: "Every smile, every tear of his was a poem".

Then I published a volume of "Magyar Songs" and later a volume of "Magyar Poetry", two anthologies of Magyar lyrics, both containing a number of my Petőfi translations.



No one is more thoroughly aware than I am of the immense distance between the Magyar Petöfi and the English Petöfi as the latter is made known to the reader by my translations. However, I claim one merit. My translations may not be classic reproductions, may not be poetic creations showing Petöfi's true genius, however, I think, that I succeeded in producing—con amore—faithful photographs.

English students of Magyar literature will in the course of time do better and at some future day all of the world shall recognize the truth of John H. Ingram's opinion: "Petöfi is the world's greatest lyric poet, he who, to my mind is more the representative spirit and soul of Hungary than any man has yet been of that country."

Until, however, Petöfi has the good fortune to find a Bayard Taylor or a H. W. Longfellow to make him feel at home in Anglo-American literature, the undersigned thought best to do something to countereffect the possible opinion of the English literary world of Petöfi's worth and value as a poet, if based solely on the alleged translations of Sir John Bowring — — —.

Fortunately there are other Petöfi translators. E. D. Butler, Henry Phillipps jr. (an American) and Frederick Walter Fuller have done magnificent work, but all the three put together have given only—I think—a score or so of Petöfi's songs to England and America.

Petőfi's recognition by England and America as the world's great lyric poet is still to come.

He had German, French and Italian translators who endeared him to their respective countries and enriched their own literatures by giving them a Petőfi of their own.

If my present work adds but a single leaflet to the wreath of immortality of his high fame "which nothing can cover but heaven", then indeed I am a proud and happy man.

\*

"The Apostle" is a dream of Petőfi's, "a series of boldly drawn pictures," an epic poem of democratic convictions. Petőfi's conception of the world might be summed up thus: "Mankind is continually developing. A grape is a small thing, yet it requires a whole summer to ripen it. How many thousands of sunrays have touched a single berry. How many millions may the world need! The rays which ripen the world are the souls of men. Every great soul is such a ray — — —"

"Childe John" is the most truly Magyar fabulous fairy story ever told.

"Simple Steve" is— —Petőfi, the light-hearted, easy going, goodnatured, loveable and loving youth, full of animal spirit, with a heart of gold. — — —

These three epics are not "the great epics" of Magyar literature, but they are perfect gems of Petőfian view of life, humor, pathos.

The "Cypress Leaves from dear Ethel's

Grave" are heartrending outbursts of a grief at the loss of one sweetheart, soon exchanged for another, who then inspired him to sing other rhapsodies of love...

The hundred odd "selected lyrics" added to these aforementioned translations, make a fairly representative volume of an English Petöfi.

\*

In December 1910 I lectured before a Magyar Society, "The First Hungarian Literary Society of New York City", an ambitious body of young Magyar-Americans. I spoke in memory of Coloman Mikszáth, Hungary's great humorous writer, the Mark Twain of my native land.

In the course of my remarks I said: "Mikszáth was to Francis Deák's Hungary what Petöfi had been to the Hungary of Kossuth"; and speaking then of Petöfi, I suggested the propriety of a movement to be undertaken by them,—the members of the Hungarian Society I was then addressing—to erect here, in New York City, a statue in honor of Alexander Petöfi, the great bard of love and liberty.

The suggestion was enthusiastically acted upon. A committee was appointed entrusted with the carrying out the idea. This volume is my contribution to that monument. The "Hungarian Literary Society of New York" accepted my contribution and undertook the publication of the volume, the net proceeds of the sale thereof going to the "Monument-Fund".

As an interesting historical fact I must be allowed to mention here, that Alexander Petöfi's original "Cypress Leaves From the Grave of Dear Ethel" was first published by a patriotic society, the "Nemzeti Casino", induced to do so at the suggestion of Michael Vörösmarty, whose opinion as to Petöfi's poetical genius was more readily accepted by the magnates of the Magyar Casino, than by the Magyar publishers of Pest, who were not willing to print the poems of a then unknown author.

The net proceeds of the sale of the second edition of the "Cypress Leaves" Petöfi dedicated to a charitable object.

\*

Let me hope, that by the time the literary world celebrates the centenary of Petöfi's birthday, the Magyar Societies of New York and if the United States, assisted by the lovers of song of all other races, will gather around that statue, then already erected, to place wreaths of laurel upon the pedestal of his monument, and that in the hearts of the thousands then and there assembled will re-echo Petöfi's famous song:

"Freedom and love  
Are dear to me;  
My life I give  
Sweet love for thee  
Yet love I give  
For liberty!"

New York, March 15th, 1912.

WM. N. LOEW.

**THE APOSTLE.**

## I.

The town is dark. The night o'er it is spread,  
In other climes to shine the moon has fled,  
And every star on high  
Has closed his golden eye;  
Black as the borrowed conscience is from wear  
So black the aspect that the world does bear.

One tiny little light  
Is glimmering on yon height;  
And like a sick man's glaring eyes,  
Or like a dying hope that flies,  
That flickering light to flare up tries.

The midnight oil it is, in garret-room.  
Who is it watches at that lamp's pale gloom?  
Who can it be? You wish to know?  
Two famous brothers they, — Virtue and Woe.  
So great the misery, it has hardly space  
To stir in that lone, God-forsaken place.

Just like a swallow's nest, it is so small,  
The very squalor of it doth appall.  
The four walls are all gruesome and all bare,  
That is to say, had not the moldy air  
Adorned them all o'er with spot and stain,  
And had from leaky roof the pouring rain  
Not painted them with streaks, that would be true,  
The rain here drew  
Of darkest hue  
A thick line, which  
Looks like in rich

Men's homes the bell-rope near the door.  
 The air is foul, the walls outpour  
 A tainted, putrid breath.  
 It might cause e'en the death  
 Of rich men's pets, the dogs, if they  
 In kennels like this had to stay.

A table and a bed-stead of cheap stuff, —  
 Which for a rag-fair wouldn't be good enough, —  
 Upon the bed, a bag filled up with straw,  
 Two broken chairs you near the table saw,  
 Then a moth-eaten trunk;—and that was all  
 You that room's complete furnishing could call.

Who lives in here? The lamp's faint light  
 Copes with the darkness of the night.  
 Obscured, dim is the window-pane,  
 As are dream-pictures, one in vain  
 In memory tries to retain.

Deceives the lamp's faint light the eye?  
 Are those whom here we can espy  
 Made by the light so ghastly, van,  
 Or are they ghosts we look upon?  
 The answer is a moan and sigh.

Upon the trunk we first behold  
 A mother, whose thin arms enfold  
 Her babe. Poor, miserable child!  
 The mother's barren breasts beguiled  
 Its craving hunger and it cries  
 And weakly whines, in vain it tries  
 Sweet milk to suck from hollow breast.  
 The mother's very looks attest  
 Her painful thoughts. As melting snow  
 Drops from the roof to street below:  
 As freely flows her burning tear  
 Upon her crying baby dear.  
 Or can it be that she is not  
 Thinking at all? Her tears flow, but  
 As if it were a thing of course,

As is the spring's flow from its source?  
Her older child, thank God 's asleep,  
— Or seems to be; well, it does not weep,—  
Upon the bed, close to the wall,  
Spread over him 's a ragged shawl.  
The straw peeps out from 'neath the spread.  
Sleep, little boy! Of golden thread  
May angels weave a dream most sweet:  
Dream that a slice of bread you eat!

A man, still young, the father he,  
Sits at the table in deep gloom.  
The cloud, we on his forehead see,  
Is it that which gives to the room  
This aspect of a living tomb?  
That forehead seems an open page.  
Telling of wars he had to wage  
With all the ills of cruel fate.  
That forehead plainly shows the weight  
Of care and woe which were his share.  
Beneath that dark forehead, a pair  
Of lustrous eyes brilliantly shine,  
Like beauteous stars which illumine  
The heavenly dome. Bold, fearless eyes,  
Which strength and force do signalise.  
It seemed as if his thought  
Some mighty distance sought,  
Had risen high,  
Up to the sky  
Where eagles fly.

## II.

Through all the world the deepest silence reigns,  
Within the room death's deepest calm obtains.  
Without, the autumn wind the air has stirred,  
Within, the mother's woeful sigh is heard.

The little boy, arising in the bed,  
Leans to the wall his weary, aching head;

With tearful voice, as came it from the grave,  
 Begins now for something to eat to crave.  
 "I am so hungry, father dear, oh, please,  
 Give me some bread my hunger to appease.  
 I tried to sleep; believe me, I have tried  
 With sleep my hungry state from you to hide.  
 Oh! give me please, or show me but a piece,  
 E'en the sight of bread might my hunger ease."  
 "Wait till to-morrow morn, my darling boy,  
 Thou shalt a piece of white bread then enjoy,  
 White bread, baked with the sweet milk of the cow."  
 "I rather have a crust of black bread now,  
 Than, father dear, to-morrow any kind.  
 That I am dead, to-morrow, you might find.  
 I'm dying now; to-morrow 's far away,  
 You 've said "to-morrow" now many a day,  
 'Tis always but to-day, and hungry I.  
 Oh, tell me father dear, when once we die,  
 Still hungry we when in the grave we lie?"  
 "No, darling child, oh no!  
 The dead no hunger know."  
 "Then, father dear, it is best dead to be,  
 Then father, find a white coffin for me.  
 Let it be white as is my mother's face,  
 And carry me to that good resting place  
 Where the happy dead,  
 Hunger not for bread."

Who says that children are but innocent?  
 Where is the dagger, where the sword, that sent  
 To human heart a wound so sore,—  
 And pierced it to its very core,—  
 As did to the poor father's heart  
 The son's complaint? No stabbing dart  
 Could make it bleed so free, as did  
 That speech. Oh! how he tried to bid  
 His heart to keep still, but in vain!  
 He can't his ardent tears retain.  
 So burning they, that with a start  
 He puts his hand up to his face.  
 To see, is it blood of his heart



That spurted there. Not in the days  
Of bitter woe did he complain,  
But now, resentment which had lain  
Dormant for years, breaks forth: Oh, God!  
Why did'st thou mould me from the clod,  
Why not have left me in a state  
Of nothingness? Why did'st create  
This body and this soul, which long  
To be but dust again? How wrong  
That I, according to Thy plan,  
Have offspring, but being a man  
Cannot, as can the Pelican,  
My children with my heart's-blood feed?  
I dare not in this strain proceed,  
I bow, my God, it is Thy deed!  
We men are blind, Thy plans divine  
Man cannot grasp, and Thy design  
We must not judge. Into this sea  
Of life to put me hath pleased Thee,  
And, as a magnet, to control  
My life, thou gavest me a soul.  
I bow and I obey!—Here, boy,  
Here is a slice of bread.—Enjoy  
It now; it is the last; God knows  
What wilt thou then to-morrow eat.”  
And eagerly the boy arose  
And ate that slice of bread so sweet.  
What did he care that it was dry?  
As shines at night the flitting firefly  
So shone with bliss the boy's bright eye.  
When with his feast the boy was through  
He promptly went to sleep anew;  
Sleep came with ease, as comes the mist  
Over the vale the dawn hath kissed.  
And lying down in his wont place,  
He sleeps and dreams, a smile his face  
Lights up. What dream might he have had?  
Of death? or did he dream of bread?  
The mother had gone on to weep,  
Until she also fell asleep  
She laid down first the baby too,

Her arm around her children threw, . . .  
And sleeps and dreams her woes subdue.

The husband from his seat arose,  
On tiptoes to the bed he goes,  
With folded arms he casts his eye  
O'er those he loves. Then with a sigh  
He says:—as were he thinking loud,—  
“At last, my dears, nature allowed  
Sweet, soothing sleep to come to you.  
Ah! dream-life has a rosy hue.  
Asleep you are freed of the weight  
You had to bear by curse of fate.  
Good God! That sleep should love them more  
Than I! Sleep had for them in store  
Sweet happiness, which I could not  
Secure to them as their life's lot.  
But let it pass,—they're happy now,  
Peace, blissful peace is on each brow,  
It is a beauteous sight,  
Beloved ones, good night!”

And then he kissed the foreheads of the three,  
They are his home-life's holy Trinity.  
His hands he raiseth his dear ones to bless  
(Ah! that his hands naught else to give possess!)  
He then returns to his abandoned seat.  
Once more he casts his eye over his sweet  
Group on the bed,—such tender, loving gaze  
That, though asleep, it yet to them conveys  
Dreams where an angel with fair roses plays.

And then he looked into the gloomy night.  
His look is bold; it seemed as with the bright  
Look he had tried the night to fill with light.

### III.

Where might have roamed the man's wakeful soul?  
What path to find had been the thinker's goal?

His mind is soaring in the high,  
 Where in delusive dreams to fly  
 The demigods and lunatics try.

Just like a bird breaks from her shell,  
 On wings arises high in air:  
 So did he cast off and dispel  
 His woeful sorrow and his care.  
 The mortal man in him was dead,  
 The citizen in him instead  
 Had come to life.

Whose heart for wife  
 And children sweet  
 With love replete  
 Had been a few moments ago,  
 Hath now a heart with love aglow  
 For all humanity; who held  
 The three dear ones that with him dwelled  
 In his loving embrace,  
 Loves now the human race.  
 His soul's wings soared far up on high,  
 Whence like a dot upon an "i"  
 Earth seemed to be. When in the vast  
 Immensity his soul flew past,  
 The stars' light flickered as when breath  
 A candle's light encountereth.

It flew and flew;  
 A million miles and more afar  
 Is in the sky star from the star,  
 Yet through the blue  
 Vast space it flew, and as the horse  
 Which through a forest takes its course  
 Leaveth behind the countless trees,  
 So did his soul pass by with ease  
 And leave behind the countless stars.

It meets naught which its bold flight bars.  
 And when a myriad stars it passed  
 And left behind, and when at last

It reached,—was it the world's end?  
 No! When it was given to him to stand  
 In the centre of the universe  
 At last to hold with Him converse  
 Whose glance to worlds brings death or life,  
 Whose power's proclaimed by tempests' strife,  
 By myriad orbs which round Him course,  
 Whose wondrous wisdom and whose force  
 The wisest mind can never trace:  
 The soul, surcharged; lit up by Grace  
 Divine, laved in His glorious light,—  
 Just as is the white swan's delight  
 To dip into the waters of the lake,—  
 "Hail Thee! Almighty God!" it spake,  
 "A grain of sand, Lord, made by thee,  
 I come full of humility  
 To kneel here in Thy saintly shrine.  
 Oh pray, believe that I am Thine,  
 And Thine alone! I don't complain.  
 The dread fate that Thou didst ordain  
 For me is hard, I bless Thee e'en, I know  
 By it to be Thy chosen one.  
 O, God! The human race upon  
 The earth has turned its face from Thee,  
 Degenerates, and slaves to be  
 Prefers to manhood proud and free.

The parent of all sin and vice  
 Is serfdom. Men will idolise  
 Men, and by bending neck and knee  
 Before a man, defy but Thee.  
 This cannot ever continue thus,  
 Thou shalt yet reign Most Glorious!  
 One life, Lord, Thou hast given me,—  
 I ask not what reward shall be,—  
 If any,—mine, the meanest man  
 Will for his pay do all he can;  
 I want no pay, I hope for none,  
 I faithfully my work have done  
 Till now and shall hereafter do,  
 Ah well! I shall receive my due!

A rich reward, for can there be  
Reward more rich than feel that free  
My fellow men became through me!  
For I still love my fellow man,  
Though sin still holds him in its ban.  
O Lord, O God! Pray give me strength  
That I accomplish my intent.  
Man must be free! That is my plan."

Thus spoke the soul, and from the dome  
Of heaven high it flew back home,  
Into that dismal, dreary room,  
Back to the soulless man, to whom  
It brought back consciousness.—He stirred.  
Was it a dream? What had occurred?  
He felt all chilled, yet from his brow  
The burning sweat-drops roll, and how  
A—weary, sleepy is he now!—  
He must have been awake before.—  
And to the mattress on the floor  
He drags himself and goes to sleep.  
And there he lies upon that heap  
Of straw, who but a while ago  
In heaven had been.—On cushions fine  
Humanity's hangmen recline;  
The world's benefactor he  
Upon the floor asleep we see.

And lo! The flick'ring lamp once more  
Flares up and then its sick and sore  
Life dies. And just as secrets told  
By lip to lip will quick unfold:  
Thus cleared the night. The early dawn—  
The merry garden maid,—had drawn  
Bright roses with the hue of bloom  
On wall and window of that room.  
The first rays of the rising sun  
Fell on the sleepers forehead, spun  
A wreath of gold around his brow,  
And then it seemed Great God, that Thou  
Hadst with these rays just kissed Thy son.

## IV.

Who art thou apparition marvelous?  
 The raiment of thy soul 's a regal cloak,  
 Thy body though is clad in threadbare rags.  
 Thou and thy dear ones miss their daily food  
 And if perchance a piece of soft, black bread  
 To bring home to thy table bare of cloth  
 Thou didst succeed, it marked a holiday.  
 Those whom thou lovest best thou canst support,  
 But eager art for all the world to toil.  
 To enter heaven on high is given to thee,  
 But barred before thee is the rich man's door.  
 Who with the Lord on High hast had converse  
 Rebuffed wert, spokest thou to some great man  
 Who with contempt looks on thy shabby form.  
 Some people say, that an Apostle he,  
 Some say he is a miserable wretch.  
 Who art thou? Knowest them who gave thee birth?  
 Are they, thy parents, proud to hear thy name  
 Or causeth it their face to burn with shame?  
 Tell us, where wert thou born? On velvet couch,  
 Or in a manger, on a heap of straw?

Shall I the story of his life now tell?  
 I will; but if I were to paint the same  
 I would describe it as a brook, which sprang  
 From unknown rock where croaking ravens dwell.  
 At every inch it flows o'er rock and stone,  
 Its murmur is the groan of constant pain.

## V.

The town-clock's tongue proclaimed the midnight  
 hour.  
 It was a dreary cruel winter night.  
 The two mean despots of such nights prevailed,—  
 One is the darkness and the cold its twin,—  
 The world was all indoors, for no one dared  
 To tempt God and be out at such a time!

The streets, on which a short hour ago  
A mass of people thronged, are empty now,  
As is the river's bed which has run dry.  
In the abandoned streets, one lunatic,  
—The gale,—roameth about. It rides as fast  
As if the devil had sat astride on him  
And urged him on and on with spurs of fire.  
All angrily he leaps from roof to roof,  
Blows into every chimney he might meet;  
He then resumes his flight and with full throat  
He yells loud into the blind night's deaf ears.  
He grasps the clouds which on his way he found.  
With sharpened nail he tears them into shreds.  
The stars above affrighted seem to be,  
Betwixt the shreds of clouds tremblingly shine.  
The pale moon glides upon the heaven's dome  
As floats a lifeless corpse upon a lake....  
The gale, to catch its breath, a moment stopped,  
Into a mighty mass then blew the clouds,  
And from the height, just like a bird of prey,  
It swooped down to the earth: uprooted trees,  
Broke window panes and carried fences off.  
When it had roused the people with its noise,  
Who, frightened, looked what happened, it was gone  
And they but hear its ghastly laughter's voice.  
Depopulated are the storm-swept streets;  
Who would be out at such a time!—But no!  
There goes a human form. Is it a ghost?

Yes, it approaches like a ghost. When near  
And nearer still it came a female form  
One recognizes, but to know her state  
The secret of the darkness it remained.  
Is she a lady or a mendicant?  
Approaching, cautiously she looks around.  
There at the curb she notes a cab to stop,  
Sees on the seat the driver sound asleep.  
With noiseless step she draweth near. To steal?  
Oh, no! Just the reverse. She opens the door,  
Put in the cab what she bore in her arms,  
Then carefully again she shuts the door

And quickly, as thoughts fly, she disappears.  
 The house-door where the cab stood opens soon,  
 A lady and a gentleman come forth,  
 Get in, the driver promptly whips it up,  
 Is off with rapid gait and never hears  
 The lady's piercing scream, who at her feet  
 Has found a bundle which contained a babe.

The cāb its destination reached and stopped,  
 The lady and the gentleman descend,  
 The lady to the driver says: "Here man,  
 "Here is your fare, the tip is in the cab:  
 "A bouncing newborn babe; take care of him,  
 "A gift from heaven to you he seems to be."  
 Said it and with the man entered the house.

Poor, God-forsaken foundling in that cab!  
 Why wert not born a dog? Her Ladyship  
 Would on her lap have gladly played with you,  
 And petted, played with you with loving care.  
 Unfortunately though you are no dog,  
 A human being art. God only knows  
 Is bright, is dark the fate for you in store?  
 The driver only scratched his head and ear,  
 Then murmured something, but it is not known  
 Did he a prayer say, or did he curse.  
 The gift of God was not welcome to him.  
 He ponders deeply what he is to do?  
 Should he the bastard to the stables take?  
 Dared he to do this, he felt pretty sure  
 The irate boss would throw it at his head,  
 Kick both into the street, he'll lose his job.  
 What 's to be done? His whip comes fiercely down  
 And off he drives at a most rapid rate.  
 While driving through the outskirts of the town,  
 A hostelry he saw. There's life within,  
 The window's red light 's like a drunkard's nose.  
 The driver could not wish for better chance,  
 Upon its threshold puts the gift of God,  
 And then resumes his drive towards his home.



Just then, one of the drunken crowd within,  
Himself quite full, good-night said to his friends.  
While stepping o'er the threshold of the inn  
He stumbleth and he burries deep his nose  
Into the frozen snow. In Billingsgate  
His injured dignity finds prompt relief.  
Then says: "That threshold grew since yesterday.  
Had it been yesterday as high as now  
I would have had to fall then too. I didn't.  
Still I did not drink one more drop to-day.  
I have my principles, I am exact,  
And every day I drink the same amount."  
Such was his monologue as he arose.  
He starts to go, but murmurs to himself  
'Tis all in vain, I don't care what you say  
That threshold must have grown since yesterday.  
I won't give in, I know whereof I speak,  
Did I drink more to-day than yesterday?  
And yet I fell to-day. Shame and disgrace.  
I say that threshold grows. But no! Hold on!  
Might not a stone have been put in my way?  
That might well be the case. The world is mean,  
Some men are very bad, yes, very bad,  
And glad to see a fellow-being fall;  
Put stones into my way, my feet are blind  
And my poor nose must pay the penalty.  
My consolation is when they come out  
Who still carouse in there, they too must fall.  
I have a mind to hide myself somewhere  
To see them stumbling, falling! Ha, ha, ha!  
What's that? Hold on old man! Ain't you ashamed  
To feel elated o'er your fellows ills?  
To show repentance I shall now go back  
And I'll remove that stone. I am a thief,  
A robber, and I more than once have hit  
Men o'er the head so that they never rose.  
My conscience how'er does not allow  
To see men break their noses as did I.  
The good, old drunken man then totters back  
The stone to pick up, he does pick it up,  
But ah! He looks at it. What's that? It screams.

The hoary man indeed dumbfounded is,  
 And all amazed he thus speaks to himself:  
 "By thund'rous lightning from above! What's this?  
 No stone like this was ever in my hands.  
 'Tis soft and then it has a human voice  
 Let's by the window look at it. Ho ho!  
 It is a child, a real and living child.  
 Good evening brother dear, or sister sweet,  
 I know not which you are, a boy? a girl?  
 How in the devil's name did you come here?  
 You ran away from home? You rascal you!  
 What nonsense is this stupid talk of mine.  
 The little one is still in swaddling clothes.  
 Did I the parents know I'd take it back.  
 What mean, contemptible, what brutal thing  
 To cast one's offspring off as one discards  
 A worn-out boot. No hog does ever this,  
 Not e'en the outlaw for the gallows fit.  
 The wraps are threadbare, 'tis poor people's child.  
 Suppose, that just to hide its rich descent  
 It had been with intent put into rags?  
 Forevermore, this must secret remain.  
 Poor child! who will your father be? I will!  
 Why not? Yes, Henceforth I your father am.  
 I'll bring you up all right! I'll steal for you,  
 And when through age my hand can no more steal  
 —It is but fair,—you shall then steal for me.  
 Henceforth my thefts shall be more justified,  
 I'll have to steal for two, for my little son,  
 My conscience, too, shall now bother me less.  
 But let me see! You need a mother's breast.  
 Just now that is the most important thing.  
 Oh, yes! that woman living near my rooms  
 Buried but yesterday her new-born babe.  
 She'll gladly nurse my child, of course she will  
 For money she would nurse the devil's own."

Such were his thoughts while slowly home he went.  
 Through narrow lanes and hidden paths he walked  
 To his own subterranean dark cave.

His neighbor he aroused by knocking loud  
And louder still, upon her door. "Get up!"  
He yelled and almost battered down her door.

"Come woman, hurry up!" the old man plead.  
"Light up a candle quick, don't ask: for what?  
For whom? and why? If you don't hurry up  
I'll burn the house up o'er your lazy bones.  
Well, well at least! and thanks, here is the light,  
Now take this babe, sit down, give him your breast.  
Ah, nurse it well! How does it come to me?  
I found it on my way, God's gift to me.  
I always said it: God is good to me.  
God loves me more than Priests might think He does  
This baby here a precious treasure is,  
I place it, woman, now into your care;  
And more attention than you gave your own  
Give this one or I'll have something to say.  
Of course for all expense you look to me,  
We will agree how much I'll have to pay.  
While it is true that money now is scarce,—  
The dickens knows, all men seem argus-eyed,—  
Don't worry, I shall pay you like a prince.  
Let me impress you though; take care of it,  
As if it were the apple of your eye,  
It is the hope of my declining days."  
They bargained and agreed. She took the child,  
Which sucked with eager greed the proffered breast,  
Imbided sweet nurture for a bitter life.  
Just one day old and what has it gone through!  
And still will have to go through all its life!

## VI.

Next day, at early hour, the old man called  
Upon the woman.—"Well, how is your guest?"  
He asks her eagerly,—"but Brrr! 't is cold!  
Quick, build a fire! Must I forever swear?  
I stand for all expense! But—by the way,—

You didn't tell. Is it a boy or girl?"  
 —"It is a boy, a strong and healthy boy,  
 Yes, sir, a finer boy I never saw."  
 "So much the better. In eight years from now,  
 He'll be as fine a thief as was the one  
 Who with our Jesus Christ was crucified.  
 I'll take his education in my hands,  
 And make of him the most successful thief.  
 That far-famed thief, who but few days ago  
 Upon the gallows died.—You knew Blind Tom?  
 I brought him up! There was a clever thief!  
 On one eye blind himself, a thousand eyes  
 Watched all in vain when Blind Tom was aroused.  
 My boy, fear naught, I swear I'll not make you  
 A swineherd or some common thing like that!  
 But, my good woman, I almost forgot!  
 The boy must have a decent Christian name!  
 A name which he'll make famed throughout  
the world.
 Come, dear old girl, help me to find a name.  
 On Saint Sylvester eve I found the boy  
 Why not give him that name? Let's baptize him,  
 Let him a Christian, not a heathen be.  
 Saint Peter at the gate, when once my boy  
 Casts off his mortal coil, must find no fault.  
 I'll be the Priest, the god-mother you'll be.  
 Is there some water in that pot? There is.  
 Come, hold the boy,—but no! The priestly garb  
 Is most essential; wait. There is that bag,  
 I hang it as a cassock 'round my neck."  
 And then with mock solemnity, the boy  
 Was jocularly christened and received  
 Sylvester as his first and lawful name.

## VII.

Four years have passed. To boyhood grew the babe,  
 There in the darkness, in the cave, he grew  
 By vice surrounded and by vermin plagued.  
 He did not breathe the heaven's balmy air,

The beauty of the fields he never saw.  
He lived, he moved about, but was like dead.

The old man found in him his great delight,  
For brain and aptitude he plainly showed,  
As from the flint spring sparks. The old man knew  
It is the spark which makes the fires ignite.

Four years of age—and he had learned to steal:  
Fruit from a stand and coins from blind man's hats.  
For each such deed the old man praised him high,  
Rewarded him with some token of love.  
The same time he would reprimand him, too,  
The days on which the boy brought nothing home,  
These days, however, were now very rare.  
The hopes and expectations of the man  
Grew day by day and on his day-dreams' rocks  
He built the finest castles in the air.  
He built them high, until himself was caught,  
The good old man, the thoughtful guardian,—  
Until he swung himself, up in the air,  
The ripe fruit of the tree as "gallows" known.

The woman who had nursed and fed the boy  
Was present when the hangman made the knot  
Which made her friend and benefactor swing  
Upon the gallow's beams, hanged by the neck,  
His tongue protrudes as had he stuck it out  
To show his own contempt at all the world  
For dealing with him thus. When all was o'er,  
The beldame goeth home and to the boy  
With gentlest, sweetest voice she spoke like this:  
"Get ready boy, the devil can take you now,  
And in the name of God now go to hell;  
Who for your keep had paid is gone there too.  
Now that his payments stop, I too must stop  
To feed you, and my boy you have to go!  
I shall be kind enough to you once more,  
I take you to the corner of the street;  
If you come back, I'll drown you in the ditch."

The little boy did not grasp all she said.  
When lead away and told to go: he went.  
By instinct he obeyed and never turned -  
But walked and walked from street to street.  
He never yet had been so far from home,  
All that his eyes beheld was new to him.  
The splendid shops, the marvelous displays  
And men and women clad in wondrous style.  
Amazed he looked at thousands of new things.  
One street leads him into another street  
And never reached the outskirts of the town.  
From marching long, from marveling great deal  
He had grown tired. A curbstone proffers rest.  
Contented leans on it his weary head.  
From where he sits, he sees some boys at play,  
He smiles and thinks their toys are also his  
And that he himself is their welcome chum.  
He watched their play until he fell asleep.  
He had a good long sleep, then in a dream  
Saw two red burning sparks acoming near  
And nearer still, intent to burn his eyes.  
He shrieked with fright and suddenly awoke.  
Late night was on, the stars on high shone bright,  
The streets were empty, but before him stood  
A hag, whose glaring eyes the boy feared more  
Than he had feared the sparks his dream had seen.  
The curbstone he holds fast, he is afraid  
To look at her or turn his eyes away.  
The hag though, pats him in a friendly way,  
And gently as is given to her to be,  
She asks of him: "What is your name, my boy?  
Who are your parents? and where do you live?  
Shall I escort you home? Come, take my hand.  
"Sylvester is my name, I have no one  
I father, mother call. I never had.  
I was first found upon the public street.  
The woman said: Never again come home,  
If you come back, I'll drown you in the ditch."

"Then come, my darling boy, then come with me.  
A loving mother I shall be to you."

The woman then took by the hand the boy,  
 Who meekly followed her wonderingly  
 And knowing not what had happened to him.  
 "See, my dear boy, this is our home", she said  
 When she had reached her home. "This room  
is mine,
 The kitchen here shall henceforth be your home.  
 You will not lonely be, my pet dog here,—  
 A nice dog, is he not?—will share with you  
 This carpet, it is big enough for both.  
 It is a splendid bed, you cannot ask  
 A better one. The dog will keep you warm.  
 Be not afraid of him, he does not bite,  
 He is a gentle dog. You will be friends.  
 See him looking at you, wagging his tail.  
 I have no doubt you will each other like,  
 As if you brothers were. Now go to sleep.  
 You want something to eat? It is not good  
 That children eat at night. In awful dreams  
 And nightmares devils tease them in their sleep."  
 Much better'tis, go nicely now to sleep."  
 The miserable hag left him alone.  
 With terror trembling he lay down at last  
 Upon the carpet's edge, but not too close  
 To his companion. The dog howe'er  
 Crawled up to him in a most friendly way.  
 The animal's bright eye shone in the night  
 And courage, confidence conveyed to him.  
 The boy petted the dog which licked his face.  
 The boy e'en spoke to him, for a reply  
 The dog whined and the two were soon good friends.

Upon the morn thus spoke the dame to him:  
 "Listen to me, my boy, you'll clearly see  
 I cannot keep you here without some pay.  
 Not e'en the grave of Christ is being watched  
 For nothing. You will have to go to work.  
 The Bible even says: Who do not work  
 Get naught to eat. Your work will easy be,  
 You shall have nothing else to do but beg.

I'am too worn to work and I have grown too fat.  
 The men are heartless and they chase me off  
 If I for alms stretch out my greasy hands.  
 Now you must beg for me, when men see you  
 Their hearts must move in tender sympathy  
 And freely give their mite. You'll have to say  
 Your father died, your mother 's ill at home,  
 I'll watch you from the distance and I say  
 If you heed my commands you will fare well.  
 Be careful boy, I'm good when I am good,  
 But I am very mean when I am mean.  
 Remember this and never let it pass  
 Out of your mind. You will abegging go.  
 You will stretch out your hand to everyone  
 Who's better dressed than you, and I'll look out  
 That those you meet shall all be of this class.  
 You'll drop your head upon one side like this,  
 Your eyebrows draw up, see—, as I do now,  
 Your eyelids must be always moist and then  
 You whine and whimper: "In the name of Christ  
 Please help! My father's dead, my mother's sick,"  
 Did you catch on? You'll have to learn the art,  
 Or with a cane I beat it in your head."

The boy said he has understood her well,  
 He'll not forget it and he will not fail.  
 She made him try to do the trick, and lo!  
 She was amazed how clever was his work.

"A gold mine I have found in you, my boy,  
 Bravo! Henceforth we'll lead a princely life.  
 A princely life is ours!" the witch exclaimed.  
 "Let's to the harvest go. Would you first eat?  
 You'll eat when we come back, 'tis better then;  
 'Tis anyhow the best you don't eat much,  
 You'll grow too fat and who does sympathise  
 With beggar boys who are well fed and fat,  
 To beggars who are fat come meager alms."  
 The two then went into a busy street,  
 The hag assigned him to a certain spot,  
 Herself went into a gin mill near by



From whence she watched the boy and foully  
 And raised her whiskey glass' whene'er she saw <sup>grinned</sup>  
 Him harvesting the mite of charity.

## VIII.

Two years, one like the other slowly passed,  
 The boy did naught,—the beldame took good care,—  
 But beg for alms and suffer hunger's pangs.  
 To famish and to beg that's all he knew  
 Of life. When he saw children at their play,  
 He'd stare at them and think: it must be good  
 To be allowed to play and joyous be.  
 From day to day his mind grew more mature  
 And he began to feel his misery.  
 Two years he had thus lived: a begger boy.  
 There was no longer need with artful trick  
 To wet his eyelids, his hot-burning tears  
 Flowed oft enough to suit the old hag's aims.

He had one friend, but one who had been kind,  
 Who seemed to love him, whom he really loved,  
 With whom he shared the food received at home,  
 Or which he found while wandering through town,  
 His sleeping-mate, the dog, was this one friend:

When in the morn the boy would go away  
 His heart was sore, all day he longed for him.  
 Returning in the eve he was all joy.  
 The woman soon had truly jealous grown,  
 Yes, jealous of the love the dog had shown  
 To him, the boy, and was estranged from her.  
 She often whipped the dog and when with pain  
 It whined, the boy heartrendingly would cry.  
 At last she chased the animal away  
 And more than once she drove it from the house.  
 The faithful beast, though, always would come back,  
 And was the more attached to our poor boy.

Thus lived the boy. He was six years of age,  
Woe of six centuries had been his share,  
The moments' bliss were far and far between.  
He stood once on the corner of a street,  
Chilled through and through, it was late in the fall,  
A nasty autumn eve, mire on the earth,  
The air filled with a heavy, chilling fog.  
And there he stood,—his head and feet were bare,  
With tearful voice imploring passers-by,  
And stretching forth his bony, yellow hand.  
His plaintive voice, when heard by human hearts  
Oft seemed to have the mournful toll of bells  
Which to the last rites in the churchyard called.  
A hoary man with earnest, solemn face  
Came up to him, stood still and looked at him  
For quite a while with sharp and piercing eyes.  
The boy took fright, made start to run away,  
A rough command: "stop boy!" prevents his flight,  
The boy stood still, he did not dare to breathe.  
"Are your parents alive?" he is then asked.  
"My-My",—he was about to say his say  
About his mother who is ill at home,  
And hungry, too; the father who just died,  
But to the solemn looking earnest man  
He did not dare to lie; he thought the man  
Knew anyhow the truth and he replied:  
"Are my parents alive? I do not know,  
I never knew, I was found in the street."  
"Then come with me", the old man to him said.  
Obedient, the boy followed his steps.  
The old hag came forth from her hiding place  
And yelled: "Come here, lying, deceitful boy,  
My dear, good Sir, this boy here is my own."  
"Dear, gracious Sir,"—the boy began to plead,  
"Dear gracious Sir, believe, I'm not her son.  
Please in the name of God and all the Saints  
O, save me, please, take me along with you.  
I am so tired to do naught else than beg;  
I always begged for her, I had to starve  
That I might always look as I do now,  
That those who look at me might pity me.

O God! how hungry I am even now!"  
Thus spoke the boy, he looked up to the man  
With pleading eyes which were suffused with tears.  
"You God-forsaken wretch! You devil's imp!"  
—Berated him the witch,—“You heartless cur,  
You good-for-nothing, vile and worthless shrimp!  
How dare you say you had to beg for me?  
To beg for me? I feel shamed unto death  
That he, the moment I lose him from sight  
Runs off to beg,—the habit grew on him  
Despite the spanking he from me received.  
To bring such shame upon my hoary head!  
I am but poor but I need not to beg,  
With honest work I can support myself.  
And then to say that I force him to starve!  
I, who no greater happiness have known  
Than yielding him the choicest, wholesome food,  
Deny it to myself to give to him.  
All this howe'er is naught! What does he do?  
He dares his doting mother to deny!  
Did not your heart break into twain, you wretch,  
You miserable beast in human form,  
Your mother to deny! What you said now  
Came from your gall, your liver and your spleen,  
Not from your heart! The earth has never known  
A granny more loving than I have been.  
The day of judgment can't be far away  
When children dare their mothers to deny.”  
The ancient windmill ground this with one breath,  
Until, at last, the man broke in her speech:  
“Enough! I've heard enough! You foul old witch,  
This comedy must stop, or with this cane  
I'll have to put the fear of God in you!  
Why, even now you are full beastly drunk.  
When sober, bring his birth certificate  
To me,—I live in yonder spacious house,—  
And you can have the boy, but only if  
You can produce the birth-certificate,  
Not otherwise! and now, boy, follow me!”

The boy followed the man. From time to time

He furtively looked back, as if in fear  
That she, the gruesome hag, would grab at him  
And wring his neck, or drag him to her home.  
However she stood still and all she did  
Was that she raised her fist and cursed aloud  
And rolled fiery eyes which sparkled like  
The irons of the smith to white-heat raised.

## IX.

The boy's fate turned. He now saw better days,  
No more was he compelled to steal or beg.  
What happiness! What bliss! Once in a while  
Howe'er he feared the old hag might yet bring  
His birth certificate and drag him off,  
And if she did, what could then be his fate.  
And here and there the dove of sorrow and regret  
Would hover over him, came to his mind  
The friend and chum he left behind: the dog,  
And for the dog he'd almost willing be  
To his old home to go again to beg  
That he again might be with his one friend.  
He often dreamed of him and in his dreams  
He held the dog in his loving embrace,  
Who gently gladly lapped his hand and face.  
When waking from his sleep the poor boy wept  
Because but in a dream he saw his friend.

When with the gentleman he had come home  
He was consigned by him to servants' care  
Who cleaned him of the dirt of all the years  
And dressed him into new and decent clothes.

How well he felt. As had he never lived  
And had been born but now, a happy boy.  
The old man then commanded him: "Come here,  
And list to what I have to say to you."

"This boy here is my son, your master he,  
And you must always call him "gracious Sir"!

He is your master, you his servant are,  
He will command, you must obey his will.  
You have naught else to do but to obey,  
Be prompt and be exact; remember well,  
One look of his and you must do his bid.  
All will be well if you submissive are,  
You'll feed well and you will wear decent clothes,  
But should you not obey: mark what I say,  
The rags in which I found you you get back,  
You'll be expelled from here and you can go  
To be the beggar boy you were before."

The orphan boy became a faithful slave.  
He stood and walked beside his youthful lord  
As if his living shadow he had been:  
He watched his every move and his commands  
Had hardly been expressed when they were filled.  
The boy howe-er was made to suffer much.  
The youthful master, like all of his ilk,  
Was a contemptuous little autocrat  
Who never ceased to make him feel that he  
The lord and master is and he the slave.  
For instance, if the hot soup burned his lips  
He'd turn upon the boy and slap his face.  
If someone did not doff the hat to him  
He'd knock the boy's hat off with brutal glee.  
When combing he awkwardly used the comb  
He'd fall upon the boy and pull his hair.  
There was no mean, no vile, dastardly trick  
The young lord would not play upon his slave.  
Maliciously he would step on his toes,  
Then kick at him and say: "You're in my way."  
Besmear with mud the boy, then deal him blows  
Because he dared to come to him unclean,  
Throw water in his face and when he wept  
He called him by the foul name "bastard-boy".  
The poor boy suffered much: From day to day  
His sufferings increased. He bore it all.  
He bore it all with patience like a man  
Within whom lives a high and noble soul.

Why did he bear it? Why did he not leave  
As it had been so often in his mind?  
Ah! if you only knew why he remained!  
The sweetness of the bread, the decent clothes  
Were not what kept him back when more than once  
He was about to run away.  
He was not like the chicken or the goose  
Which wanders off but will come home to roost,  
Unlike the lark, unlike the nightingale  
Which freed from cage where dainty food is theirs,  
Forever leave the same and are content  
To seek subsistence in sweet freedom's air.

Thus felt the boy and yet he had remained,  
The bird in cage, for freedom pined and yet  
Like chicken and the goose he stayed at home,  
Whene'er he started he came always back.  
What brought him back? His thirst to learn, to know.  
Standing behind his youthful lord, he learned,  
He peeped into his books, heard every word  
The tutor said. The real pupil was he.  
He learned with ease and he could read and write  
Much sooner than his highborn, youthful lord.  
And as the years passed by, his knowledge grew  
As yearly grow the antlers of the deer,  
And he began to feel proud of himself.  
Did, as was oft the case, his gracious chief  
Talk nonsense, he, all to himself, unheard,  
Corrected him and pitifully smiled  
At such dule ignorance he saw displayed.

The tutor noted all. He could not help  
Impressed to be with the superior mind  
And intellect of our poor servant boy.  
He'd call on him the lessons to recite  
In which the master failed, although the boy  
Had learned them but by hearing them read off.  
The tutor tried his pupil thus to shame.

The servant boy carried the honors off,  
The vicious master though revenged himself,  
For humbling him, his vanity and pride.  
From day to day he would subject the boy  
To more and more indignities most base,  
From day to day our poor boy suffered more,  
He felt how undeserved the master's blows,  
Which no longer caused his bones to ache  
But pained his soul, his manhood felt disgraced.  
He had now reached his sixteenth year of age.  
Each day which he had lived within that house  
Had brought a ray of light into his mind,  
And every ray a message brought to him,  
A message which to him conveyed these thoughts:  
"Why am I treated here with cruel blows?  
By what right does one hit another man?  
Did not our God create all men alike?  
'Tis said our God is just; if He is just  
He must love all humanity alike.  
I'll bear no longer this, whate'er shall come.  
True, I am fed and dressed, I have a home,  
My services, no less, I give as pay,  
It is not charity that I receive.  
They have the right to ask my services,  
But not at all with cruel blows to strike.  
If they strike me once more, I swear by God  
That it shall be the last time that they do.

It came to pass. The chance came soon enough,  
When his young master raised his hand to strike.  
But lo! the servant rose. "Stop, Sir!" he cried,  
"Don't dare to touch me any more. Beware!  
If you again strike me, I'll pay in kind,  
Give blow for blow, unto your dying day  
You'll not forget the thrashing I'll give you.  
I've ben a dog now long enough; henceforth  
I am a man! the slave, too, is a man.  
Yes, it is true, one hand here had been kind  
Another hand, though, nullified it all

With heartless blows. We are all even now  
We do not owe each other anything."

The youthful master with amazement filled  
Stood overawed, but soon in curses foul  
And yells gave vent to his high wrought-up ire.  
"Mean low-life serf! ungrateful rebel knave!"  
Our boy howe'er broke in. His voice betrayed  
Contempt supreme: You call me low-life serf,  
Who knows if not of nobler race has been  
My father than is yours or all his kin;  
That he disowned me was his fault, not mine;  
And if all gentlemen have hearts and souls  
Like yours, thank God then that he cast me off,  
Because of my own making now a man  
Of worth and faith and deed I'll try to be.  
You say a rebel, I! Sir! You are wrong.  
Is it rebellious to feel, to say  
That I too am a man like other men!  
Ah! if I could express what now I feel,  
What stirs my heart, in language adequate:  
My speech would cause the millions to rise,  
The world would shake as trembled ancient Rome  
When Spartacus stood 'fore the mighty walls,  
His gladiators with their broken chains  
Belaboring and causing them to fall.  
Yes, gracious Sir, we two now part fore'er.  
I spoke to you as speaks a man to man.  
When once the slave his manhood did assert  
Of hunger he might die, die on the stake,  
But nevermore he'll be a slave! Good-bye!"  
He turned upon his heels and left the house.  
He left fore'er the home in which his life  
Had floated over all the years, as floats,  
A flower o'er the surface of a pond.

He went into the world, he knew not where,  
He had no aim. The flame of youth leaped up  
And burned within his soul, as burns a town  
Of fire which is fanned by giant force.



What wondrous pictures show the rising flames!  
It was this fire which tempered then his soul  
As iron by white heat to steel is changed.  
Beyond the city's gate he was caught up  
By his young master's tutor, who set out  
When he had left resolved to bid farewell  
To our poor boy. Oh! how the dear old man  
Had run! Exhausted he could hardly breathe.  
Without cessation he his forehead mopped  
The while he to the youth in broken speech  
—Disjointed did it seem—these words addressed:  
“Here my dear boy, this money you must take,  
It is my wage for one whole year; for you—  
If you are frugal—'tis enough for years.  
In time to come a great man you will be  
I tell you this, I never yet have seen  
A boy of mightier mind and intellect  
Than you. Your sentiments are also mine,  
I feel like you ; alas! I did not dare  
To speak as boldly, freely, as you did.  
How I admired you! God bless you, boy!!  
But listen boy, I give you no advice,  
'Tis a command I give! Go on! and learn!  
Your studies you must finish at the schools  
Or I shall curse and God shall punish you.  
You were not born to live but for yourself,  
Your lot will be to live for all the world,  
And therefore, I command: Go! study hard,  
But no! This needeth no command from me.  
Your thirst for knowledge is well known to me.  
And now, God bless you my dear boy! Farewell!  
With all my heart I wish you happiness.  
Once in a while, dear boy, remember me!  
If my command howe'er you do not heed  
Then let me forever forgotten be.”

The boy bent down to kiss the good man's hand,  
The other, though, would not permit him that,  
But drew him to his breast and kissed his face  
With tearfilled eyes he said: “Farewell!” and left.

The poor boy felt his heart beat strong with bliss,  
This was the first time in his dreary life  
That he received a token of man's love.  
For sixteen years he suffered agonies  
E'er he had met a man who had a heart  
To give him in a brotherly embrace.  
When he had left behind the narrow streets  
And reached the open fields he felt relieved.  
He felt as if he were from prison freed  
And eagerly he breathed God's free air.  
His precious gift which to the feet brings strength  
And makes the human soul to rise on wings.  
Once he looked back, he was far, far away,  
The houses seemed to be one mighty mass,  
The dark church-towers swallowed by the mist,  
The noise of thousands was a hee-hive's hum.  
"You must not stop", the boy said to himself,  
You must not see the place or hear of it  
Where until now you lived, if it be life  
Which has been your's. And he resumed his pace  
As one who tries from stinging whips to fly.

At last the city was in distance lost.  
He stood there in the boundless space and felt  
The first time that he had his freedom won.  
"At last I'm free! he cried. "Thank God! I'm free!"  
That's all he then could say, his flowing tears  
However were more eloquent than speech  
Expressed by human tongue could ever be.  
What sentiments sublime, inspiring thoughts  
Dwell in men's souls who are the first time free!—  
The boy went on to where fair scenery  
Invited him. He revelled in the sight  
Of things most beautiful, of hill and vale,  
Of flowery field through which the brooklet ran,  
Of forest green in which the song bird sang,  
And all that he beheld was new to him.  
The first time in his life he saw revealed  
Before him nature's glorious radiance.

There is the mighty mountain wilderness  
Where thunder, lightning, where the raving storm  
The roaring fall of waters indicate  
The uproar of the judgment-day: below  
Down in the plain where silent flows the brook,  
Where insects' humming is the greatest noise:  
There he stood still, piously looked around,  
And when his eyes had feasted on the scene,  
A holy sentiment took hold of him  
He fell upon his knees and prayed aloud:  
"I pray to Thee my God, I know Thee now,  
I uttered oft, heard oft Thy Holy Name  
But until now I knew not what it meant.  
Fair nature, taught me who Thou art, taught me  
To know Thy might, Thy boundless goodness too!  
Praise be to Thee my God, I pray to Thee  
Because, at last, I know now who Thou art!"  
And wherever he went, found everywhere  
All nature to be sweet and fair always.  
The men in it alone unhappy were,  
Foul misery and vileness ruled supreme.  
His own, he found, was not the greatest ill.  
That others more wretched were than himself  
Gave him great pain. He found that there lived men  
Deserving more of pity than himself.  
This caused him his own woe to disregard,  
The others' woe he felt though all the more.  
He put his forehead on an icy stone  
And found in burning, bitter tears relief.

## XI.

He bore in mind what had been told him  
By the good tutor when he bade farewell,  
And generously gave money to him.  
He always bore in mind the sound advice  
He went to school and earnestly learned.  
Within the circle of his school colleagues  
He was the moon, his fellows were the stars:

He was admired; no love was shown him, though.  
 His soul's sublimity weighed as a stone  
 Upon the rest, and envy, jealousy  
 Ne'er ceased their poisoned darts to shoot at him.  
 "Why treat me thus?" he asked good naturedly  
 His classmates at the school. "I do not learn  
 For my own benefit. I learn for you!  
 Believe, my friends, the knowledge I acquire  
 Will of good service be, not for myself  
 But for the public weal. Ah! Could you look  
 Into this heart of mine, all of you here  
 Would be attached to me in friendship sweet,  
 You'd love me then as now I am disliked,  
 You'd love me then as I love all of you.  
 Could into the depths of my soul you glance,  
 You'd clearly see the error of your ways.  
 You would not clip the branches of the tree  
 The shade and fruit of which you'll once enjoy.  
 Ye poor, misguided and shortsighted boys,  
 A time will come, O God! a time will come  
 When all of you will love and honor me."

The boys such speeches would with laughter greet,  
 As ammunition use for new assaults,  
 Their guns of mockery aimed at his heart.

And he became estranged from all the world,  
 Morose, austere, a morbid lonely man.  
 One only friend he had: his solitude.

He lived among the pictures which the world  
 Regards as phantasies, to him they were  
 Realities, the future's living forms  
 Which looked into his high aspiring soul.  
 There, in his solitude, with zeal he read,  
 — As is the Koran read by Mussulman  
 Or pious Jew his good old Bible reads,—  
 The volume which he over all preferred:  
 The story of the world. What wondrous book!  
 To one man 'tis the source of bliss supreme,

While to another one it brings despair.  
 To one 'tis life and to an another death.  
 It puts a sword into one's hand and says  
 "Go forth into the strife, 'tis not in vain,  
 You'll bring relief to all humanity!"  
 While to another one it seems to say:  
 "Discard the sword, thy efforts fruitless are,  
 The world fore'er will be unfortunate  
 As it has been these many thousand years."  
 What did he read? What message came to him  
 When he had read and read again the book?  
 What were his thoughts when with his trembling  
hands
 He closed the book which stirred his very soul?  
 These were his thoughts: The grape's a tiny fruit,  
 Which takes a summer ere to ripeness grows.  
 The earth, too, is a fruit, a mighty fruit,—  
 And if the grape to ripen needs a year,  
 How many seasons needs this mighty fruit  
 Before 'tis ripe! Many a thousand years,  
 The grapes are ripened by the rays of sun,  
 And countless milliards of rays must breathe  
 Their warmth upon the fruit before 'tis sweet.  
 Rays ripen too the earth, no sun-rays though,  
 The rays which do this are the souls of men,  
 Of men with great souls, but these souls are rare.  
 How then can we expect earth's early growth  
 Into maturity? I feel such ray to be,  
 One of the rays which aids earth's ripening,  
 The life of such a ray is but a day.  
 I know that when the day, the longed-for day  
 Of vintage comes at last I'll be no more,  
 And not a trace of my work shall be left:  
 My life howe'er gains strength, my death gains  
peace
 To feel, to know that I have been a ray.  
 Arise, my soul; Arise and do thy work.  
 No time, yea not a moment must be lost

The task is great, time flies and life is short.  
 What is the goal the world desires to reach?  
 'Tis happiness and freedom is the means  
 By which it is attained. I'll fight for it  
 As countless thousands have for freedom fought.  
 As countless thousands fell I too may fall,  
 And gladly shall I yield my heart's last blood!  
 Receive me freedom's martyrs in your ranks,  
 I swear allegiance to you for aye!  
 Be there one drop of blood within my breast  
 Which does not beat in truth for freedom's cause:  
 Let it be spilled if e'en the last it is,  
 And with its flow my life shall ebb away!"

[This was his vow.—Men did not hear it,—true,  
 But God Almighty did and He inscribed  
 Into His sacred list of martyr's names  
 Sylvester's name, the name of our poor boy.

## XII.

The boy had grown to be a youth, the youth  
 To manhood grew. Year after year rolled on,  
 They came and went without a "farewell" e'en.  
 Nor did the years spare him; each year that came  
 Left traces on his face and on his heart.

Long, long ago he had finished his schools,  
 The great world he had entered. There he was,  
 Amidst life and amongst men, in the crowd  
 Where at each step of his he gets a knock,  
 And each knock wipes the pollen off of life  
 And wipes the healthy color from man's face.

The world howe'er, to him seemed not to be  
 The kind he thought the great, wide world would be.  
 It shrunk each day. Men whom the Lord had made  
 In his own image were depraved and vile.  
 Man who should boldly look into the height,

Looks to the dust of earth as if to learn  
From insects how the crawl and how to creep.  
But still, the smaller seemed to him the man:  
The greater was the work himself assumed  
To be his mission and which to fulfill  
In time, undaunted did his task, though small,—  
As small as is the labor of the ant,—  
But just as active as that insect he.  
The narrow circle which was his he filled  
Completely with the brightness of his soul.  
His virtues and the keenness of his mind,  
While yet at school had made a name for him  
And when his course of studies finished were  
From many great ones flattering offers came.  
They said to him: "Come and my servant be,  
To serve a man like me is itself  
A glorious thing. You bend your knee to me,  
'Tis true, but thousands have to bow to you.  
You'll have naught else to do than to oppress  
These thousands and from them to get the most.  
'Tis easy work and you'll grow rich and great."

Sylvester gratefully declined the call.  
He said: "That I might have serfs of mine own  
I wouldn't the servant of another be.  
I want no fellow man to bow to me  
I know no man who greater is than I.  
And I refuse my knees to bend to you.  
I know no man who smaller is than I,  
And as to wealth—I do not care for it,  
I surely do not want it as the price  
Of my oppressing my dear fellowmen."  
Thus did he speak, and though he bared his head,  
He stood erect and proudly faced the man.

The high position tendered, he declined...  
There came to him a few poor country folk  
Inviting him to come to live with them  
And to become their Village-Notary.  
Contented, and most happy to accept,

He went into that village and when there  
 The poor inhabitants surrounded him  
 While he, with flaming eyes, adressed them thus:  
 "Hail, hail to thee, majestic people! List,  
 Look full into my eye! I'll be to you  
 A teacher and a loving father, too.  
 E'er since your birth you were taught to obey,  
 That duty's chains are strong was all you knew,  
 I will instruct you in your legal rights."

And he fulfilled the promise he had made.  
 Thenceforth, the peasant folk, their labor done,  
 Did not, as since time immemorial,  
 Go to the village-inn, but went to him.  
 The town-hall square became their meeting place.  
 They listened to their youthful Notary;  
 The hoary man were taught by the mere youth,  
 They listened more attentively to him  
 Than to their priest, they understood him best,  
 And what they learned the old folks taught their  
 boys.

The village people held him in esteem.

Two houses, though, were in that village, where  
 Instead of blessings called upon his head,  
 The young apostle was constantly cursed.  
 One of these houses that in which the squire,  
 The other that in which the priest resides:  
 They are the Castle and the Parish house.  
 From day to day our young apostle grew  
 More hated and more feared by squire and priest.  
 The two conspired his fall to bring about.  
 They saw, that they themselves are doomed, were he  
 Allowed to mould the people's intellect.

Up in the castle, though, there was a soul  
 Who felt for him the same esteem as did  
 The populace; to whom to hear him praised  
 Was joy and who felt pained was he abused.  
 Who was this soul who recognized his worth,



And rightly judged him and his splendid work?  
Who was this somebody? Who could it be,  
But she, the beauteous daughter of the squire?  
Who else could it have been? A woman's heart  
Is a most glorious harbor. It is closed  
Against all selfish thoughts, although by stealth  
Or force it might have even entered there,  
That heart though 's ope for all that is sublime  
And sweet. Be persecuted innocence  
Exiled form everywhere, within her heart  
It always finds a port of welcome rest.  
A woman's heart's indeed a glorious home.  
The youth did not suspect at all that he  
By some one's looked upon with kindly eyes,  
Has in the castle one fair patroness.  
From time to time he saw the maiden fair  
When through the village she her way would take,  
Or when she from her windows looked upon  
The place beneath, and when he saw the maid  
A sense of loneliness would fill his heart.  
And musingly he would speak to himself:  
"A man is not a citizen alone,  
"He also is a man. Must he devote  
"His life forever to the public weal  
"And never know life's bliss in his own life?  
"Poor boy! Willt thou e'er live thy own sweet life?  
"Thou spread'st thy soul amongst thy fellow men,  
"Will ever there be one who'll give her soul  
"To thee, or give thereof a share, or deign  
"To look upon thee with a friendly smile  
"So that thou may'st surmise at least that life  
"Can really happy be? For love athirst  
"A summer day's rain cannot quench, alas,  
"Not e'en a drop of dew gives me relief.  
"Do not rebel against thy fate, poor boy,  
"And bravely bear thy yoke, if thou but giv'st  
"To those around thee bliss: thou hast done well.  
"Be like the earth which grows the golden grain  
"By others reaped. Be like the burning wick  
"Which by the waning of its life spreads light."

Ill or good fortune brought it once about  
 That she once met the youth and spoke to him.  
 They met but for a moment and exchanged  
 A word or two; that's all, and yet thenceforth  
 They often met; who knows? was it mere chance?  
 Was it intent? The two themselves knew not.  
 All unawares their meetings grew more long,  
 More confidential too, although the two  
 Of their own selves would never speak a word.  
 However once,—the youth e'en did not know  
 Had she been asking it or did he speak  
 Unasked,—impulsively,—he told the maid  
 The story of his life; how lonely he,  
 Forsaken and alone; he never had  
 A brother or a friend, was never called  
 "My son", "my boy", and how he had been found  
 Out in the street by one who was a thief,  
 How then a beggar-wench adopted him,  
 And how he then became a servant mean.  
 His early years thus passed: he stole, he begged,  
 Did menial work. He spoke then of the woe  
 And agony that weighed upon his soul  
 While growing up: more awful even were  
 These than the days of yore. The retrospect,—  
 It seemed he looked into a putrid pool,—  
 Made his own soul to overflow with pain.  
 Hot burnings tears he shed, as sheds its blood  
 An army beaten on the battlefield...  
 And she, the maiden, also wept with him.

## XIII

That very day he met the maiden's Sire.  
 Quite different the interview with him.  
 The proud lord of the manor sent for him,  
 Gave him a tongue-lashing most merciless,  
 Accused him of having his vassals led  
 Astray, made rebels dangerous of them;  
 That if he dared with such work to proceed

He'd drive him from the village in disgrace.

With dignity the young man thus replied:  
 "Sir! I forbid you thus to lecture me,  
 No schoolboy I, but even not at school  
 Did I permit thus to be spoken to.  
 If I have sinned, if to rebellion I  
 Incited men,—there is the law! the law  
 Can punish me. Did I commit no crime  
 Who gives to you the right to chastise me!  
 I do not heed your threat to drive me off,  
 It does not frighten me; to earn my bread  
 I can go anywhere. I shall not leave  
 'This place howe'er, because I feel at home,  
 I know I am of use, I fill my place.

You will not drive me off for your own good.  
 If you did the people would follow me  
 Or they would turn on you and from your home  
 And hearth would exile you. This is not said  
 To threaten you, but as a sound advice.  
 I know the populace, I know they love  
 And honor me and what they'd do for me!"  
 Thus spoke the youth, then bowed and went away.

Upon the Sunday following, the priest  
 Preached to his congregation in this wise:  
 "This man is awful, and he should be feared,  
 An atheist and agitator he.  
 If you allow him to remain with you  
 You're lost in this and in the world to come.  
 Those who remain his friends forfeit their lives  
 To our good king and on the gallows die,  
 Nor can their souls e'er heaven's Kingdom reach,  
 Eternally are damned their souls and lost."  
 Besought and warned them to heed his words  
 Ere it is late. With tearful eyes he prayed:  
 "Oh save your lives, your heavenly bliss oh save!  
 Death and perdition should not be your choice  
 But choose a happy life and heaven's rewards."  
 Their ire aroused, the people left the church,—

The House of God, the House of Peace 'tis called,—  
 Like wild beasts wounded in the hunt, they ran  
 To him whom yesterday "our father" named,  
 Made to him known: "tomorrow by this time  
 You must be gone or stoned to death you'll be."  
 The youth addressed them in his own bold way,  
 And how he spoke! He spoke inspiringly,  
 As ne'er before; alas, it was in vain,  
 For where the priest once had a word to say  
 Truth had no chance, there truth was crucified.  
 The priest's each word calls forth a devil to rise,  
 And though the devil is not mightier than God,  
 He surely is more eloquent, he can't  
 Conquer with deeds but he can lead astray.  
 With threatening curses they then left the youth.

Just for a moment his spirit was wrenched  
 Thoughts of despair would flit within his brain  
 As ravens flit around a carcass found.  
 "These are the people"—he cried in despair,  
 These are the people whom I had adored,  
 For whom I lived, for whom I would have died.  
 But thus it was a thousand years ago.  
 And what of it? A thousand years from now  
 It will be otherwise. Mankind is young,  
 With ease 'tis fooled. To ripe manhood when grown  
 It shall be otherwise. Because still young  
 It must be nursed with care. 'Twas ever thus:  
 Since ancient days the kings and priests would strive  
 In mental blindness and in ignorance  
 The populace to keep; these demigods  
 Had but one aim: to rule! and well they knew,  
 That only such,—the mental blind,—submit  
 To kind and priest-craft reign." He pitied them.  
 "Poor people",—mused he,—"but what do I care?  
 I fought for them till now, henceforth I'll fight  
 With force and vigor new, they shall be free!"

The eve has set, the night came in, to him  
 The last night he would spend in his old home,

He stands within the shadow of the trees,  
Looks up toward the window where at times  
To see her he was wont. The window 's bare  
No light, no maiden there, yet he looks up,  
Intently gazing, he looks like a ghost  
That into stone had turned. His deep felt woe  
Together with the moon spread o'er his face  
A veil of ghastly white. When all at once,  
He felt his hand by someone grasped. He turned,  
And he beheld her at his side for whom  
He had so hopelessly been waiting there.

"For you I waited here." then said the youth.

"For you I waited here. I dared to hope  
Once more to see you in that window there,  
A mute farewell I sent up from my eyes,  
And then to go, fore'er to go away.  
Beyond all hope my fate is kind to me  
My lips can now convey my last farewell,  
My hands rest in your hands. Sweet maid:  
Farewell! Good-bye you sweetest of the fair.  
In all the world you were the only one  
Who called me friend, whom I my friend could call.  
I have no keepsakes, but your picture fills  
My heart, as in some poor man's hut's bare wall  
The Saviour's picture hangs, before which he  
Each eve in adoration bends his knee.  
But if the costliest keepsakes filled my heart,  
I'd cast them all away and only keep  
The memory of this blissful parting hour.  
Farewell! If ever you shall hear of me,  
That I achieved great fame, believe me, girl,  
The merit will be yours, for your sake I  
Shall strive great, good and famous to become.  
So that you may never regret to have  
Befriended me; but rather feel some pride  
To have enclosed me in your golden heart.  
Farewell! You were my guardian angel here.

He started then to go, but he was stopped.  
As if in chains the maiden holds his arm.

She tried to speak but could not speak one word,  
 Until amidst heart-rending sobs she said:  
 "Farewell, good-bye! And God be with you, dear.  
 Farewell, you noblest of the youth. Farewell!  
 If I could only go, I'd gladly go with you,  
 Shall we two nevermore each other see?  
 Go! Go! My star is fallen from on high,  
 Farewell, my love! Your's is my heart's best love.  
 I had to tell you this, it flowed from here,  
 My heart, as flows the Vesuv's burning flame.  
 'Tis you I love; And hear my solemn vow:  
 If I cannot become your own true wife,  
 By Heaven above I swear, I'll never wed!  
 Here, take this ring, 'tis our engagement ring,  
 And sooner will its pure gem turn to dust  
 Ere faithless I become. Farewell my friend!  
 Fair dream of my poor youthful life, Farewell!"

The richest bliss and gift of heaven are his,  
 He fell upon his knees and kissed her feet.  
 When on the morn he had left the place,  
 And on the highway trod, a hundred times  
 He looked upon the ring, for then he knew  
 That last night's scene was not his fever's dream,  
 Was not the fancy of an insane mind.

He took the road,—himself he knew not why,—  
 Towards the capital, the city where  
 At one time he had stolen, begged and worked.  
 He found a garret room which suited him,  
 And there he lived. He knew not what to do,  
 While pondering o'er what to undertake,  
 A knock is heard upon his door, it opes,  
 A lady veiled comes in,—the veil is raised.  
 The youth stands petrified, his mind stands still,  
 He recognizes her, she is his friend.

"I've followed you!" the girl then said to him,  
 "I've followed you!! though if a burden I,  
 Just drive me hence, I shall then take my seat

Upon the threshold of the door and wait  
 Until my heart shall break. I've followed you,  
 Because without you I don't want to live.  
 I am now here, what will you do with me?"  
 The youth fell on her breast, and then they wept  
 The while their hearts o'erflowed with blissful joy.  
 "You do not drive me hence?" the maid then said.  
 I can remain with you? I can stay here?  
 Half of your woes and sorrows are now mine  
 And all my happiness henceforth is yours.  
 Each care of yours is mine, if ever I  
 Complain, then lose all faith in me and know  
 That false were all the vows of love I made.

## XIV.

And then, as if in lawful wedlock, lived  
 The two. No priest had blessed their plighted love,  
 They made no vows of fealty and faith,  
 They did not utter speech, deep in their hearts  
 These words of promise "unto death" remained  
 Untainted, as they should fore'er remain,  
 Pure as the stars, whose brightness human breath  
 Can never reach. The days passed blissfully,  
 The months... the world without knew naught,  
of them,
 They seemed to know naught of their world around.

The youth's spirit howe'er became aroused  
 And said to him with voice of stern reproach.  
 "Awake, arise! Thou wert not born to live  
 A selfish life, for others thou wert made,  
 Up! Up! Young man! and do your work in life."  
 In language more severe then spoke to him  
 A voice, the voice of daily need and want:  
 "Up! go to work, or soon in direst need  
 And hungry will you be, now two of you,  
 And soon to come a third one must be fed."  
 He went to work. He wrote; with heart and soul

He penned the dictates of his brilliant mind.  
Then to an editor he took his work.  
The editor read through the manuscript.  
And said to him: You are a great man, Sir,  
You are a genius, but still a fool.  
You're truly great, your work's indeed sublime,  
The like of which Rousseau did never write,  
You are, though, still a fool if you could think  
That you this manuscript would see in print.  
Have you ne'er heard of what the Censor is?  
If not, I'll tell you, list, the censor is  
The devil's own threshing machine, the sheaves  
Of human brain are threshed by it. The grain—  
I mean the truth— is seperated and  
The chaff and straw are given back to print,  
And this is all the public is allowed  
To digest. Ah! Sir, if you doubt my word,  
Just let us try. Yes, I am willing, Sir,  
To bolt one leaden ball for each grain  
Left in your sheaf when he is through with it.  
If you the product of your brain would save  
From this threshing machine, produce no grain,  
Produce but weed, however mean and vile  
Which poisons people's minds. What do you care?  
For stuff of that kind you are even paid."

Stunned and bewildered he went slowly home,  
Felt as if he against a wall had knocked  
His head. Sat down to write, fully resolved  
To write in other vein, subdued and smooth  
And soft so that the censor, when his hands  
Pass o'er his work, should feel its velvet touch.  
When he had done his work, he found the same  
More free, outspoken, bolder than the first.  
Against his judgment and convictious strong,  
And ten and hundred times he tried to write,  
But all in vain, he tore up what he wrote.  
He found he could not force himself to write  
Against his judgement and convictious strong,  
That if he wrote what might go through the press



It would be thrash, while what he felt to be  
 Work of real worth, the censor would reject.  
 "Tis awful!" he exclaimed, "are there no means  
 To make myself then heard! This fire within  
 My soul, which would have set the world ablaze,  
 I must quench and subdue within my breast,  
 That it devour my own heart.—I must live!  
 Shall I my sacred principles deny,  
 And let the rascals who deceive the world,  
 Hire my pen? No! By the Eternal! No!  
 Death from starvation on a dung-hill I  
 Prefer, and I much rather end my life  
 As I began the same. I'll steal, I'll beg,  
 Do menial work ere I should write one line  
 That does not spring and rise from my soul's  
source,

Ere I a false seal put upon one thought—  
 However insignificant, of mine.  
 Good-bye ye thoughts, ye walled in prisoners,  
 Let my brain the prison and the coffin be  
 For my ideas.... No! They cannot die;  
 The day will be because the day must be  
 When they come forth, their prison-door shall ope,  
 And make their tour around the wide-wide world  
 And carry light and warmth everywhere  
 As do the rays of the bright summer sun."

The youth allowed his thoughts and his ideas  
 To rest. To gain the needful daily bread  
 He copied others' thoughts. What weary work!  
 More bitter far than chopping logs of wood.  
 At early morning he began his work,  
 Worked late into the eve, and many times  
 He burned the midnight oil, and frequently  
 His lamp went out before he went to bed.  
 And yet, in spite of all this earnest work  
 His table often missed its meagre weight  
 Of daily food; upon his window pane  
 The winter often planted icy flowers

And froze the tear within the woman's eye  
 Naught cooled howe'er the ardour of her love.

Years came, years passed, his family had grown.  
 Now they were three and then the fourth one came,  
 And quadrupled was then the misery,  
 Within that narrow garret-room, their home,  
 The walls of which inflowing rain had streaked,  
 And mildew had put on its ornaments;  
 Where now, upon the bed, three of them sleep,  
 The mother and the children, while nearby,  
 Upon a heap of straw the man found rest.  
 The rising sun's first rays fall on his brow,  
 Encircling his head, as if Almighty God  
 Had pressed upon that brow a loving kiss.

#### XV.

The family woke up. The first to rise  
 Is he who had been last to go to sleep.  
 The mother rises next, and then the boy.  
 The baby did not wake, still in deep sleep—  
 Upon their tip-toes they all move around  
 Their speech is whisper, so their voice break not  
 The baby's sleep. Poor father, mother, son,  
 Why move on tip-toes, why this voiceless speech?  
 Tramp heavily, speak loud and shriek and yell,  
 Be not afraid, you will not wake her up,  
 Because the dead no longer hear the noise;  
 The babe is dead, the babe has starved to death....

What can the parents feel, what do they feel  
 When Death,—their offspring's death,— stares in  
their face?

But think of the parent who is made aware  
 That want of food, that hunger killed his child,  
 His innocent and beauteous angel babe?  
 If God endowed me with his right hand's force  
 Not e'en then might I tell the agony

Which by a thousand claws' most cruel hurts  
 Made that poor mother's heart profusely bleed?

Leave her alone, leave her to throw herself  
 Upon the lifeless corpse, to moan, to weep,  
 From her deep sorrow's deep abyss to heaven  
 To call, her God with cruelty to charge,  
 Prostrate herself and deprecate His wrath,  
 Leave her alone, do not attempt to stop  
 The wildest outburst of her insane grief.

The man stood speechless, mute his agony  
 Before the tiny corpse, or was he glad  
 That she had ceased to suffer hunger's pangs?  
 The boy amazed was staring at the babe  
 And thinks that he himself will be as white  
 And motionless when he too shall be dead  
 And he too not be hungry any more.  
 The hours but slowly pass, still time does move  
 Exhausted—or in faint?—the woman falls  
 Upon the corpse, her grief is duller now  
 Her soul's upheaved waves sweep no more the sky  
 They have more calm become and gently sway  
 As waves the grain o'er which the zephyr blows.  
 She takes the dead child to her loving breast  
 And gently rocks it while a lullaby  
 She chauts with voice subdued. Her sing-song sounds  
 Like when in autumn eve the tree tops sigh:

Sleepest darling  
 Baby dear?  
 Dreamland's visions  
 Bright and clear  
 Do they fill thy  
 Blissful rest?  
 Not yet is the  
 Earth thy nest,  
 Mother holds thee  
 To her breast.

Sleep beloved one  
Baby dear,  
Thou hast been my  
Joy and cheer.  
Like the sun rays,  
Bright and clear  
Made us happy  
All in here.

From the dawn's kiss  
Glow the sky,  
With my kisses  
Do I try  
Thy pale face to  
Beautify.  
Once again but  
Smile, and I  
Will submit and  
Cease to cry.

O'er a green grave  
A white cross,  
There I'll lament  
O'er my loss.  
Freely flows there,  
Not the rain,  
Tears thy mother  
Can't restrain.

Weeping willows  
Cease to moan,  
None must mourn here,  
I alone.  
You may listen  
Crown of trees,  
To a mother's  
Tearful pleas:  
Dost thou, dearest  
Rest in peace?

Head and heart are  
Now at ease?  
Is the earth light  
O'er thy tomb.  
Soft the couch in  
Earth's dark womb?  
Was it warmer  
When thy nest  
Was upon thy  
Mother's breast?

Sleep well dearest  
My heart's dove,  
Good night darling;  
God above  
Keep thee safe, and  
Golden bright  
Let thy dreams be  
Through the night.

And while she does her dead child put to sleep  
Herself, at last, falls into slumber deep.  
And while she rests the husband ponders o'er  
The problem where to get a coffin's price,  
The funeral's cost? for he was penniless  
What's there at home what he could sell or pledge?  
In vain he looks around, there's naught indeed  
Of any value left within his home.

What came then to his mind that all at once  
He stirred, as if touched by a sudden shock,  
Grew deathly pale. He saw the dear, old ring,—  
Priceless to him,—the ring once given to him  
By her,—that time!— He now must sell the ring,  
That not all naked be his child confined  
To earth. He now must with his treasure part,  
It had been more to him than was the light  
Of his two eyes, he now must part from that  
Which he had kept through all these years of want.

The thought to part with it his hair turned gray,  
 In all the world howe'er he had naught else  
 With which to pay to bury his dead babe.

When from his finger he the ring had drawn,  
 He felt as if his heart had been torn out,  
 The past and present had been cut in twain,  
 Destroyed the bridge twixt winter and the spring  
 And mashed the stairs on which he in his dreams  
 From earth to heaven would now and then ascend.  
 Alas! it must be done, the ring must go,  
 His child must have a decent burial.

His child did have a decent burial.  
 The coffin was of rosewood, satinlined,  
 A marble stone was put over the grave.  
 Ah, well! the ring had brought a goodly price,  
 And all of it was spent on the deceased.  
 The father could not think of it to spare  
 One single cent e'en for a crust of bread  
 Although indeed they all felt hunger's pangs.  
 Bread with that money bought would kill, he thought,  
 Would poisonous be; and he, he had to live,  
 Live long and work his mission to fulfill.

## XVI.

He knew, he felt: the thoughts inspiring him  
 Shall not, will not within his brain die out.  
 But that there must, there will yet come the day  
 When from their prison breaking they go forth  
 And conquer all the world o'er which they spread.

It came to pass. What strenuous work of years  
 Had not accomplished, now by happy chance  
 A moment brought about. He found somewhere,  
 In some secluded, subterranean place  
 A printing shop where he could print his works.  
 What did he say therein? He told the world

That priests are not like ordinary men,  
 But devils have become, that kings are not  
 By grace divine or some such nonsense vain,  
 Great demigods, but are plain, common men,  
 That all men equal are, all have the right,  
 —Nay more,— as duty to their Lord God owe  
 To be free, that who freedom does not prize  
 —God's greatest gift,—betrays his very God.

His book was published and all o'er the world  
 With lightning swiftness was distributed  
 And eagerly was read. Men, all athirst,  
 Drank its invigorating cristal flow  
 From which their very souls grew young again.  
 The powers though, alarmed, grew deathly pale  
 Upon their furrowed fronts vindictive ire 's seen,  
 With thunderings they shriek. "A traitor he  
 "Who wrote this book, religion he blasphemes,  
 "His majesty the king he dares assail,  
 "The author must severely punished be."  
 The frightened populace repeated it:  
 Indeed, a traitor he who wrote this book,  
 Religion he blasphemes, insults the king,  
 "As is prescribed by law the author must  
 Severely punished be. Inviolatè  
 "And sacred are our faith likewise our king."

Most awful was the punishment he met.  
 Arrested in the street, he's carried off,  
 "Desist!" appealingly he cries, "desist  
 "Fear naught, I'll not attempt to run away,  
 "I follow you where'er you lead me to;  
 "But just one moment wait. That window you .  
 "You see, the window of my home it is.  
 "My wife and child live there, pray take me there  
 For one short minute only, so that I  
 "May say good-bye to them and then you may  
 "To prison take me, take me anywhere.  
 "Let me embrace them once again and then  
 "I'm yours, for I'd far rather go to hell

"After I've said my last good-bye to them  
 "Then go to heaven without a parting kiss.  
 Are you yourselves without family ties?  
 "Are you no husbands? Have no children you?  
 "What would you say if you were treated thus?  
 "In all the world I have naught else but them,  
 "In all the world they have naught else but me.  
 "Let me, good men, oh, let me go to them  
 "That once again,—who knows?—the last time, I  
 "May hold them next my heart. Don't pity me,  
 "But pity them, they're surely innocent.  
 "They 're not to blame, no malefactors they.  
 "Why punish them? Oh! do not kill them too.  
 "Oh, God! If with my earnest plea your hearts  
 "I can not move, my flowing tears appeal  
 "To you for this one boon, my tears which are  
 "But drops of blood which well from my poor  
 "And are the sweat-drops of a dying soul."

And weepingly he fell upon his knees.  
 And as in better days he had embraced  
 His sweetheart's knees, his captors knees now held  
 Within his arms and wept. His captors though  
 With brutish, mocking laughter kicked at him,  
 Bade him to rise, nay, picked him up with force  
 And carried him towards the cart which stood  
 Near by in which to carry him to jail.  
 When he then saw that all his prayer's in vain,  
 His furious ire aroused, he rose and fought  
 With all desperate force at his command  
 To shake his captors off, with madman's strength  
 He struggled to free himself and shrieked and roared.  
 But all in vain, he was subdued and bound  
 And thrown into the van.—"Cursed be you all,"  
 He yelled,—  
 "Curse you, and yours, ye fiends and  
 brutes  
 "In human shape. You are the devil's own  
 "Tis not a human heart a loathsome toad  
 "You have. As great as is upon your souls  
 "The weight of rascality, as great



"Shall be the fearful scars upon your cheeks,  
 "And then the worms of the dunghill shall  
 "Upon your carcass feast! Cursed be your king,  
 "In whose name you drag manly virtue down,  
 "And carry to the slaughter house. Curse you,  
 "You good-for-nothing idiotic king  
 "Who think yourself a God to be. In truth  
 "You are the devil, aye, the prince of lies.  
 "Who did entrust the millions to you?  
 "Who did entrust the sheepfold to the wolf?  
 "Your hands are bloodred like your regal cloak,  
 "Your face is pale as is the crown you wear,  
 "Your heart is black as is the mourning which  
 "Follows your deeds, as lengthened shade is drawn  
 "By setting sun. How long yet will you dare  
 "Usurp your selfassumed illegal rights?  
 "The powers and prerogatives you stole?  
 "Oh! that it come, that in their might supreme  
 "Your subjects rise in violent revolt  
 "Against you, as the storm-swept ocean waves  
 "Arise, and when with hundred thousand men  
 "To give them battle you go forth: God grant  
 "It, that you do not bravely die upon  
 "The battle field as would be fit a man,  
 "A craving coward you, you start the flight  
 "Run for your life, try to escape and hide  
 "Beneath your throne as hides beneath a couch  
 "The dog that had been by his master whipped  
 "From thence you should be dragged and as you  
 stand  
 "Before the crowd of women and of boys:  
 "With mocking laughter they should spit at you.  
 "Who theretofore had kissed your hand and feet  
 Should then command you their own toes to kiss  
 "And as you kneel down their behest to do  
 "Let them then kick at your distorted face,  
 "Break one by one your teeth and trample out  
 "Your wretched life. Die like a beast! Despair!  
 "As do despair I here! Oh wife! Oh child!"

## XVII.

Had he been sleeping and woke up just now?  
 Or had he insane been and had he just  
 Regained his senses? Had he all these months  
 Been crazed and wild?... Sylvester knew it not,  
 He tried to think it out and thought and thought  
 What could have happened to him and where was he?  
 He looked around, but could not see a thing,  
 A darkness most intense encircleth him.

Then to himself he said: "It must be night.  
 I was asleep and must have had a dream,  
 I only half remember what I dreamt.  
 It was an awful dream, I will not tell  
 My wife about it, why disquiet her?  
 Ah! if the morn would dawn! What awful night  
 I had; the darkest in my life. Doest sleep  
 Good wife? Doest sleep my love? She heard me not,  
 She surely sleeps. Sleep well beloved one...  
 And still dawn does not break. When will it come?  
 This heavy, stifling air is choking me.  
 Rise golden dawn and show thy radiant face,  
 Or send at least ahead one tiny ray!...  
 Oh! how my forehead burns, as if my head  
 A volcan were and I fear it must burst."  
 To wipe his sweating brow he raised his hand.  
 The rattling clanking sound the fetters made,  
 Brought to his mind the truth. He well  
remembered all.
 And like the wind sweeps through some ruined  
church
 A cold chill passes through his shattered frame.

He well remembered all: how he was seized  
 While in the street and carried off by force,  
 Was not allowed to say a last good-bye  
 To wife and child, was not allowed to look  
 Into their eyes so sweet, his only bliss,  
 To him his only wealth and happiness.

And now he 's here within the prison walls,  
 A subterranean hole,—who knows how deep,—  
 More deep then are the graves wherein decay  
 The buried dead within a churchyard's space.  
 When will he see again the shining sun?  
 When will he see again his wife and child?  
 It might be ne'er again. Why is he here,  
 Within this ominous and cursed place?  
 Because of what his God hath given him,  
 He gave to men, by telling them the truth:  
 There is one common good wherein all men  
 Must share alike and that this common good  
 Is freedom!—He, his fellow men deprives  
 Of e'en a particle of freedom's boon  
 Commits a deadly sin, such man to kill  
 Is right,— nay more,—a duty even is

“Saint freedom 'tis for thee I suffer here.”  
 Said dolefully the wretched prisoner.  
 “Stood I alone in life as I for years  
 Have stood, without a tie of loyal love  
 To wife and child, I'd sit upon this bench  
 Of stone all calm and I would be as proud  
 As the usurping king is on his throne.  
 I'd wear these prison chains with as much pride  
 As in the by gone days I wore the ring  
 My darling bride-to-be had given me.  
 But I have family, a wife and child.  
 What will become of them now I am gone.  
 Who will provide for them the daily bread  
 And loving care they need? Oh, heart of mine  
 If into stone you can not turn, why not  
 Be rent in twain and break and end it all?”  
 He furiously raved and raged and wept.  
 But the dense darkness that surrounded him  
 Remained unmoved, and slowly, by degrees,  
 He calmer grew, his worn out soul succumbed  
 And he became as placid and composed  
 As was the lifeless stone on which he sat,  
 And gloomy as the darkness all around.

To all sensation dead, in deepest thought  
 He pondered o'er his plight. His mind  
 But flitted low as flits a winged bird.  
 "Tell me, my prison, who to the coffin  
 Art twin, who built thee? Who will pull thee down?  
 When wert thou built? How long yet wilt thou  
 stand?"

Who sat upon this stone before my time?  
 A martyr like myself was here confined,  
 A highway robber or a murderer?  
 Did moulder here his bones, or did he see  
 Again our God-Almighty's beauteous world;  
 Ah me! the world is beautiful indeed,  
 The forests and the fields, the hills and vales,  
 The flowers and the stars, indeed are fair.  
 Who knows, will it be given me to see  
 Them once again, or see them after years.  
 When e'en their names shall from my mind have  
 passed?

It may be that I shall be here a year,—  
 Each moment seemeth an eternity.  
 And time drags slowly as the mendicant  
 Who on his crutches slowly moves about.  
 One year! Suppose they keep me here ten years?  
 Or twenty years, or even longer still?  
 Come up to me all ye departed souls  
 Who once did suffer here. Let's talk a while,  
 Instruct me how to pass the time down here.  
 Who knows? I may be dead and only dream  
 —What awful dream!—within my grave! Who knows  
 It might well be that I am still alive,  
 Was buried here alive. Oh no! I'm dead,  
 The heart-beats I still here are nothing else  
 Than the convulsions of my dying soul."

At last he stopped even to ruminate.  
 His heart and mind insensible had grown.  
 And there he sat, more motionless than is  
 A statue hewn of stone. He only glared  
 Into the night with which his prison was filled.

His limbs grew numb he seemed his mind to lose.  
 His head grew weighty and lengthwise he fell  
 Upon the stony floor. Was he asleep?  
 Or had he fainted? For a time he lay  
 There motionless, he seemed not e'en to breathe  
 When all at once, as if by bullet struck  
 Or red-hot iron touched, with sudden jump  
 He leaped up and with such heartrending voice  
 That e'en the cold walls of his prison moaned  
 It back, he cried out: "Stop! Oh! do not go!"  
 And longingly he raised his outstretched arms.

Long stood he thus, then slowly dropped his arms  
 And sank into his seat, the tear-drops rolled  
 From both his eyes and in a voice as though  
 His soul were moaning, dolefully he groaned:  
 "She would not stop, she's gone, all's at an end."

What ailed him? What was it? Who would not stop?  
 What was it that had ended? Did he dream?

He did not dream. That was not a mere dream,  
 Something that could not possibly be true,  
 For it was true... As he was lying there  
 A female form appeared before him, whom  
 He recognized as his beloved wife.  
 She bent to him and whispered in his ear:  
 "My sufferings are o'er! God bless you dear!"  
 And pressed a loving kiss upon his brow.  
 'T was then he leaped up. When open were his  
 eyes,

He still could see his wife, just for a trice,  
 And then she disappeared. His prison which  
 Had been surcharged with light, grew dark again,  
 Dark as the night after a lightning's flash.

"My sufferings are o'er, God bless you dear",  
 Repeated he, the message he had heard.  
 "That's what she said to me in dulcet tones  
 I'll no more hear. My sufferings are o'er,

God bless you dear". Well then, God bless you dear!  
 The foliage of my soul you have been,  
 Of which it had been stripped by stormy wind.  
 Why did it not uproot, destroy me too?  
 What earthly use am I, a crownless tree?  
 Where did the tempest's wings deposit you  
 To find you if indeed it be my share  
 To find you once again and withered though  
 You be, I might exhale my life's last breath  
 While near your blest remains. I care no more  
 For ought in life, no aim in life have I,  
 You made life worth the pain, through you, for you  
 I lived, you were the goddess I adored,  
 You, all alone, were sweet reality.  
 The rest in life? Freedom,—humanity—  
 All were but hollow phrases, phantom dreams,  
 For which the fools would never cease to fight,  
 You, all alone, were sweet reality,  
 You were the goddess of my love and life,  
 Forevermore I have lost even you.  
 Did like a mole I burrow through the earth  
 I'll nevermore find you, you turned to dust,  
 Commingling with the earth like other dust  
 Not e'en discernible whether a plant's  
 Or animal's your ashes are. I'd bear  
 This most gigantic burden till my death  
 If but a last good-bye I could have said,  
 Only one small word could have said to her.  
 It could not be! It is all finished now,  
 God would not grant me my last fervid prayer."  
 "How cruel is God. Men bend their knees to Him,  
 Call Him their Heavenly Father, while in truth  
 A Tyrant He! I curse Thee God! Up there  
 Thou sittest on Thy throne in majesty,  
 Unfeeling, as are tyrants of this earth.  
 Thou reignest proudly and each day which dawns  
 Thou paintest new with rays of rising sun  
 And with the blood of broken human hearts  
 The faded purple of Thy royal sheen.  
 Be cursed tyrannical oppressor Thou!

As Thou denied me I deny Thee now!  
 I am no more thy slave, take back the life  
 Which,—as it were charity's kind alms,—  
 Thou gavest me. Give it to some one else.  
 Let some one else endure it if he can.  
 I hurl it back at thee. Oh, that my throw  
 Might break it like a piece of useless clay.”

The prisoner shrieked so loud this awful curse  
 It seemed to frighten e'en the darkness which  
 Surrounded him. Insanely furious  
 He knocked his head against the wall. The wall  
 Resounded with a thud as if it had  
 Been wounded far more than the bleeding head.  
 There lies the prisoner upon the stone.  
 He is not dead. He lives. His bitter life  
 Is so welded to him as is inbred  
 The most appalling pain to his poor soul,  
 And endless darkness to his prison cell.

## XVIII.

Ten years he had been now within the four  
 Walls of his prison cell. Out in the world e'en  
 Ten years are a long stretch of time. Far more  
 Far more, within that dreadful gruesome place.  
 His beard and hair grew to uncommon length  
 And often he would try to see if they  
 Gray had become. He always found them black,  
 Though they were white, as white as is the snow,  
 The darkness showed him but one color: black.

Ten years were gone. These ten years were to him:  
 One long, one endless night. He always asked  
 Himself: When will it dawn? From time to time  
 It seemed to him as if he had been there  
 A hundred years, yea, e'en a thousand years,  
 That long ago the judgment-day had passed,  
 The world destroyed,—this prison only left,

In which by chance he had forgotten been,  
 All passion in his heart had long since died,  
 He nevermore cursed God, ne'er thought of him,  
 Even the woe within his heart had died.  
 But now and then, when from his dreams he rose,  
 He'd weep, because the apparition which  
 He recognized to be the spirit of  
 His love-adored,—faithful beyond the grave—  
 Had called again and then often again.  
 But e'er as soon as from his dreams he woke,  
 The beauteous phantom disappeared and he  
 Heartrendingly would moan and groan and weep.  
 But why,—he asked himself—comes not my son?  
 Did I not have a son? Could he not come?  
 And to himself he then would answer thus:  
 "My son is surely yet alive, but still  
 He can not come, for those can only come  
 Here who are dead and only you can come,  
 Beloved angel mine! My son's alive  
 And is to manhood grown. Oh, how I long  
 To know what has become of you, my son,  
 My poor beloved orphan boy. Who knows  
 What end he came to by the force of fate?  
 He may a robber have become and 'neath  
 The gallows buried lie. Or followed he  
 My footsteps and like me a prisoner now,  
 Right here, my neighbor he in near-by cell?  
 My son! my son! do you your father love?  
 Do you remember me my darling son ""

But hark! what's this? A voice unheard till then.  
 The prisoner listens, with tense nerves he lists,  
 Dares not even breathe; what reached his ears  
 Unlocked his pent-up soul as sunrays ope  
 The budding rose. A smile showed on his lips,  
 The first smile during all these long ten years.

A bird has come to rest upon the wall  
 Of his forsaken prison, 'neath the small  
 Blind window, where it sang its doleful lay.



How sweetly did it sing! The prisoner said,—  
 Or did he only think it, being scared,  
 That with his loud speech he might chase away  
 The welcome visitor whose song he heard—  
 “Oh, God! how sweet it sounds! In all these years  
 Never yet have I heard the songbird’s voice  
 Ring out to cheer me here and I have been  
 Here many a year. Sing! sing again sweet bird,  
 Thy song reminds me of my former life.  
 Reminds me, even now I am alive,  
 Reminds me of the days now long since gone,  
 The springtide of my life, of which fair spring’s  
 Comely flower is our youth’s first love.  
 Thy song reneweth all my heart felt woe,  
 But sweetest solace does it also bring,  
 And woe, by consolation assuaged  
 Is sweeter than the pleasures we enjoy.  
 Sing on, my little bird! Who sent thee here,  
 Who told thee to alight upon this wall  
 On which ere this naught else but curses fell?  
 But oh, ye heavens, a presentiment  
 Which comes to me and overwhelms my  
thoughts,  
 Forbodeth an event which might occur  
 And if it does, might kill me with its joy.  
 It tells me that now I shall soon be free,  
 That not within this pest-hole will I die,  
 But die beneath God’s dome, the beauteous sky,  
 Thou little bird upon the wall, who art  
 An unrestricted wanderer who roams  
 All o’er the earth in God’s free air, thou art  
 A messenger announcing freedom’s dawn!  
 Yes, I have hopes, your coming augurs bliss.  
 Be strong, poor heart which sorrow could not crush,  
 Let not the coming joy cause thee to break.  
 The world has weary grown to bear the yoke  
 And shakes it off, will of its shame be freed,  
 Will justice do to those who suffered much  
 For freedom’s cause, will ope the dungeon-cells,  
 And tears of joy will greet the martyrs freed.

Thou little bird upon the wall who art  
 An unrestricted wanderer who roams  
 All o'er the earth in God's free air, thou art  
 A messenger announcing freedom's dawn."

A rattling in the door-lock is now heard,  
 The bird — affright — takes to its wings. The door  
 Is opened wide, the jailor entereth.  
 "Go, you are free", he to the prisoner said.  
 The prisoner shrieks out a joyous shout  
 Grasps at his head as if to make sure  
 That it burst not or that his brain escape.

"I have it yet",—he cries with childish glee,  
 "I have it yet, my brains, not insane I!  
 I understand! I have my freedom gained.  
 The country's safe, my fatherland is free!"  
 The jailor with a scowl but says to him:  
 "What do you care about a fatherland,  
 Thank God that you are free and go now home."

The prisoner, though, heard not a word, his mind  
 Had wandered o'er the distance league on league  
 And sought the grave where rests his wife,  
 "To thee, beloved soul, I shall go first."  
 He said. "To thee beloved one I go first,  
 As thou hast come to me. I'll kiss the earth  
 Which gave thee rest. Ah me! how long it takes  
 To break these chains, the minutes which it takes  
 To file them off are harder to endure  
 Than have been all these years of suffering."

## XIX.

The mother's nursing milk no baby takes  
 More eagerly than he inhaled the free  
 Air which he won. Each of his breaths, it seemed,  
 Took from his weary soul one painful year.  
 He felt re-born, restored, and light as light

As does the butterfly. His mind took wings  
And over nature's verdant fields,—his heart's  
Sweet recollections of the past—it flew.  
The balmy, pure air made him young again,  
Built up, renewed the vigor of his soul,  
His body, though, remained infirm and old,  
With staff in hand he drags his steps along.  
The zephyr gently blows his flowing hair,  
During the ten, he had lived five score years.

He reached the house the garret-room of which  
Had been his home. He scrutinized each face  
Most searchingly, but none he recognized.  
New tenants they, had he forgotten them?  
And then he made enquires if they knew  
A family that once, but years and years ago,  
Had lived upstairs,—describing his own folks.

“Oh, yes, I do, I do remember well,”  
A poor old woman said. “I knew them well,  
She was a dear-good soul, a lady fair.  
The husband, though, was but a godless scamp.  
The law forced him to pay the penalty.  
He was caught and then into prison thrown,  
And if he did not die, he still is there.  
The poor wife, when she learned of his arrest  
And that no more he would return to her:  
Fell in a swoon and never rose again,  
She died,—the poor thing,—of a broken heart.  
I never could make out how could she love,—  
Herself so good,—a worthless man like him,  
Love him so well that she e'en died for him.”

Sylvester listened to the speech he heard  
All unconcerned as had it been said  
Of some strange man. He asked whether she knew  
Where had been burried that good woman who  
Died of a broken heart, and what became  
Of their young son?—“I can not tell you that,”—  
The old woman replied,—“I never saw  
Him since the morning of the funeral.

The funeral itself I could'nt attend,  
I had a christening on hand that day."

The husband to himself said: "I shall find,  
I'm bound to find her final resting place.  
From grave to grave I'll go and scrutinize  
Each stone and cross until I come to hers."  
And to the churchyard he then slowly went,  
And looked at every stone and every cross.  
When through, he did it all over again  
And still again, but his beloved one's grave  
He never found. "Ah, well! Then all is o'er!  
Naught left of her, the glorious creature's gone,  
Without a trace, as disappear the rays  
Of setting sun. The angry storm had swept  
The grave away, uprooted, broke the stone  
God be with her, and all is over now"

It hurt the poor old man, it hurt him much  
That he her grave had not been able to find  
To shed the tears which still were left to him,—  
His sufferings had made him weep enough,—  
Above the earthly dust of his dear wife.  
He found sweet consolation in the thought  
That in his life the last sorrow this is,  
That he for evermore is done and through  
With sorrow and with woe, that through this life  
He now can roam a shadow without form,  
A human shape without life-giving soul.  
He was in error though, this sorrow was  
Not yet the last. When he his prison left  
He asked. "My country then at last is free?"  
To this enquiry then was no reply,  
He happily believed his country free.

Ere long, however, what did he observe?  
He saw his country and the world to be  
More deeply bent beneath fell slavery's yoke  
Than e'en ten years before. Man's dignity

Corrupted day by day, and more and more  
Had grown the tyrant's all mastering strength.

Had then been all in vain his sufferings?  
In vain the sacrifices made by hearts  
Surcharged with thoughts sublime? In vain  
Then had been all the mighty battles fought?  
That can not be! An hundred times No! No!  
This thought renewed his strength, to flames arose  
The dying embers of his erstwhile fire.  
The broken down old man became a youth,  
Determined, stout of will, upon his brow  
Decision sat, decision of great plans  
On the success of which depends the fate  
Of his own land, nay more, of all the world.  
The plan 's not new, already it has cost  
The lives of thousands, but once must succeed,  
And why not he? He safely hid his plans  
Within the deep recesses of his heart,  
He never even slept near other folk  
So that if in his sleep perchance he talked  
He should thereby his secret not betray,  
The which, if prematurely brought to light  
Endangered its success. He sought no aids—  
Not from ambition that to him alone  
—If once success be gained—the glory be,  
That he alone the mighty work shall do,  
But that no other human being's life  
Endangered be if failure come to him.

In sumptuous, festive garb the city 's clad.  
The populace, by thousands throngs the streets,  
Rolls like a stream which overflowed its bed  
Through avenues with flags and bunting draped.  
Loud cheers resound, all seems in sunny mood.  
What is this day? What festival is held?  
Did God in His own image come to earth,  
Did with His own hand He break slavery's chains,  
Give back to man his long lost liberties,  
That such a celebration should be held?  
Oh, no! it is not God who walketh there,

'Tis but a man, but one who thinks himself  
 More than a God, it is the haughty king!  
 With condescending pride he walks among  
 The crowd as does the mastiff in the midst  
 Of little dogs, and heads and knees bend low  
 Where'er he looks as bends the storm-swept reed,  
 A thousand throats bawl out: "Long live the King!"  
 Who'd dare among the thousands in the street  
 Not cheer at all, or cheer for some one else?  
 Who'd dare? One man within the crowd did dare.  
 His thunder-voice resounds o'er all the noise  
 And yells and cheers of the assembled crowd.  
 He boldly cries aloud: "Death to the King!"  
 A shot is heard,—the King lies in the dust...  
 Rise, coward King, thou art not hurt, the aim  
 Was bad, the bullet did not reach thy heart,  
 Tore but thy cloak. To whom thy life thou sold—  
 The devil,—he saved thy life. Rise tyrant King  
 And wipe the dust off thy pale face which shows  
 All plainly what a coward base thou art.

Who is the murderer? And where is he?  
 He stands up straight. Oh, no! he stands no more,  
 With blows and kicks he has been felled to earth,  
 Half dead he lies and happy they who have  
 The chance to spit into his wrinkled face  
 And once again kick at his hoary head.

Poor, wretched people, why heap o'er your head  
 The curse of God? Are you not cursed enough?  
 You crucified the Lord, our Jesus Christ  
 Wasn't that enough? Must you then crucify  
 All saviors who try to serve you well?  
 Poor wretched folks! A hundred times poor race!

Within a day or two a scaffold stood  
 Upon the city-square. Condemned to die  
 A hoary headed man, all fearless stood  
 On it, near him: the headsman with his sword,  
 —The shining instrument which deals fell death...  
 The gray-head looked into the eyes of those

Who came,—a mighty crowd,—to see him die,  
 Whose eyes with exultation seemed to burn.  
 One tear-drop of deep pity glistened in  
 His own eye. He felt sympathy for those  
 Who had with blows and kicks belabored him,  
 And now rejoice to see him yield his life.  
 With awful swish the sword sweeps through the air,  
 The head rolls to the ground, Sylvester's head!  
 The populace bawls loud: "Long live the King!"

The headsman's men inter Sylvester's corpse  
 In the deep grave dug at the scaffold's foot.

## XX

The servile generation had grown old  
 And then died out.—A new race had grown up  
 Which with the flush of shame upon their face  
 Spoke of their sires. They had resolved to live  
 A nobler life. They did. A brave resolve  
 Is all that's needful and an iron will.  
 A new grown, dauntless generation rose,—  
 What from their fathers as an heirloom came  
 To them, their chains of slavery, they broke,  
 And threw upon the graves of those who had  
 Forged them, that the rattling of the chains  
 May rouse them up and e'en in their graves  
 Cause them to shriek with fear. The victors then  
 With grateful hearts named all the heroes brave,—  
 The great and saintly men who theretofore  
 Had fought to free the race from slavery's bonds,  
 And whose reward had been a shameful death.  
 Remembered them and wove around their names  
 Wreaths of the laurel tree, immortalized  
 Their names in songs and gladly would have borne  
 Their bones into the nations Dome of Fame!...  
 Where could they seek,—where could they find  
 what long  
 Had mouldered in the ditch beneath the shade  
 Of gallows and of scaffold where they died?

**CHILDE JOHN.**

(JÁNOS VITÉZ)

## I.

The summer's sun descends with burning glow  
Upon the hamlet's shepherd-lad below.  
No need for it howe'er, he anyway  
Feels warm enough without the sun's fierce ray.

The flame of love glows in his youthful soul;  
A browsing herd is under his control.  
His sheep-skin cloak he spread upon the grass  
Reclining on it he thinks of his lass.

Around him waves a sea of flowers bright,  
The flowers though do not arrest his sight.  
Stone's throw from him runneth a babbling brook  
To which with eager eyes he casts his look.

He cares not for the brooklet's silver-sheen.  
A fair blonde maid he on its shore hath seen,  
He gazes at her figure full of grace,  
Her flowing locks, round breast and beauteous face.

The maiden's skirt is rolled up to her knee,  
—Washing her linen sheets she would be free,—  
Her bare feet were a most inspiring sight  
To Kukoricza John's heartfelt delight.

The shepherd lad, reclining on the lawn,  
Who could he be? Our Kukoricza John!  
In her, who in the brooklet laves her sheet  
Helen, his fond heart's pearly gem we greet.



"Pearl of my heart, my darling Helen, why"—  
John says to her,—“dost turn away thy eye?  
Do look on me, beloved one, 'neath the sky  
No other bliss or happiness have I.”

“Pray, turn to me thy blue eyes' loving ray,  
Just for a moment, dear, thy work delay,  
Come to the shore, that in a fond embrace  
A soulful kiss I press on thy sweet face.”

“I'd gladly go, thou knowest, John, howe'er,  
I am in such a haste, I do not dare...  
My mother is a stepmother and mean,  
She'd scold me if with thee I would be seen”.

This was the answer fair, blonde Helen gave,  
But never stops her sheets with zeal to lave.  
The shepherd rises then and coming near  
Inticingly he pleads: “Helen, my dear,

“My turtle-dove, come here, do come to me.  
One hug, one kiss,—that's all,—I want from thee.  
Be not afraid, the old jade 's far away,  
Let not thy lover be his pining's prey.”

Thus he allured her with his dulcet speech,  
Embraced her lovingly when in his reach;  
He kissed her; once? Oh, no! God only knows  
How many times he kissed his budding rose.

## II.

Time swiftly flies, upon the brooklet's face  
The setting sun the twilight's red displays.  
The stepmother at home is furious,—  
“Where is Helen?”—her thoughts are ominous.

The mean old hag spoke to herself like this:  
“I'll find out where that daughter of mine is.”

—And added, in a no wise pleasant mind:  
“Woe her if idle she has been I find!”

Great woe is thine, Helen, poor orphan maid,  
Beware! She’s coming up to thee, the jade,  
Her big mouth opes and with a piercing scream  
Arouseth thee thus from thy sweet love’s dream:

“Thou miserable wretch, vile shameless face  
“Is this the way thou dost thyself disgrace?  
“With godless things to fool away the day!  
“Did ever man!... Go home!—The devil may——

“Enough! Keep still, old hag, or else beware  
Before you raise my wrath, and if you dare  
Hurt Helen, or e’en with your speech abuse,  
The teeth still left within your jaw you’ll lose.”

His trembling love defending thus, he had—  
The gentle shepherd lad—grown truly mad.  
On her tormentor casts an angry glance,  
Then to this threat he giveth utterance:

“If you want not that I burn down your hut:  
Make not heavier this poor orphan’s lot.  
Her work is hard she is in constant dread,  
And all she gets from you ’s a crust of bread.”

“Now, Helen dear, go home, thou hast thy speech  
If she should maltreat thee, my help beseech!  
And you,—old dame—you leave this girl alone  
You are yourself as a bad penny known.”

He picketh up his cloak, by his wrath stirred  
He parts in haste to get back to his herd.  
When lo! He finds that while he was away  
Some of the cows of his had gone astray.

## III.

The sun already touched the earth when John  
Could with the herd he had together drawn  
Start toward home. Did wolves or did a thief  
Pillage, while he away? Great is his grief.

Whatever caused his loss,—e'en if he knew,  
It would not help,—there was one thing to do:  
To tell the husbandman the truth; and so  
He resolutely starts homeward to go.

"Woe be to thee," he to himself doth say,  
As sad at heart he slowly wends his way.  
"The master 's anyhow a luckless wight,  
And now this loss—but I will do what's right."

With thoughts like this a-preying in his mind  
He reaches home, right at the gate to find  
His irate host, to count, as wont, the drove  
Ere John, each eve, them to their stable drove.

"Don't count them, Sir, you will miss more than one,  
I can not hide the truth, the damage 's done,"  
—Said Kukoricza John—"my heart is sore,  
God knows I wish I could the loss restore."

The owner took John's language as a joke,  
Gives his moustache a twist: "Oho! provoke  
Me not," he said in jesting-threat'ning tone,  
"Thou art well off, leave well enough alone."

The truth howe'er was quick enough found out.  
John's master, half insane, a mighty shout  
Emits. Where is my pitch-fork?" is his cry,  
"I'll run him through, right at this spot he'll die.

"Thief! Robber! Gallows-bird," he madly cries,  
"The ravens should scratch out both of thy eyes.  
Did I keep thee for this and fed thee too?  
Quick for my iron fork, I'll run him through."

"Out of my sight! Let me see thee no more!"  
 John's master yells and curses foul he swore.  
 A mighty bar of iron is at hand,  
 With which he tries on John a blow to land.

Now Kukoricza John was not afraid,  
 No coward he, of sterner stuff was made:  
 O'er twenty in a fight had victor been,  
 Although but twenty winters he had seen.

Young, strong and bold, nevertheless he ran.  
 Not that he was afraid of his old man,  
 He knew that he'd done wrong, could he then stop  
 To fight the man he wronged, who brought him up?

He ran till his pursuer stopped to run,  
 Then only was he with his swift flight done,  
 And then he stopped, then staggered right and left,—  
 Then ran again as of his mind bereft.

#### IV.

When like a mirror shone the brooklet's face,—  
 Lit up by thousands stars' illuming rays,—  
 John found himself at Helen's garden gate,  
 How he got there, not he could e'en relate.

He stopped. Upon his reed-pipe then he blew,  
 The saddest, most heartrending tune he knew.  
 The dew drops on the blade o'grass and leaf  
 Were tears of stars which felt with him his grief.

Helen already slept. In summer nights  
 To sleep upon the front porch she delights.  
 She was aroused by the familiar tune,  
 She rose, goes down, and is at John's side soon.

She did not like his looks, she seemed affright,  
 This is her faltering speech made at his sight:  
 "What ails thee John, thou art so ghastly white  
 As is the moon on dismal autumn night?"

"Why should I not be pale? beloved one, hear?  
Thy sweet face I no more shall see, I fear."  
"Oh, John, thy looks have frightened me enough,  
For heaven's sake, talk not such foolish stuff."

"My heart's fair springtide, we shall meet no more,  
Nor will my reed again my woes outpour.  
This is my last embrace, my good-bye, kiss,  
Forever I myself from here dismiss."

The poor, ill fated lad then tells her all,  
Upon his weeping sweetheart's breast doth fall.  
Caresses her, but turns away his eyes,  
She must not see that he too freely cries.

\* "Dear, beauteous Helen, sweetest rose, good-bye!  
Let now and then thy thoughts towards me fly.  
If thou should'st see dry stalks by stormwind borne,  
Think of thy roving lover from thee torn."

"Dear John, good bye; go, if 'tis God's decree!  
Each step in life thou makest He be with thee!  
{ See'st thou a faded flower thrown away,  
{ Think of thy sweetheart left here to decay."

They parted as from tree-twigs parts the leaf,  
Their hearts grew desolate weighed down with grief.  
Poor Helen weeps, the shower from her eyes,  
John with his flowing shirt sleeves gently dries.

He started, never looked though where he went,  
What did he care? To be gone his intent.  
The crackling of the storks, the shepherds' song  
He did not heed, but went his way headlong.

He left his home behind him long ago,  
He saw no more the herdsmen's bonfires' glow.  
When once he stopped and turned to take a look,  
The tower viewed him like a ghastly spook.

If any one then would have been near-by,  
 He could have heard him heave a heartfelt sigh.  
 The air is cleft by cranes which swiftly fly,  
 They do not hear him though, they were so high.

He jogged along into the silent night,  
 The ample fur coat round his shoulders quite  
 Distinctly flaps. The cloak is heavy, though  
 More weighty is his sore heart's awful woe.

## V.

When dawn's first rays had caused the moon to flee,  
 The prairie-heath spread 'fore him like a sea.  
 From east to the horizon's far off end:  
 Before him lies the broad and level land.

No bush, no tree, no blooming flower there,  
 A dewy blade o' grass is even rare.  
 The sun's first rays show at the right a mead,  
 Also a pond, though o'ergrown with reed.

Within the reed a long necked heron tries  
 To find its feed of toadlet, frog and flies.  
 Above the centre flits a fishing bird,—  
 Swift on its wing,—its cries are far off heard.

John jogged along, together with his shade  
 And with the dark thoughts which on his mind  
weighed.  
 The bright sun o'er the country sheds its light,  
 Within John's heart though all is darkest night.

The sun had reached the top a-spreading heat,  
 It then came to John's mind 'tis time to eat.  
 At noon, the day before, he'd eaten last;  
 Fatigued and hungry, thought to break his fast.

All worn out,—his feet could hardly drag,—  
Sat down, the rest of bacon from his bag  
He ate. The bright sun looks at him from high,  
A mirage views him with its fairy eye.

He had enjoyed his modest feed, then went  
Up to the pond where on his knees he bent,  
The broad rim of his hat with water filled,  
Which he then drank, his burning thirst thus stilled.

The pond's shore he left gratefully behind,  
His heavy eyelids him of sleep remind,  
To have a restful sleep in soft grass-bed,  
Upon a molehill laid his weary head.

His dreams carried him back from whence he came,  
He held in his embrace the trembling frame  
Of sweet Helen, but when to kiss her tried,  
A thund'rous clap roused him all terrified.

He looked around the field with startling eyes,  
Tempestuous clouds—he saw—o'erhung the skies,  
So sudden did the thunderstorm grow,  
As his own life a-sudden had turned to woe.

The world was clad in a most pitch-dark hue,  
It thundered loud, God's arrows lightnings flew.  
The channels of the clouds seemed ope to be:  
The water of the pond foamed like a sea.

John, of his fur cloak turned the inside out,  
Leaned on his staff, long, strong and stout.  
The broadrim of his hat he turned down,  
The storm he viewed thus with an icy frown.

As sudden as the storm had come it went,  
As quickly it had all its fury spent.  
On wings of wind the clouds were blown away:  
A beauteous rainbow illumines the day.

John shaketh from his cloak the drops of rain,  
 And after that he starts his walk again.  
 When on that day the sun lay down to rest:  
 John would not yet his two feet's speed arrest.

Still on he trod, into the forest-heart;  
 His creaking steps set birds on wings to start.  
 He hears the raven's loud, ominous cries,...  
 The black bird just had pecked some dead beasts'  
 eyes.

No forest, beast, or raven does he heed:  
 John Kukoricza never lags his speed.  
 The pale moon spreads her yellow silvery sheen  
 All o'er the forest's narrow footpath's green.

## VI.

Round midnight must have been the time of day,  
 When John beheld a light not far away;  
 Approaching closer still, he found the light  
 The window of a house is, lit up bright.

When John saw this, he mused this wise: "I think  
 I sorely need a rest and food and drink,  
 This surely is a tavern in this wood  
 To rest here over night will do me good."

John was in error though, 't was not an inn,  
 Twelve robbers had their headquarters within.  
 The reason why the house was lit up bright  
 Was, all the robbers were at home that night.

Night, robbers, sword and gun—consider well—  
 Are things which might of dangers great foretell,—  
 John's heart was brave and stout, he knew no fear.  
 He entered, greeting them with loud and clear

Bold voice. "Good evening, Sirs, God bless you all!"  
 A mighty tumult rose within the hall,



The twelve men rose, they reached for gun and  
 sword;  
 Thus spoke to him the leader of the horde:

"Thou son of misery! how dost thou dare  
 Cross o'er this threshold of our hidden lair  
 Hast father, mother thou? Hast thou a wife?  
 Thou wilt not see them anymore in life."

John's heart, on hearing this, remained serene,  
 No trace of pallor on his face was seen.  
 The leader's threat had left him selfpossessed,  
 This is the answer he aloud expressed: :

"Who has for aught in life something to fear  
 "Is wise if to this place he comes not near,  
 "But life or death, to me, are all the same,  
 "I care naught who you are, I boldly came

"And, therefore, if you can, then let me live,  
 "And for the rest of night some shelter give,  
 "But if you think 'tis best that I should die  
 "Here! strike the blow! I will not raise a cry."

Said it all quietly and then stood still.  
 Amazement does the dozen robbers fill.  
 The chief spoke up,—but first he nearer drew,—  
 "List', brother, I've to say a thing or two."

"Thou art as brave a lad I ever knew  
 "God made thee for a robber, good and true,  
 "Life is despised by thee, death fearest not,  
 "We need thee, come, and cast with us thy lot.

"To steal, to rob, to kill, that is our fun,  
 "Our prey 's the richest by thieves ever won  
 "These barrels are full of gold, just look around,  
 "Come, lad, have we in thee a comrade found?"

Ludicrous thoughts his quick brain vivified,  
 Apparently good natured he replied:

"This day is of my woeful life the best,  
 "That I am yours, this handshake shall attest!"

"That still it better be"—the leader cried,  
 "Let's now the bumpers fill, we're well supplied  
 "With splendid wines from cave of priests we stole,  
 "Let's see the bottom of our flowing bowl."

They did. The bowl coursed round and round again.  
 Wine made their heads the churchyards of their  
 Our John took carefully but frugal sips,                    brain  
 Though urged to drink, he only wet his lips.

The wine brought sleep to the twelve robbers' eyes,  
 —The very thing on which our John relies,—  
 When to the right and left dead-drunk they fell.  
 John to himself said this: "This goeth well.

"Good night to you, you sleep here, I suppose,  
 "Till angel Gabriel his trumpet blows!  
 "Revenging hundreds innocents you slew  
 "I now shall bring eternal night to you!"

"Now for the barrels of gold. I'll fill my bag,  
 "Which I then home, to thee, sweet Helen, drag.  
 "No more thy mean stepmother's slave thou'lt be!  
 "I take thee for my wife, 'tis God's decree!

"Right in our hamlet I'll have built a house,  
 "And into it I'll lead thee as my spouse.  
 "There we shall live, life's cares behind as leave,  
 "As lived in Paradise Adam and Eve.

"But oh! my God! my Lord, What do I say?  
 "I take with me these robbers' cursed prey?  
 "Each piece of gold I find must be blood-stained,  
 "With wealth like that no bliss was ever gained.

"I shall not touch this gold; no, not a piece,  
 Did I, my conscience would have no peace.

"Bear bravely, Helen dear, life's struggle and strife,  
 "To God above entrust thy orphaned life.

When through with his soliloquising speech,  
 John came out with a burning light, to each  
 Four corners of the roof applies the light,  
 Upleaped the angry flames into the height.

A second,—and the roof 's a ball of fire,  
 The flame's red streaks leap high and higher,  
 The smoke had turned to black the sky's clear blue,  
 The bright moon of before showed pallor's hue.

The heat, the smoke, the bright glow of the flame  
 Aroused the owls and bats and forth they came,  
 Their flight disturbed as on their wings to rise:  
 Sways e'en the twigs of trees of larger size.

The first rays of the rising sun threw light  
 Upon a smoking pile, a ghastly sight  
 Behold as through the wreck'd window they peep:  
 Twelve skeletons, charred, lie there in a heap...

## VII.

Throughout the world he roamed, through many a  
land,  
 He had forgotten e'en the robber band,  
 When, all at once, before him dawns a light,  
 The sunrays falling on drawn sabres bright.

A line of fine hussars came up the road,  
 Their swords it were which in the sun thus glowed.  
 The horses which they mount neigh, rear and prance,  
 Proud of their charge they seem, step high and  
dance.

When John beheld them as they nearer drew,  
 His heart beat fast and faster still, he knew

Their world-wide fame. He mused and sighed:  
 "Ah, me!  
 Could I enlist, how happy I would be!"

And when the soldiers had come nigh, he heard  
 The leader say to him,—how his heart stirred,—  
 "Look out, my lad, thou'lt step yet on thy head,  
 Why art thou by such sorrow overspread?"

John sighed, but said:— encouraged by the sight—  
 "In all the world I am the saddest wight.  
 If you would let me be one of you, I...  
 I'd dare look in the midday-sun's bright eye."

The leader said: "Consider well, my boy,  
 We do not go just now feasts to enjoy.  
 The Turk broke o'er the French, The French,  
 's our friend,  
 That's where we go! Our allies to defend!"

"Why, Sir, this is still more so to my taste.  
 Pray, let me in the fighting line be placed;  
 Do I not kill, my sorrow killeth me,  
 To war! to fight! to kill! I go with glee.

'Tis true, I rode a donkey until now,  
 —A stepherd I have been,—but you'll allow,  
 A Magyar I! all Magyars ride of course,  
For us created God the saddle horse!"

John said much with his flowing speech, but more  
 E'en said his fiery eyes. The hussar corps  
 A likink took to him; with welcome cheer  
 Received him then and there; a volunteer.

It would be fun indeed could it be told  
 How John felt in his trousers: red with gold,  
 And when his cloak upon his shoulders fell,  
 The bright sword drew with proud and joyous yell.

When John into the saddle sprang, his horse  
Would kick sky-high, he did'nt mind, of course,  
Sat in the saddle secure with grace and ease,  
No earthquake could him from his seat release.

His comrades loved his manners and his ways,  
Would never stop his strength and beauty praise;  
Where'er they went and would in quarters lie  
Departing thence, the girls for him would cry.

The truth about John and the girls is this:  
He found not one of them as fair as his  
Sweet Helen was; all o'er the world he met  
No peer of her on whom his heart is set.

## VIII.

The army marched and marched, far, very far,  
And reached the centre of the land of Tar,  
The dog-faced Tartars lived within this land,  
The Magyars new: great danger is at hand.

The dog-faced Tartar's King spoke thus: "Hussars!  
How dare you come into this land of Tars?  
To have come here, ye madman, was too rash  
Do you not now, we feed on human flesh?"

The Magyar's fright was great. A hundred they,  
Four hundred thousand Tartars' easy prey.  
Good fortune 's theirs, a righteous Moorish King  
—The Tartar's guest,—the needful heep doth bring.

The moorish King was quick to take their part.  
He knew the Magyar people's noble heart.  
He traveled once in Magyarland, where he  
Enjoyed the kindest hospitality.

The Moorish King had not forgotten this.  
 To save his friends he felt his duty is.  
 He took his friend, the Tartar King aside  
 To pacify him with this speech then tried. ,

“My great, good friend, don’t hurt this people here.  
 They will not harm your land, you need not fear:  
 I know them well. To let them pass your land,  
 As token of our friendship, I demand.”

“For your sake, comrade, I shall let them go,”  
 —The Tartar King replied;—“I shall bestow  
 My help on them, to pass safe through my land,  
 And everywhere receive a helping hand.”

Indeed, no harm had come to them, ’t is true,  
 Still, they were glad when they had said adieu  
 Forever to the land where they could fare  
 On naught else but on figs and flesh of bear.

## IX.

The hills and vales of Tartar-land,—did they  
 Look for the Hussars,—found them far away;  
 For they had reached great Talyanland and marched  
 On forest roads by rosemary-trees arched.

Naught happened there at all that needs be told,  
 Except, that they encountered bitter cold.  
 For there ’t is always winter as we know,  
 Our men marched o’er eternal ice and snow.

But Magyar blood flowed in their veins, and so  
 However cold, they bravely onward go.  
 To warm themselves a bit, what did they do?  
 Their horses bore on their own backs! That’s true!

## X.

And thus they came into the land of Poles,  
Then into one the Indian controls.  
For France and India are adjacent lands,—  
The dangerous road between them though commands

The greatest courage, as you'll see from this:  
The centre of the land but hilly is.  
But then the hills grow step by step,—so high  
That at the borders they reach to the sky.

Of course, the army here perspired much,  
The men took off their cloaks, neckties and such.  
By the eternal! Was'nt the burning sun  
Away from them but just an hour's run?

They did not eat aught else but chunks of air,  
It was quite hard, each man bit off his share:  
How they obtained their drink was really fun:  
They wrung a cloudlet and the trick was done.

They finally had reached the mountains' top.  
It was so hot, that they were forced to stop  
To march in day time, so they walked at night,  
This too was dangerous, their horses might

—They feared,—e'en stumble o'er the shining stars.  
—Stars in a rider's way, his progress bars;—  
John mused: "Whene'er a star shoots from the sky,  
"—'T is said—it means a human life must die.

"Thy fortune 'tis, mean step-mother below  
"That I, which is your life's star do not know.  
"For if I did, you'd torture her no more,  
I would kick your star out of heaven's door."

Then the descent began and soon the land  
Would into fields of wide lowland expand,  
The heat abates with each step they advance,  
And ceases when they enter into France.

## XI.

France is so fine a realm, she justifies  
 Her name: a new Canaan, a paradise.  
 The sweet tooth of the Turks ached for the land,  
 They reached for it with thievish, murderous hand.

When our Magyar Hussars arrived, they found  
 Them hard at work—the robbers—all around.  
 They robbed the church, the altar and the grave,  
 And stole the wine from cellar and from cave.

Found burning cities' flames light up the sky  
 And countless dead and wounded meets their eye.  
 The King was driven from the royal quarter,  
 And stolen his beloved, only daughter.

Our men thus found, just by a lucky chance,  
 The homeless, roaming, exiled King of France.  
 And when the Magyar Hussars met him thus,  
 They shed for him a tear, real dolorous.

The exiled King thus spoke to them: "Is not  
 "—My friends—my share in life a cruel lot?  
 "With Darius' wealth my treasures could compete,  
 "Extreme want is now mine in my retreat."

To cheer him up, the leader said to him:  
 "Don't worry King of France, we are in trim,  
 "We'll meet the heathen horde, we'll make them  
dance  
 "For daring thus to treat the King of France.

"To night we'll take a rest, we need a rest,  
 "The road was long we feel somewhat depressed;  
 "To-morrow morning when the sun shall rise,  
 "We'll reconquer for you your Paradise."

"But how about my child, my daughter fair,"—  
 Laments the King,—“where is she! Where?”



"A Turk carried her off; upon my life!  
 "Who brings her back receives her as his wife."

By this fine speech the Hussars were inspired,  
 The heart of each with golden hope was fired.  
 One great resolve causeth each heart to stir:  
 I'll bring her back or else I'll die for her!

John Kukoricza was the only one  
 Whose mind,—from what he heard,—no fancies  
spun.

John's mind was wandering, far, far away...  
 He thought of sweet Helen, his darling fay.

## XII.

As is his wont, next morn the sun arose  
 But ne'er yet did he witness scenes like those  
 He saw that morn the moment he appeared,  
 Just as the bars of th' earth's horizon cleared.

The army bugle sounds, the trumpets blare,  
 The boys are up and for the day prepare.  
 Their swords are bright and sharp, and then  
of course  
 Well gromed and saddled is each Hussar's horse.

With might and main the French King would insist,  
 That he too would them in their fight assist:  
 The leader though, a thoughtful man and wise,  
 Thought best to give the King this sound advice:

"Not so, my gracious King, you stay behind,  
 Age has your strength and vigor undermined.  
 I know, that still to you your valor 's left,  
 But what's the use if of your strength bereft?"

First trust to God, then us, that's all, I pray,  
 We pledge ourselves! ere over is the day

We'll rout your foes and from your lands have  
 And you'll resume your ancient royal throne." <sup>thrown,</sup>

The Hussars then into the saddles spring,  
 Go forth the Turk to find; they shout and sing.  
 A herald send ahead to tell the Turk:  
 To be prepared for this day's heavy work.

The herald returns. The trumpets sound a blast  
 One mighty cheer! The fight is on at last!  
 The clash of steel, the Magyar's lusty yell,  
 Their warcry is which does of valor tell.

They drive their spurs into their horses flanks,  
 The earth vibrates as onward rush the ranks.  
 Or was it, that the earth's own heart beats loud,  
 Aghast at deathly blows dealt by that crowd?

Seven horses' tails adorn the Turkish chief.  
 His pouch is big enough—is your belief—  
 To hold a barrel of wine, his nose is red,  
 Looks like a ripe cucumber,—people said.

The awful bellied Turkish Chief gave then  
 The sign for the assembling of his men.  
 The Turkish force lined up as if at drill,  
 When our Hussars rushed at them with a will.

That rush howe'er had not been children's play  
 Terrific was the turmoil of the fray.  
 The fighting Turks perspired their very blood,  
 The green field soon was soaked by red sea's flood.

O, holy smoke! The day was hot! O my!  
 The Turks' dead bodies lay a mountain high!!  
 The mighty bellied chief though still alive,  
 Tried John to reach with his swords vicious drive.

Our John did not regard this as a joke;  
 Parried the thrust and to the Chief thus spoke:

"My friend! thou art too big for one, let's see,  
Can not this blow of mine make two of thee?"

He did what he had said that he would do,  
And actually cut the chief in two—  
The two halves fell from the perspiring horse  
To right and left neath John's blows mighty force.

Their chief's fall made the coward Turks affright.  
Presto! they turn around and took to flight.  
They ran, and even now they still would run  
Had our pursuing men the race not won.

Our men came up to them; a carnage spreads,  
Dandelions in-bloom like drop their heads.  
One only Turk escapes, that is he tries,  
Our Kokoricza John after him flies.

It was the Pasha's son who sought by flight  
To save himself; there 's something white  
Seen in his lap. It was the French Princess—  
Unconscious, in a faint, and motionless.

It was a while till John had him outrun.  
"Stop, heathen"—yelled to him,—“or just in fun  
I cut on that mean frame of yours a hole  
Through which to hell can pass your worthless soul”.

The pasha's son howe'er would not have stopped,  
If not, at last, his race-horse had not dropped.  
The horse dropped dead. The Pasha's son began  
To plead for mercy, thus his prayer ran:

"Have mercy on me, Sir! brave noble Sir!  
If nothing else, my youth should your heart stir  
To generous sympathy! O, let me live!  
All that I have, for it, I freely give!"

"Keep what you have, your worthless life keep too,  
I am too good to kill a scamp like you.

Be off! and tell at home what was the fate  
Of the mean robber horde found in this state."

He then alights, comes to the princess nigh  
Looks into her most beauteous lustrous eye  
Which, coming to herself, she oped amazed,  
To John she then a greeting like this phrased:

"Dear saviour, I ask not who thou art,  
I simply say: I thank thee from my heart,  
My gratittude is thine through all my life,  
And dost thou care, I will become thy wife."

In John's veins hot red blood, no water flowed.  
His heart beat fast and loud with passion glowed,  
Yet, manfully his feelings he subdued,  
His vows to fair Helen all other loves exclude.

Most tenderly he to the princess says:  
"To thy good Dad, sweet one, let's wend our ways,  
Before him we will talk this matter o'er  
And gently he the princess homeward bore.

### XIII.

John Kukoricza and the royal maid  
Came to the battlefield in the evening shade.  
The last rays of the setting sun—aghast—  
With bloodshot eyes looked on what here had  
passed:

Saw nothing else but one great field of death  
And flocks of ravens it encountereth.  
What it beheld gave not much of delight,  
It dropped into the sea to shun the sight

Nigh to that field there was a good sized lake  
With water christal pure. The Hussars take

Themselves to it to lave therein and red  
The water 's from the blood the Turks have shed.

The Hussars, when all spick and span each man,  
To his palace escort the French King then.  
The royal home was not too far away  
With ease they reach it ere the close of day.

Just as the army reached the royal fort,  
John Kukoricza too arrived at court.  
The beauteous princess who walked at his right  
Looked like nigh to a cloud a rainbow bright.

When the old King saw her he loved best,  
Wth joy atrembling fell upon her breast,  
He showered kisses on her rosey face  
And said,—still holding her in his embrace:

“My happiness is now complete, and now  
Let some one call my good old cook, I vow  
You all must hungry be; now let us dine,  
You, heroes of the day, are guests of mine.”

“My King!” a voice is heard—“here is the cook!  
You need not wait; I the precaution took,  
All's ready and in the adjoining hall  
A truly royal feast awaits you all!”

The voice of the cook was pleasant to hear:  
Like music to the Magyar Hussar's ear.  
They did not wait to be pressed very long,  
And soon around the laden tables throng.

As merciless as with the Turks they were  
They with the dishes dealt which they found there.  
No wonder, they had grown hungry indeed:  
All day at work on their heroic deed.

Around and 'round had gone the well filled bowl  
The King arose and from his lips then roll

These words: "Ye heroes brave, draw near I pray  
Because of great import is what I say."

The Magyar Hussars with attention list,  
None would a word of the King's speech have  
Who first pours down a drink, his throat then clears, <sup>missed,</sup>  
This is the speech which then the company hears:

"First tell me what's thy name, young heroe brave.  
Who my beloved daugther's life didst save?"  
"John Kukoricza is my honest name,  
'Tis rustic, true, I bear it with no shame!"

This was John Kukoricza's prompt reply.  
Still prompter these words from the King's lips fly:  
"I now rechristen thee! Henceforth thy name  
As Childe John shall be known, I now acclaim!"

"Childe John, thou saved my daughter's life to day  
Thy bravery deserves the richest pay.  
Make her thy wife, when as my son art known:  
I in thy favor shall resign my throne.

"Since I am King, many a year has flown  
And as you all can see, I've hoary grown.  
The royal cares weigh heavy on my head,  
He shall be King who doth my daughter wed."

"I place upon thy brow my royal crown,  
I only ask that thou, when I step down  
Assign to me right here a room where I  
Might live in peace near thee, until I die."

This was the speech the Magyar Hussars heard,  
The heart of all was with amazement stirred.  
The words our John most forcibly impress,  
He tries his heartfelt thanks thus to express:

"I thank you, Sir! I do not merit though  
The kindness which on me you bestow.  
Though to your goodness I'm most sensitive,  
I must refuse the rich reward you give."

"In a long story I would have to tell  
The reasons which my "I can not" compel.  
The telling of the story would intrude  
On your patience and I hate to be rude."

"Speak up! tell us thy reasons, one by one,  
We'll gladly listen to thy speech, my son."  
The King to John encouragingly said.  
Who then before them his life's story spread.

## XIV.

"Well, how shall I begin? And, first of all  
Why people me "John Kukoricza" call?  
A foundling I,—was in a cornfield found  
And Kukoricza call myself was bound.

A wealthy farmer's kind, good-hearted wife  
—'T was often told me in my later life—  
On passing through the field heard baby-cries,  
And in a nearby furrow she espies

Poor me, wrapped in a rag and crying loud,  
She took me up and to herself she vowed:  
"Poor waif, I have no children of my own,  
As my adopted son thou shalt be known."

The good old woman had a husband though,  
Who was not pleased and his dislike would show,  
Whene'er he saw me in her care, he'd swear  
Blasphemous cuss words which the household scare.

She tried it hard his wrath to pacify:  
"Stop being angry, Dad, tell me: could I

Leave him abandoned in that field to die?  
Would mercy have on me our Lord on High?

And then, dear Dad, he will be of good use  
Around the farm. Cows, oxen, sheep and yews  
Need overseers, when grown up he'll repay  
With good work what we do for him to day."

Somehow she wins him o'er and by degrees  
He yields, but although I tried hard to please,  
He never liked me. If in ought I failed  
With whip and cane I promptly was assailed.

Midst working hard and thrashings had, I grew  
Of joys and pleasures I but little knew.  
The only bliss which for my life's ills paid:  
Was in our village lived a sweet, blonde maid.

The maiden's mother soon stepped in her grave,  
Her father took a second wife, and gave  
A stepmother to her, and then he died.  
To that stepmother thus her life was tied.

That maid has been my joy amidst my woes,  
Upon my thorny life the only rose;  
I loved her, by her sight I was enthralled,  
The orphans of the village we were called.

E'en as a boy, could I to her be nigh,  
I would not have preferred a piece of pie.  
The sundays were my only days of joys,  
I could then play with her amidst the boys.

When I had grown a good sized lad to be  
And felt to have a heart which warmeth me,  
And I could kiss her: Well; for me, the world  
Could crash and into nothingness be hurled.

Her wicked stepmother oft punished her,  
—May God ne'er pardon her,—I tell you Sir,



I often had to come to her defence,  
My threats alone checked her brute violence.

From bad to worse too went my own affairs,  
My dear old benefactress died. Death spares  
Not e'en the best; she found me and to me  
A mother good and true had tried to be.

Hard is my heart, in all my life I ne'er  
Shed many tears, but at her death, despair  
Seized me, my feelings I could not restrain,  
The tears I wept were like a shower of rain.

My sweet Helen, my blonde-haired darling too  
With sorrow genuine shed not a few  
Most heartfelt tears. The dear departed soul  
Had been most kind to her, did oft console

Her in her misery, would often say:  
"Just wait! I'll make you each other's one day,  
You shall be man and wife and I declare  
Our village ne'er will see a finer pair."

And sorely we the happy days await.  
She would have brought about our married state,  
(The dear old soul e'er kept her given word,)  
Ah me! she died, and now is sepulchred.

And so it came about that when she died,  
We two were forced our hopes to cast aside.  
Still while our hopeless cause we would deplore:  
We loved each other more than e'er before.

But God Almighty willed it otherwise  
Our only bliss—to meet—He e'en denies!  
Some of my flock I once let go astray,  
My master thereupon drove me away.

To my beloved Helen with tearful eye  
And throbbing heart I said my last good-bye.

I wandered through the world without an aim,  
Until at last a soldier I became.

I never told Helen, that she remain  
My own sweetheart until we meet again,  
I never told her I shall faithful be,  
No pledge was needful for our loyalty.

Give up all thought of me thou fair princess,  
Because if sweet Helen I can't possess:  
This heart of mine on no girl will be set  
Should even death to call for me forget."

## XV.

This is the story which our brave John told,  
His hearer's hearts it could not have left cold.  
The princess' face is all suffused with tears,  
From pity and regret at what she hears.

The king then says to him: Dear boy, I see,  
Thou can't not marry her, thou art not free;  
I want to pay though, my gratitude's debt.  
With a refusal I must not be met.

The king then opes his treasury's big door,  
And for a servant calls. With precious ore  
The biggest bag—as much as it can hold—  
Is filled. John ne'er in his life saw so much gold.

"Well, John," the king then said, "thou saved her life,  
But inasmuch thou can't make her thy wife:  
This bag of gold shall pay then what I owe,  
Good luck to thee and thy bride it bestow!"

"I would detain thee, but I know 'tis hard,  
Thy prompt return to thy love to retard.  
Thy comrades must remain, thou go, my boy!  
I want them first some feasts I'll give enjoy."

The king had guessed aright our brave John's mind:  
To start at once for Helen's home he pined.  
He bid tender good-byes to all around,  
And in a boat he'll soon be homeward bound.

The king, his friends, all took him to the sea,  
He heard all kinds "good-bye!" "Good luck to thee!"  
Until the boat in distant fog was lost  
Loud cheered for him the hussars and their host.

## XVI.

The boat on which he had embarked its sails  
To the propitious wind set which prevails.  
The boat rolls fast enough, but faster still  
The flights of thought are which his mind then fill.

These are the thoughts which now his brain control:  
"Ah, dear Helen, sweet angel of my soul,  
Hast a presentiment, does thou expect  
That homeward 's bound thy rich bridegroom-elect?"

"Yes, I am homewards bound, so that at last  
We are made one. After our woeful past  
A loving pair will be, our ills allayed,  
And rich, not need our fellowbeings' aid.

My patron, true, he did not treat me well;  
But no thoughts of revenge in my heart dwell,  
To him is due my present happiness,  
In fact, he some rewards deserves, I guess!

Such is the thought which his mind agitates  
The while the boat its speed accelerates,  
But Hungary was still quite far, for she  
And France divided are by land and sea.

One eve, upon the dock he took a walk,  
He heard the captain to the boatswain talk:

"Look at that setting sun, how red the sky,  
We'll have a storm, those colors signify."

John heard the speech but did not seem to care.  
A flock of storks he saw high in the air,  
It was in autumn days,—they migrate,—and  
These birds then surely come from his own land.

With gentlest longing he looked at the birds,  
As if they would good news bring him in words.  
Good news from her, his sweet Helen, and then  
Good news from home, he shall see soon again.

## XVII.

Just as the sunset of the eve before  
Had indicated it, next morn' a roar  
Was heard, it was the storm swept ocean's waves  
Whipped by the tempest which with fury raves.

As usual when such awful storms prevail,  
Great is the fright of those then under sail,  
In vain their efforts are their ship to save,  
No help! their fate 't seems is a watery grave.

Black, heavy clouds roll o'er the darkened sky,  
A thunderstorm breaks forth and from the high  
Shoot fiery sparks: the lightnings awful flash  
One hits the boat, which breaks up with a crash.

Dead corpses and the debris of the boat  
Upon the ocean's waves are seen to float.  
But what has been the fate of John? Did he  
Too, find his grave within the angry sea?

He also was to his death mighty nigh,  
To save him, help came to him from the sky,  
And rescued him in a most wondrous way,  
So that he did not drown that awful day.

A rising wave had caught him and it bore  
 Him high and nigh to where the thick clouds soar,  
 There, with a jump he on one of them lands  
 And holds on to that cloud with both his hands.

And he held on and did not let it go.  
 He saw it drift towards the shore, and so  
 He watched, when near to land, then in a whiff,  
 He jumped upon the summit of a cliff.

He firstly prayed to God, his thanks he gave  
 For letting him escape a watery grave.  
 That he his treasure lost he did not care,  
 His life was spared, the gold with ease he'll spare.

And then upon that cliff he looked around,  
 Naught else except a griffith bird-nest found.  
 The bird just then its brood fed, he saw plain,  
 And lightning like a thought flashed through his  
 brain.

Most cautiously and unseen, and not heard,  
 He drew near and then jumped upon the bird.  
 He boldly drove his spurs into her sides,  
 As swiftly through the air he on her rides.

The bird tried hard and tried with might and main  
 To throw him down and thus her freedom gain.  
 But John sat there as if held by some screw,  
 His hands holding her neck, and on they flew!

And on they flew! God knows o'er what strange  
 lands.

One day, just as the sun his first rays sends  
 To earth, he saw just what was his desire:  
 It illumined his own hamlet's church spire.

God's bliss was his when he that church espied.  
 To stop his tears of joy he vainly tried.  
 Just then the bird, to John's greatest delight  
 Descended for a rest from her great flight.

bird

Upon a hill-top he got off from her,  
 The bird could hardly breathe, could hardly stir.  
 He left her there in her exhausted state,  
 And to his home, lost in deep thought, went straight.

"I bring no wealth and poor as I did start  
 I bring to thee my faithful, loyal heart;  
 But this suffices, sweet Helen, I trow  
 Thou'lt welcome me lovingly anyhow."

With thoughts like these he comes to his home near  
 Loud cries and wagon rattling strikes his ear,  
 The clang and bang and noise is general:  
 The people hold their vintage-festival.

He looked not at who to the vineyards went,  
 He passed to all of them indifferent.  
 And through the village he just walked to where  
 He knew had lived Helen, his sweetheart fair.

Upon the porch, he felt his hands to shake,  
 He hardly dared a decent breath to take.  
 He plucks up courage, entering, he sees  
 All strangers where he thought his Helen is.

John told her who he is. She breaks in though:  
 The while his hand again the latch-string sought.  
 A buxom woman, with kind sympathy  
 Asks him: "Good man, whom do you wish to see?"

John told her who he is. She breaks in though!  
 "O, bless my heart! the sun had tanned you so  
 "I did not know you first. Come in! Come in!  
 "I am surprised! Let's talk! But where begin?"

"Come in! God bless you John! You've changed  
 indeed"

—Into the sitting room she does him lead,  
 And when he in her cosy armchair sat,  
 She said: "Now, let us have a friendly chat."

"Have you forgotten me? O, what a shame!  
I am the neighbor's little girl who came  
To see Helen so oft; do you know how".....  
"The first thing tell me, where is Helen now"

John breaks into her speech. The woman's eyes  
Are clouded by the tears which in them rise,  
"Where is Helen? Oh, Dear!"—she slowly said:  
"Poor Uncle John, our sweet Helen is dead."

'T was well he did not stand but sat secure,  
The dreadful news it would have felled him sure.  
He would not do else but grasp at his heart,  
As if to crush the pain which made it smart.

He sat awhile mute, stunned, lifeless it seemed  
And then he said,—he spoke as one who dreamed:  
"Tell me the truth, she is to some one wed.  
Let her be whoso's wife, but oh! not dead!"

"I could at least once more see her! If so,  
Less painful then to bear my awful woe.  
The tears a-flowing from the woman's eyes  
Howe'er could not the dreadful truth disguise.

## XVIII.

John's head bends to the table from the blow,  
The fountain spring of his tears freely flow,  
What he then said,—his voice broken by woe—  
Sounds as spoke he to himself slow and low.

"Why did I not fall midst the battle's strife?  
Why to the sea I did not yield my life?  
Why was I born at all? That cruel fate,  
With thunderous blows shall make it desolate?"

Slow, by degrees his grief grows less severe.  
—As had he fallen asleep it would appear—

"How did my sweetheart die? What ailed my rose?"  
He gently asked; looked up and listened close

To the young woman's tale. "List! No disease  
Killed her, but her stepmother's cruelties.  
The old witch though, paid for her meanness, she  
Died as a beggar in great misery.

Your sweet Helen constantly called for you.  
"My dear John" was the last breath which she drew.  
"My darling John, 't is you alone I love,  
We shall united be in heaven above."

Then to her endless sleep she closed her eyes,  
Not far from here the graveyard where she lies.  
All the village to her interment went,  
And at her grave tears of deep sorrow spent."

The woman then escorted him to where  
His sweet Helen had been laid by, and there  
She left him with his grief. Heartbroken he  
Before that holy grave fell on his knee. ,

All mute, his thoughts roamed o'er the beauteous  
days  
When his were still the glowing, ardent rays  
Of Helen's eyes. the smile, the heart of her,  
Who now is bedded in that sepulchre.

The setting sun paints the horizon red,  
The pale moon rises in the sky instead.  
And through the autumn mist a sad look gave  
On John, who reeling left his sweetheart's grave.

But he returned. Above the grave there grew  
A tiny rosebush on which still a few  
Sweet roses he had seen. He plucked one rose,  
And said to himself, when at last he goes:



"Sweet flower-let who grew out from her dust,  
 We two shall faithful comrades be, I trust.  
 While o'er the world we roam,—You and my grief—  
 Until my longed for death brings me relief."

## XIX.

Childe John had two companions on the road:  
 One was his grief—his poor heart's heavy load.—  
 The other one 's the good old sword he bore,  
 Rust covers it, the stains of Turkish gore.

O'er untrod paths he wandered with the twain,  
 The moon changed oft and changed and changed  
 again,  
 The wintry earth fair springtime's garb assumed,  
 He soliloquized thus,—by grief consumed:

"Tell me, o, grief, thou everlasting woe:  
 Willt thou to torment me e'er weary grow?  
 If thou can'st kill me, then go, tantalize  
 Some other soul which rather sighs than dies.

I want to die, if thou bringest no death,  
 I'll see to it my life encountereth  
 Real danger! Come adventure! Come real strife,  
 I gladly yield to you my orphaned life."

And saying this he casts his woes away,  
 Though, here and there, they still on his mind prey,  
 —He had hardened his heart,—but still, a tear  
 They often caused in his eyes to appear.

And then,—his tears would even no more flow  
 His dreary life 's a heavy burden though,  
 He carries it with him into a wood  
 Where in the road a heavy cart-load stood.

With earthenware was filled the heavy truck,  
Which to the linch pin in the mire got stuck.  
The potter whipped the horses: "Git up! go!"  
He yelled a-whipping them, 't was no' use though.

"God bless you, Sir, good day!" John to him said.  
The potter looks at him, from wroth all red,  
And angrily responds: "The devil, Sir,  
Is master here, my horses will not stir."

"We are not in good humor I can see!"  
—"How can a fellow in good humor be?  
Since morning I my horses urge to move,  
No use, they stick as if glued to this groove."

"I'll help thee soon enough, but tell me please:  
Where leads the road, one to the right here sees?"  
John asked and showed a road which crossed  
the wood,  
A few feet to the right from where they stood,

"That road there? Oh! Thou leave that road alone,  
No man who ever entered it it was known  
To have returned, and more I shall not tell,  
It leads to where a race of giants dwell."

John said: "Leave that to me; now let us see  
How can this truck of thine I move for thee?"  
With that he caught the poleshaft and one! two!  
With ease, the truck to dry, high ground then drew.

The potter looked amazed and gasped and stared.  
To witness strength like that had him all scared.  
Regaining calm, his thanks he wished to say,  
But John had struck that road, was far away.

John walked and walked and ere long he beheld  
The country's outskirts where the giants dwelled.  
A swiftly running brook 's the border line,  
—"T was big e'en for a river, I opine.

A giant field-guard stood watching the brook.  
When John attempted in his eyes to look  
He had to raise his head as would he try  
To see the spire of a church, way up high.

When he, the giant guard, saw John come near,  
With thundrous voice,—the bellow of steer—  
He yelled: "I see a man crawls in that grass,  
My soles just itch and if he tries to pass

I'll step on him"; and bringing down his foot  
To crush our John, John took his sword and put  
It up so, that the giant stepped on it  
And pierced his foot and fell across the pit.

"He fell just as I wanted him to fall"  
John, in his mind, said to himself; "the tall  
Man's body serves me as a bridge" and o'er  
The body he crossed to the other shore.

He was across before the giant stirred,  
Or ere a word or moan of his was heard,  
Then with his sword he strikes a mighty blow,  
Off goes the head of the much dreaded foe.

The field guard never rose and nevermore  
Stood at his post upon that streamlet's shore.  
An eclipse of the sun came to his eyes,  
The light to see he nevermore shall rise.

The streamlet's water flows and ceaseless flows,  
But of the giant's blood the color shows.  
And John? Did fortune come to him or woe?  
Within a minute or two we shall know.

## XX.

John marched ahead into the forest's heart.  
The sights he met of which no counterpart  
He e'er throughout the wide, wide world had faced,  
Made him indeed to look at things amazed.

There was—for instance—here and there a tree  
 So high, the crown thereof John could not see,  
 With leaves so big, that one was big enough  
 To furnish for a grown man's cloak the stuff.

And the mosquitoes grew here to a size,  
 As if winged oxen flitted 'neath the skies,  
 John had enough to do and without rest  
 He minced the beasts with which that wood  
was blessed,

And then the crows! Oh, my! Were they not big!  
 He saw one sitting on a far-off twig,—  
 At least two miles away as John allowed,—  
 And yet, that crow looked like a big black cloud.

He sauntered thus a-wondering, when lo!  
 A something makes a deep darkness to grow.  
 This something was a mighty big, black fort,  
 The giant king's own favorite resort.

I'll not exaggerate, the doors were great,  
 As big as,—well—I can not even state,  
 The doors must have been big,—you'll guess  
with ease,—

A giant king can not through small doors squeeze

Himself. John was amazed. He said: I see  
 The outside here is grand, what then must be  
 The inside, which to view now is my plan."  
 Not thinking of the dangers which he ran

He oped the door. The king and his—God knows  
 How many sons—just dined. Do you suppose  
 You know what was their meal? You'll never guess.  
 Some mighty chunks of rocks had been their mess.

When to the dining party John came near,  
 He thought: "I do not think I shall dine here".  
 The giant king—as if his thoughts had read—  
 Goodnaturedly? Maliciously? though said:

"As long as you are here, come then and eat  
These rocks here are a good-enough square treat.  
If you refuse of our meal to partake  
Of you yourself our desert-dish will make.

John did not know if what the king here spoke  
Was meant in earnest or was but a joke  
He stepped up and then promptly made reply:  
"I never ate such meal, I can't deny,

But you having invited me, I'll try  
To be like one of you and gratify  
My hunger with the rocks. Now if you please  
Break off that rock for me a goodly piece."

The king broke off a piece. Five pounds it weighed  
At least, and gave to John. "Be not afraid"  
He said, "Of this small doughnut take a bite  
Next course 's a dumpling,—if your teeth are right".

"'Tis I who'll make you bite! To bite the dust!  
You'll nevermore on man stone-dinners thrust!"  
With that John raised the stone and at the king  
He let it fly, while loud his voice doth ring.

The aim was good, the giant king is slain,  
To right and left is spattering his brain.  
John laughs aloud: "You will not entertain  
Your visitors at stone dinners again."

The giants were heartbroken at the sight  
Of their king's death and in their sorry plight  
Began to weep,—mid sobs their loss bewail,  
Each tear-drop of theirs would have filled a pail.

The oldest then addresed our Childe John thus:  
Our Lord-King! We implore you pardon us,  
Our loyal serfdom we are offering,  
But spare our lives and we make you our King!"

"We all assent to what our brother said,  
We are your vassals, you are our chosen head,  
Oh! do not punish us, we'll faithful be!"  
Such was the frightened giants' piteous plea.

Said John: 'Tis well! Henceforth I am your king,  
To one condition I however bring  
Your close attention. List! I can't remain  
Here with you, I leave one of you to reign

Here in my place, I don't care who it is,  
But let distinctly understood be this:  
If I your services shall ever want  
You must all ready be, I count upon 't."

The oldest giant said then to the king:  
"We pledge our fealty! This little thing  
Here take, a fife it is, its voice will call  
Most promptly to your aid us giants all."

John put the fife into his bag, not e'en  
A-thinking of the triumph which had been  
His share. Amidst "God bless you"s and  
"good byes"  
He wanders from the land of his allies."

## XXI.

He does not know how long he walked ahead  
But he does know the longer he had sped  
His way, the darker it grew all around,  
Until he could not see at all, he found.

"Did night set in? Did I my eyesight lose?  
What can it be?" John with himself would muse,  
It was not night, he did not lose his sight,  
But he had reached the land which knew no light.

The land of darkness, where no sun, no star  
Shines in the sky. Howe'er this does not bar  
John's progress. Carefully he step by step  
Goes forward. Now and then a whir and flap

He hears o'erhead, such as by birdflight made.  
No cleaving wings the cause. That land of shade  
Had been the witches' home since God knows when!  
On broomsticks riding they come to their den.

The witches were to hold a parliament,  
At midnight falleth due the great event.  
The dark land's capital contains their lair,  
Where they assemble now from everywhere.

A deep cave is the witches' meeting place.  
Within the cave a big fire was ablaze.  
The opening of a door betrayed the light,  
To go towards it John thought is but right.

Most carefully, on tiptoes he drew nigh,  
Peeped through a keyhole and tried to espy  
What's going on within that cave. He saw  
Things which a less brave man would fill with awe.

Of mean old witches a great number's there.  
A curious concoction they prepare:  
A-boiling frogs, mice, rats and human bone,  
Snakes, tales of cats, grass 'neath the gallows grown.

But who could tell it all what John had seen?  
It dawned at once on him: this devilish scene  
Must end. While in his mind the means he sought  
To do it with, there came to him a thought.

He tried to take out from his bag the reed,  
With which the giants to call he does now need.  
By chance he knocked his hands against a thing,—  
What could it be? he was considering.

He found it was a pile of brooms on which  
 Had come a-riding through the air each witch.  
 He grabbed the brooms and hid them far away,—  
 A witch without her broom is lost for aye.

Then to the cave came back and blew the reed,  
 The call his giant vassals promptly heed.  
 "Thank you my lads! Now break into this hole,  
 Kill all you find in there, save not a soul!"

There was a hoydido within that cave,  
 The witches shriek and tried themselves to save.  
 They seek their brooms,—by flight to reach the  
air—
 Without their brooms they knew death is their  
share.

The giants did as they were bid, each man  
 Got hold of one witch as for life she ran,  
 With wrothful ire her to the ground does throw,  
 Her corpse spreads out as spreads a baker's dough.

A thing remarkable occurred. Whene'er  
 A witch was killed, the darkness of the air  
 Would yield to light and with each deathly blow  
 The day would bright and always brighter grow.

The air with almost noonday's light was filled,  
 The very last witch still was to be killed,—  
 Our John in her that witch encountereth,  
 The stepmother who drove his love to death.

"Tis I"—cried John—"through whom her mean  
life ends!"
 And boldly takes her from a giants hands.  
 She slips however from his hold and lo!  
 She runs away; and though by no means slow,

Her fight is vain. "Swift as the wind"—John cries—  
 "Run after her and see that she too dies."



His word is law, she soon 's caught by 'her hair,  
With mighty force is thrown high into air.

And thus the old hag's dead body was found  
Near John's old home where it fell to the ground.  
As all men hated her without restraint  
Not e'en the crows would croak for her a plaint.

The land of darkness changed to one of light,  
Bright sunshine followed everlasting night.  
A bonfire to be lit was caused by John  
And all the witches brooms were burned thereon.

Then to his giant friends he bids good-bye,  
Appeals to them his hopes to justify;  
They promise him his orders to obey,  
And he and they then went upon their way.

## XXII.

John roamed about, here, there and everywhere,  
He felt relieved e'en of his woe and care.  
Did he look at the rose pinned to his breast  
It did him not with painful thoughts molest.

He bore that rose, he bore it near his heart.  
—Plucked from fair Helen's grave, it was a part  
Of her sweet self,—to look upon that rose,  
Brought to his mind sublimely sweet repose.

He strolled and roamed. The sun which had  
shone bright,  
Was way down in the West, a beauteous sight  
Of scarlet twilight illumined the sky. — —  
The pale moon's yellow tinge appears on high.

He strolled and roamed,—the moon too had  
declined.—  
At dead of night, exhausted, he reclined

His head upon a mound, refreshing rest  
To find in good night's sleep his only quest.

He fell asleep upon a grassy heap,  
Not knowing even, that where he does sleep  
A graveyard is, an old abandoned yard,  
The graves of which showed plain their  
struggling hard

With father time! At ghastly midnight's call,  
From open graves—the mounds are yawning all,—  
Pale ghosts, clad in white sheets leap forth. The  
Earth,  
It seems, gave to these apparitions birth.

To dance, to sing the crowd of ghosts began.  
The earth is trembling 'neath their feet; that can  
However not disturb John in his sleep,  
In peaceful dreams he rests upon that heap.

A passing ghost espies him lying there.  
"A man!" "A man alive!" yell fills the air.  
"Catch him!" "Carry him off!" "How does he dare  
To enter our own sacred churchyard square!"

The ghosts drew near, encircle him, when lo!  
A call retouns! A cock was heard to crow.  
That sound gives notice to the ghosts, we know,  
That back, into their graves, they swift must go.

John also woke up from the rooster's call.  
He rose, chilled to the bones; above the tall  
Grass of the graveyard blew a biting breeze,  
He's off; a brisk walk shall his chillness ease.

### XXIII.

John walked along a mountain's highest peak,  
The first rays of the sun just touch his cheek.  
The beauteous sight caused him delight most keen,  
He stopped to view this truly pompous scene.

The morning star was just about to fade,  
Its soft rays no more any light conveyed,  
It died away like an escaping sigh  
The moment when the sun rose in the sky,

Rose in the sky ablaze with golden hues  
And gently the smooth ocean billows views,  
Which billows, so it seemed, were still asleep  
While into infinite space rolls their sweep.

The sea was calm, but on its surface sport  
Some tiny golden fish of divers sort.  
And when the sunrays touch their scales, it seems  
That rarest diamonds spend their lustrous gleams,

A fisher's hut stood on the ocean shore,  
The fisherman was old, four score or more.  
The man was just about to cast his net  
When John addresses him: "Old man! My debt

Of gratitude to you would boundless be,  
If you would kindly row me 'cross the sea.  
I'd gladly pay you, Sir, but I am poor,  
I can you but of heartfelt thanks assure."

"My son, e'en were you rich, you could not pay,"  
—The old man said in kindly, gentle way,—  
"Whate'er I need in life: this mighty sea,  
My fishing net, will e'er provide for me.

But tell me, my dear boy, what brings you here?  
This is the sea of seas;—to make it clear:  
It has no other shore, you therefore see  
No wealth could make me row across the sea."

"The sea of seas" cried John, "then all the more  
Desirous am to reach the other shore.  
I'll get across! But how? Oh, well! I know!  
Into my famous reed I'll have to blow."

A shrill loud call he gives upon the reed.  
 One of the giant lads gives promptly heed.  
 "Can you wade o'er this sea? and if you can  
 Then wade across with me right now, my man!"

"Can I wade o'er?"—The giant laughs in glee,  
 "This is no sea, this is a pond for me.  
 Sit on my shoulder, to my hair hold on,  
 I'll safely wade across with you, King John!"

## XXIV.

The giant carried John with mighty strides,  
 With each step over many miles he rides.  
 He carried him three weeks with awful speed,  
 The other shore to reach though not succeed.

One day, John in the mist of far away  
 Perceives a something: "There is land!" with gay  
 Good humor cries. "We are there in short while."  
 The giant answers though "'T is but an isle."

"An isle?" asks John, "what isle? some details  
 give."

"It is the isle whereon the fairies live,  
 Fair Fairyland! Beyond it is the end  
 Of all the world and boundless naughts extend."

"Wilt then, my faithful vassal, take me there?  
 I am eager to see that land so fair."

"I can do that," his giant guide's reply  
 "Your life though is in danger if you try

To enter Fairyland. Terrific things  
 The entrance guard and every step brings..."  
 "Just take me there, never you mind my lot,  
 We'll see if I can enter there or not."

Having thus told the giant to obey,  
 His guide submits, has nothing more to say.  
 He bore him there and put him on the coast,  
 Then starts for home and soon to sight is lost.

## XXV.

The Fay's first door was guarded by the strength  
 Of three wild beasts, with claws of half yard length.  
 With some exertion, true, but John soon had  
 The three great beasts before him lying dead.

"For one day's work this is enough," John thought.  
 Sat down upon a bench and some rest sought.  
 "To night I take the rest I feel I need,  
 To morrow to the next door I proceed."

He did as he had thought that he would do.  
 Next day he to the next door nearer drew.  
 The work which here awaited him 's more hard:  
 Three fullgrown, fierce lions made here the guard.

He rolled his sleeve up, drew his good old steel,  
 And soon he made the three wild lions feel  
 His wondrous strength; the fight was fierce,  
when o'er,
 The three wild beasts lay dead before that door.

His conquest thrilled with eagerness his breast.  
 Unlike of yesterday, he sought no rest,  
 But wiping off the sweat which from him pours  
 He steps up to the third one of the doors.

Oh Lord! Forsake me not! The guard to fight  
 —It makes one's blood congeal, the awful sight;—  
 Here, is a dragon-serpent with a jaw  
 So big, that six live oxen it could gnaw.

John was not only brave, but we shall find,  
That he had brains, had a resourceful mind.  
He saw, his sword is here of no avail,  
He sought a mode the monster to assail.

The monster opened its jaw to pounce upon,  
To tear to pieces and to swallow John.  
What did he do? He's bound that beast to kill.  
Into its throat he jumpeth with a will.

When once within the beast, he drew his knife,  
And stabs the monster's heart, that kills its life.  
The beast howls out a groan, a moaning breath—  
And then lies still when overcome by death.

It took our John additional hard work  
To bore a hole through from within. His dirk  
Was strong and sharp, he crawleth out soon and  
Lo and behold! He enters Fairyland!

## XXVI.

In fairyland the winter is not known.  
They live in everlasting springtide's zone;  
No sunrise and no sunset has the day  
Eternal dawn's soft scarlet hues at play.

The fays and fairies in enduring jog  
Live lives which ills or death can not destroy.  
They need no food, theirs is a ceaseless bliss  
They only feed on love's inspiring kiss.

The grief here never weeps, it might be though  
That joy makes now and then a tear to flow;  
And if such joyful tear drops to the earth  
It gives down there to a bright diamond birth.

Blonde fairy maids a single yellow hair  
Of theirs draw right across the earth, and there

These hairs become veins of that precious gold  
Which greedy men as sources of joy hold.

The fairy children weave from beams of eyes  
Of fairy maids the rainbows for the skies.  
When of sufficient length, then from their home  
Are taken to adorn fair heaven's dome.

The fairies have a couch of rose and vine,  
Inebriate with joy thereon recline.  
The perfumed zephyrs which soothingly blow,  
Sweet slumbers bring to fairy fay and beau.

The fairest scene which mortal ever dreams,  
Approaches not the splendor which here gleams.  
When man the first time kisses maiden sweet:  
Then in his dream he might like radiance greet.

## XXVII.

When Childe John entered into fairyland,  
Amazed he looked on things sublimely grand.  
The roseate hues almost blind his eyes,  
He hardly dares to view this paradise.

The fairies are not scared, they do not shun  
Him, but with childish glee they play and run  
Around; with gentle speech and pleasant smile  
They lead him to the centre of their isle.

When John saw how here all with rapture beam,  
He woke up as had he been in a dream.  
Into his heart came a sense of despair:  
There came into his mind his Helen fair

“Here in this land,—of love sublime the home,—  
I all alone, alone through life must roam?  
Where'er I look is cheer and glee and mirth,  
Is there for me no happiness on earth?”

In fairyland's midst stood a pretty lake,  
 John does himself to its fair shore betake.  
 He took the rose which grew on Helen's grave  
 And to this thought of his expression gave.

"My only gem, part of her heart, sweet rose,  
 What path to take, oh, do to me disclose!"  
 With that he casts the rose into the lake  
 To follow it was just a plunge to take:

When lo! What wondrous sight fell to his eyes!  
 He saw his Helen from the water rise.  
 With insane joy into the lake he wades,  
 His sweet Helen's coming ashore he aids.

The lake contained life's elixir which gave  
 New life to those who in its waters lave.  
 From Helen's earthly dust had grown the rose,  
 Helen herself to life renewed arose.

Most eloquently I could tell you all,  
 Except the feelings which John's soul enthral  
 When he his Helen held in fond embrace  
 When he with burning lips could kiss her face!

Upon her peerless beauty and her grace  
 The faries all with admiration gaze,  
 Not fairyland had e'er such beauty seen.  
 The fays elect him king, make Helen queen!

O'er those delightful folks in fairyland  
 —With sweetheart's love caressed by Helen's  
 hand,—  
 His gracious majesty Childe John to day  
 As their beloved king still holdeth sway.



## SIMPLE STEVE.

(BOLOND ISTÓK.)

A humorous epic.

"He is coming, I see him well enough.  
 A-coming up to me, that's what he tries,  
 I hear him full of wrath, to scold and scoff,  
 Ne'er in my life I saw such murderous eyes,

How he the horses whips! To me 'tis plain  
 He 's after me, he runs a mighty gait,  
 Now even he has thrown to them the rein,  
 They must drop dead to gallop at this rate.

List' my dear man, can you not be, I say,  
 A decent fellow and leave me alone!  
 I tell you, Sir, you let me go my way  
 And you can go — — well — where the devil 's  
known.

Is not this prairie wide enough for two?  
 There's surely elbow room for you and me.  
 Why should you then persist me to pursue,  
 The right is yours, the left for me leave free.

If you insist that I respect shall show,  
 Why, very well, I'll be a decent chap,  
 If you allow me but my way to go:  
 I'll promptly doff to you, dear Sir, my cap."

Thus spoke the simple youth upon the road  
 To the terrific torrent which come down.  
 The pouring rain howe'er no pity showed  
 But rained as if it tried that youth to drown.

And he, the simple youth, what did he do?  
 The youth stood still, and musingly he stands  
 As once great Caesar stood when Brutus drew  
 The dagger which Caesar saw in his hands.

Like Caesar he his cloak drew o'er his face... ..  
 That is to say he would have done this thing  
 If he had had a cloak, but in its place  
 He wears a linen coat of last year's spring.

Nevertheless, as would around his neck  
 Two or three coats hang and a mackintosh:  
 He stood, as stands the captain on his deck,  
 And then, good-naturedly he says: "Well, bosh!"

If you care not for what to you I said,  
 Then go to Jericho, we yet shall see  
 Who will get weary first, just go ahead,  
 I care not if you drench me with the sea.

My God! my God! in all the world the best  
 Of Christians I am, for surely none  
 Had been baptized so soft, still I detest  
 To feel this water down my back to run.

Flow, torrent flow! I care not for the rain!  
 Just now you try to wash a negro white,  
 You might wash off each stitch of clothes,—that's  
 plain,  
 But my philosophy no rain can spite.

Good humor is the cloak for man to wear,  
 The tailor sewing it,—a Master he!  
 And cheap?! Indeed it is cheap as air,  
 To wear it though but few people we see."

Thus mused the youth and slowly onward strolled,  
 He laughed aloud as if it were a joke— — —  
 The torrent, to revenge what he had told,  
 Renewed the force wherewith the youth to soak.

The youth howe'er all this with patience bore,  
Again stood still and simply stood serene.  
Thought to himself, as he had thought before,  
To kick would 'neath his dignity have geen.

At last the angry clouds were forced to yield,  
All of them there disperse, clear is the sky;  
A splendid rainbow rose on heaven's field.  
Did our youth's happy mood rise in the sky?

"Fair rainbow," —said the wanderer,—“my word,  
You are as multicolored as my past,  
Bright as the tail of Paradise's bird,  
My life as bright as that be henceforth cast.

Fair rainbow,—triumph's arc—built in the sky,  
In honor of the victory of dawn,  
Which made the angry torrent fly and die  
And which the dark coluds into shreds had torn,

Fair rainbow, thou art far away from me,  
But farther still the town I should to day  
Have reached. The day is nearly gone I see,  
And awful is the mud upon the way.

Although no prophet I, nevertheless  
One thing I dare foretell and that is this:  
The girls in town will be in great distress,  
Because the chance to admire me they 'll miss.

The dear girls know of course how great my grief,  
I can not help it though, what can I do?  
If I had wings! That would be prompt relief  
I'd fly as does that stork I yonder view.

What is then to be done? To pass the night  
Here in the field, I promptly must decline,  
Drenched to the skin no man can find delight,  
To stay outdoors his health to undermine.

I know, they call me Simple Steve, how'er  
 I am not such a fool as that. I see  
 Not far from here a house: Well, I declare!  
 Of course, to enter it, I'll make so free.

Judged by the looks it is a robber's nest,  
 A meeting place for cutthroats and for thieves.  
 No fear of aught need have that kind of guest  
 Who, like myself, his gold in goldmines leaves.

Behold! The chimney smokes, from this I know:  
 A fire ablaze the kitchen-stove must hold.  
 'Ergo,' I may enjoy a hearth's warm glow,  
 "Come, eat with us!"—I might be even told.

Is it not happiness,—a perfect bliss,—  
 That I of logic am not ignorant,  
 Or else this reasoning I'd surely miss,  
 The praise of schools I shall forever chant."

It is a dreary house he had espied  
 Down in the prairie's heart and where the night  
 To spend his needs and reasoning decide,  
 "Let's go!" He says, "I do myself invite."

An awful sight,  
 No ruin quite,  
 Is it a living being's room,  
 Or a dilapidated tomb?

Like weeping orphan children stand around  
 Their mother's grave, thus can a few wild trees  
 Around that godforsaken home be found.— — —  
 At one time it has been the masterpiece

Of clever architects, it was no mean  
 Structure by peasant built. The iron teeth  
 Of time had gnawed on it, the things now seen  
 The rottenness of long decay but breathe.

The plastering is peeling off the wall,  
 The window-blinds are loose, the wind's first blow  
 Might cause each one of them to break and fall,  
 No mending care did e'er they undergo.

An old and lazy dog lies at the door,  
 Content to gnarl alike at friend or foe,  
 That's all he does, he guards the house no more,  
 Poor, toothless beast, relic of long ago.

The servants' house is in the rear, there stands  
 A hoary headed farmer's help, he'd work  
 If he would work,—some tools are in his hands,—  
 Yoke, nail and axe, to use them though he'll shirk.

All is so sad  
 As the look at a hearse,  
 As if it had  
 Been cursed by a curse.

Our young friend thought as to the house came  
nigh:  
 The Tartar's fell invasion 's not yet o'er,  
 Not here at least, it seems, but what care I,  
 E'en if Tamerlan's hordes here roar and soar.

If Dzendis-Khan or any other Khan  
 The master here, I enter all the same!  
 I've got to sleep somewhere, I fear no man,  
 Whate'er might be his station or his name!

He entered bold,  
 To behold  
 A woman old.

She stirred the fire with a big iron thong,  
 Full of enthusiasm he began:  
 "Good evening, Rose of mine so fair and young  
 As my dear great-grandmother is, I can"— — —

The worthy old dame though breaks in his speech:  
 "You can do nothing here! just turn around  
 And go! And if you don't, well, then I will teach  
 You manners and a thing or two! Confound!

How dare you enter here? This is no inn,  
 And at this hour of day,"— — — The youth  
howe'er
 Proceeds: "Sweet heart! I am drenched to the skin,  
 And late at night it is, else I'd not dare

To enter here, therefore my dear old rose"— — —  
 He could not end his say, she turned and yelled:  
 "Get out, and get out quick, do you suppose  
 I'll listen to your bold, unparalleled"— — —

The youth howe'er stood still: "Who is the boss?"  
 He asks, "he may grant me what you denied,  
 I cannot talk with you, you are too cross,  
 Let me the master see, let him decide."

"I am the master here, who asks for me?"  
 In deep and solemn tones someone replies.  
 The voice sounds as if from the depth of sea  
 'T came from a bell which at its bottom lies.

The old man's head is white, as white as snow  
 And white the moustache and the flowing beard.  
 The forehead 's high but richly furrowed though,  
 A figure to be honored and revered.

He stands erect, a cross built on the road,  
 The winter's snow had wrapped it in pure white.  
 Solemnity his very figure showed,  
 And dignity his very eyes indite.

As if he were a churchyard, thus he stood,  
 Wherein many a dead had been laid by.  
 That joy 's the oldest grave therein one could  
 With ease with one glance at him verify.

Lighthearted wantonness wherewith our youth  
 Had clad his soul, he promptly casts away,  
 And modestly, as it behooves,—in truth  
 Always well mannered he,—he turns to say:

“Kind Sir! Forgive me pray, a wanderer I,  
 Not frozen yet—true—but I dont perspire,  
 I am drenched to the skin, my clothes to dry  
 Believe me, is just now my chief desire.

And then, if of the kindness of your heart  
 There still is left for me a tiny share,  
 I'd ask of you, do not let me depart,  
 Assign to me a place o'er night, somewhere.”

“’Tis well!” he said, it was a short reply,  
 The old man turned around and left him there.  
 The answer though his spirit made rise high,  
 More to expect just then he did not dare.

Near to the hearth he finds a cosy seat,  
 Contentedly he sits, enjoys his rest;  
 A king upon a throne had not so sweet  
 A rest as that with which the youth is blessed.

“The world is mine”—thus ran his thoughts,—  
“I knew  
 I shall secure a good home for the night,  
 And looking at my case in proper view:  
 A good square meal too shall be my delight.”

Such thoughts and thoughts like these went through  
his mind,  
 A thousand funny things he thought that eve.  
 Why should he not have day-dreams of this kind,  
 Was he not known by name as “Simple Steve?”

Whate'er has been and what he might expect  
 He thought of then and there with mind awake,  
 Did nothing but reflect and recollect  
 And bold and high the flight his fancies take.

Then to his thoughts he would expression give,  
 The poor old dame to listen thereto bound;  
 Not yet in ilfe, as long as she did live  
 Had she heard man such funny things propound.

He said enough to load three wagons full,—  
 —Three big hay-rigs at that;—once in a while  
 The things he said entered even the dull  
 Mind of the dame and caused that she would  
smile.

Ah! long ago it was that she smiled last.  
 Her giggle sounds as when a rusty key  
 Is moved in rusty lock wherein held fast,  
 But happy she, it was easy to see.

That not too long I draw the story out,  
 Let me report. The greyhead came and said  
 "Young man! Come eat with me!" and then without  
 Another word, sat at the table's head.

The youth, when at the second time his plate  
 He had piled up, felt that his mind ran thus:  
 Mistress Methusalem indeed is great!  
 Who thought she'd cook such fine supper for us!

This is a royal feast, a pity though  
 That we, enjoying it, sit mute and dumb.  
 I'll entertain him with my speech, I owe  
 This much to him, whate'er of it may come.

"Kind Sir! my honored host: most excellent  
 The things we eat, but all have one great fault.  
 If you think it is not impertinent  
 I'll point it out: they all are lacking salt.

No! Not that salt! I mean another kind  
 Of salt which of our meals the choicest season:  
 It is the pleasant speech, and you will find  
 In what I told you there is solid reason.



The very fish we ate, saw they how mute  
We sit around would mock and laugh in glee.  
Not a death-chamber this? To execute  
To morrow one of us,—not you, not me,—

No hangman waits. Silence is half a death.  
I almost fear always silent to be.  
If you, dear Sir, howe'er want save your breath,  
To do myself the talking I'll agree.

And I can talk on history and art,  
On agriculture and astronomy,  
Zoology and of the human heart,  
On heaven and hell and plain anatomy.

Known is to me the North, South, West and East,  
In royal palaces I have dwelled,  
Have lived in beggar's hut and fast and feast  
To me, my fate in every form had dealt.

Just tell me, Sir, whereof shall I now speak?"  
The grayhead's answer shows his heart how sore,  
He says, the while his eyes the distance seek:  
"For naught in life do I care any more!"

"Please, my dear Sir,"—the youth broke in—"say not  
These things, you sin against God if you do.  
Ah! fair and sweet is life He did allot  
To us, why then shall you His gifts forego?"

"What? Life is sweet and fair?" the host replies  
And shakes his hoary head, "Not so, my boy;  
If it be sweet and fair 't is but the prize  
Of very few. No! No! Life is not joy!"

If you the burden of three score ten years—  
Of eighty years shall once bear in your heart,  
Which time not e'en a faded flower endears,  
Which years not one sweet memory impart,

When life's tree 's about to fall and you  
 Can't say that even once to its twig flew  
 The bird of happiness, e'en once you knew  
 It singing in its branches, on which grew

The fruits of agony of soul and mind,  
 Which hang on them as men on gallows hang:  
 Wilt then, my boy, say, will you still it find  
 That you were right when you life's praises sang?

My youth saw winter's rage,  
 Can you, for my old age,  
 A spring's blossoms presage?

Ah! Once I loved, an angel she had been,  
 So fair and sweet and pure and born on high!  
 Mud threw at her malignity most mean,  
 On earth,—a dunghill,—she lay down to die.

My spring of life having no flowers known,  
 The ghosts of my despair I bravely dare,  
 And full of hope await the fairer zone  
 Of summer's sun and fruitful autumn's air.

Both came, both passed,—what did they bring? If I  
 To tell it all now here would undertake:  
 The tale would surely bring tears to your eye,  
 Nay more, my boy, the tale your heart might  
 break.

The short contents of my long out drawn woe,  
 Here are they, list: two children in the grave,  
 One son is still alive, for this one though  
 I weep no more, he is an outcast knave.

I cast him off. Ten years I have not seen  
 That son. Ten years the world 's a blank to me,  
 Since then but one desire in me is keen:  
 Within my coffin laid to rest to be.

I settled my account with life, what more  
 Wants it of me? Why then not let me pass?  
 Life drank my heart's blood to the very core,  
 Then why not throw away the empty glass?

Life! cursed thou art!  
 Life! be accursed!  
 This poor slaves's heart  
 Thou hast immersed  
 Into a sea  
 Of agony!  
 Life! I curse thee!

All in this life is cursed. One only thing  
 There is in life which I do not detest:  
 The grave dug in the churchyard where they'll bring  
 My coffin once! That hole, that grave, be blessed!

A bliss it surely is to turn to dust  
 And to forget our sufferings since birth.  
 There comes relief! Death brings relief I trust  
 From what we suffer here, our life on earth."

And now he stopped this man of many years,  
 —Of many years of suffering,—then bowed  
 His head. The youth could scarce keep back his  
 tears,  
 And only after pausing long allowed

Himself to speak again: To me all woe  
 Is sacred, doubly so is that of age.  
 I do not want to hurt,—forgive me though,—  
 If what I say does not your pains assuage .

Kind host, 't is for your sin you must atone,  
 The punishment met out then bravely bear,  
 If this be great, your sin is also known  
 As great and serious, it is: "despair."

Yes, Sir, it is a sin most serious,  
 Because it is not more—not less  
 Than blasphemy, dark and hideous,  
 Despair 's the voice of hell. When wretchedness,—

Having lost faith in God,—cries out aloud  
 To heaven: "There is no God within thy realm,"  
 When man has such most dreadful things avowed:  
 Should not the wrath of God him overwhelm?

Should not the hand of God heavily weigh  
 On such a man? We have in Heaven  
 A Father who protects us night and day,  
 Whose care divine to all mankind is given.

We must trust Him, we must patiently wait,—  
 His children on this earth are numerous,—  
 We must not think ourselves unfortunate  
 If His first blessings do not come to us.

The law is this: wait for your turn and not  
 In vain you'll wait. Just as around the sun  
 Revolves each day the earth, thus shall your lot  
 In life yet be: you have God's mercy won.

And none He'll miss. Came not your turn to day  
 'Tis sure to come the next. On this rely:  
 Till man not happy made by God's own way,—  
 Believe me, Sir,—till then he can not die.

This happiness due to man comes never late.  
 One drop thereof effects a wondrous feat:  
 All former ills will promptly dissipate,  
 A mighty sea of woes becometh sweet."

Thus spoke the youth. The old man was all ear,  
 He listened with the keenest interest.  
 His mind takes in whatever it doth hear  
 As infants take the milk from mother's breast.

And when the youth had stopped the old man said  
Amazed he was, that was easy to see,—  
“This wisdom, friend, who put it in your head?  
Who are you Sir? What is your name? Tell me.”

The youth,—he had been serious too long,  
And felt that he again should have some fun,—  
Good-naturedly replied: “I lived among  
Some old wise owls, from them I won

All wisdom that is mine. As to my name,  
I am almost sorry that you inquire,  
I have no home, I don't know whence I came,  
And a migrating bird 's my great-grand-sire.

I roam throughout the world,—now here, now there,  
I only lift my hat to whom I please.  
Hungry to be,—that is my only care,  
I'm the happier the more I freeze

Because my future happiness the more  
I shall appreciate. Not to deceive  
You as to my true name I one time bore,  
I will confess, I am called: “Simple Steve,”

Just now, my true name though I don't know yet.”  
Next morning Simple Steve goes to his host,  
To pay with pleasant speech gratitude's debt.  
Said to himself: “Now, Steve, pay what ow'est.”

“Good bye old man, when at some future day  
Sweet happiness is yours: remember me,  
Who prophesied it, that on your life's way  
The sun shall brightly shine, and happy be!”



She falls upon the old man's breast, who knows  
Not what it means. With kisses covers she  
His face, wet from the tear that o'er it flows,  
Midst sobs and throbs she says: "You don't  
know me, — — —

Your grandchild I! Like to a cross I cling  
To you, with hope and faith, with joy and grief,  
Grandfather dear, to you my life I bring,  
God grant it! that near you I find relief.

Protect me, pray! To whom shall I appeal  
If not to you! O, that I had to run  
Away from him, that hatred I must feel  
For him who is my father, is your son.

It is his home from which I ran away,  
He tried to force me that I marry one  
Whom I detest. No heart has he to flay  
And kill my own! Pray, let it not be done!

I sobbed and wept and cried, but all in vain,  
My tears fell on a statue hewed of stone.  
Do I, dear Sir, your sympathy not gain  
No fate than is as cruel as my own.

I understand what means that look! Oh, dear!  
Reproach me not, that only now, when I  
In direst need, I thought of coming here,  
That I,—because I must,—to you now fly.

Misjudge me not! An hundred times would I  
Have gladly come, but he commanded: "No!"  
He said: you loved no one, are shy and hie  
Yourself from us because you hate us so!

Now I am here. Thank God, I am now here  
And nevermore shall I from here depart,  
Unless you should—unmoved ee'n by my tear,  
Refuse your help and thereby crush my heart!"

What not the grayhead tried as a reply  
 To say! One word, his feelings to express,  
 While not enough—as much as he would try,  
 He could not find.—Mute is his happiness.

Heartrending sobs and burning tears alone  
 Gave evidence that he was strangely moved,  
 Ne'er in his life he probably had known  
 To shed tears which as joyous tears had proved.

Just like two rising, overflowing streams  
 In one great inundation meet, thus met  
 Within his mind scenes of his life; it seems  
 His past and future were before him set.

This flood of thought held him with iron grips,  
 Though not his life,—he feared to lose his mind.  
 Then broken phrases rise upon his lips,  
 She hears him say: "For you sweet child I  
 pined — — —"

I have some one to love!—I feel my hair  
 Is turning black, no longer white as snow, — — —  
 I saw her once before, that time howe'er  
 In swaddling clothes. Oh! that was long ago!

How big she is! And how she looks at me!  
 Where are you, my young friend? draw to us near,  
 Look at this maid, my sweet granddaughter she!  
 Come my young friend and witness my good cheer.

Give me your hand, my friend, but yesterday  
 You said,—the sentiment was fine and high,—  
 'Till man not happy made in God's own way,  
 That until then,—you said,—man can not die.

My grandchild comes to me with loving trust,  
 And nevermore to leave me e'en agrees.  
 Your father's aim I too say is unjust;  
 His persecuting you must promptly cease.



I shall protect you child and will defend!  
 You need not fear, you are now in my care!"  
 Such is his speech almost without an end,  
 And lovingly he pats the maiden fair.

Again a noise is heard. A voice betrays:  
 The father claims his daughter at the door,  
 The old man opes the door and proudly says:  
 "No, Sir, you can't come in here anymore.

This is no home for sacrilegious man  
 Like you, a sacrilegious, heartless soul.  
 But no! Come! Enter here, come if you can,  
 My corpse though must first from the threshold  
 roll.

Your daughter? She is here and here remains,  
 She is no longer yours. Without remorse  
 You would ruin her life beneath the chains  
 Of loveless wedlock you would on her force.

Once you abandoned me, your daughter now  
 Abandones you.—Ideal justice this!  
 To God and His eternal law I bow:  
 The father and the son we now dismiss!

I curse you not, nor do I blessings give,  
 Just go and nevermore come to us nigh.  
 Out of our lives! Live as you want to live,  
 Let us not meet again beneath the sky!"

The son, crushed by the father's wrothful ire,  
 Dare not reply, silently sneaked away.  
 The outstretched arm of his angry sire  
 Showed him the road and forced him to obey.

There stood the hoaryhead, majestic, grand!  
 A figure like a pillar formed of ice  
 In far off northern climate's snowbound land.  
 But as the son retreats, the father sighs.

One deep, soulstirring sigh he heaves and sends  
 After the son he now has lost fore'er.  
 Then cool and calm, all is well he pretends  
 And reenters the room all debonnaire.

Within the room a painful silence reigned,  
 None of them dared or cared the silence break.  
 But finally, the youth his pluck regained  
 And blurted out: "'Tis time my leave to take.

Yes, my dear Sir, I think there is no need  
 That any longer I with you remain,  
 There is now someone here, she will succeed  
 Her dear, old grandfather to entertain.

With my good humor and my stout, good cane  
 Let me again now go upon my way.  
 Farewell! May happiness forever reign  
 Within your heart old man, and yours fair May."

Then he would go. The host howe'er his hand  
 Holds fast and gently, though to a degree  
 Commanding voice he says: As I have planned  
 Before between us two, so must it be.

You stay right here, what was but a request  
 Before, is now my one command. You saw  
 My sorrows and my woe, now be my guest  
 When love and happiness combine to thaw

The ice from off my heart." "All right, I stay,  
 And gladly stay, but one condition make;"—  
 The youth replied.—"permit me to repay  
 Your kindness by allowing me to take

Charge of the farm and home. There being now  
 A lady here; all must be trim and neat.  
 I shall manage the things, yes, I know how.  
 Leave it to me I earnestly entreat.

This house looks now as if it were the lair  
 Or den of bear or wolf, unfit for men,  
 And less so as the home of lady fair,  
 Just wait until I carry out my plan!"

And with a will he started to the work.  
 The servants were aroused,—though lazy they,—  
 Still he, a-leading them, they dared not shirk  
 The tasks assigned and dared not disobey.

Brooms, rags and scrubbing and whitewashing  
brush,  
 A-boiling water, soap and kalsomine,  
 All were to good use put and in a rush  
 The house's inside and its outside shine.

And clean and in good order are all things,  
 The ancient dirt and rust have disappeared.  
 The change delightful satisfaction brings  
 To all of them, to every one endeared

Is Simple Steve, who did it all. He did  
 What he had planned most thoroughly and well.  
 During the evening host and lady bid  
 Him of one of his funny stories tell.

His was a master mind he seemed to know  
 By intuition what to say or do,  
 He knew that in the field sweet flowers grow  
 Which girls will always with great pleasure view.

And knowing this he goes each early morn  
 Into the field and gathering sweet flowers  
 Wove to a garland wherewith to adorn  
 The window of that pretty maid of ours.

When the girl arose,  
 Each morning a rose  
 Of sweet hue and scent  
 Is lovingly sent — — —  
 By whom? Oh! she knows!

Each morning a garland of flowers fair,  
 During the day most entertaining speech;  
 To sing his praise the host does never spare,  
 The flowers and the praise the girl's heart reach.

Thus are filled out, thus fly the hours and days,  
 Yea, that the truth be known, the months e'en  
 All unawares, the season but betrays: |pass  
 It is almost a year he met the lass.

There is no use to dilly-dally now,  
 For, after all, the truth must e'er prevail.  
 I am almost ashamed to tell it how  
 It happened,—but it did,—a funny tale

It is, still a most natural event.— — —  
 Picked up his odds and ends and staff in hand  
 Before his greyhead host quietly went  
 To say something to him he long had planned.

He never said what he had wished to say,  
 As if he all at once had mute become,  
 Stood silent, not by speech could he convey  
 Why to his greyhead host he thus had come.

His eyes, his face's red betrayd it though,  
 The old man understood,—so did the maid  
 At her grandfather's side,—that he to go  
 Away from them had preparation made.

The youth and maid  
 Try to evade  
 Each other's eye,  
 In vain they try.— — —  
 They heave a sigh,  
 And then they cry.  
 The old man knew  
 The wind that blew.— — —

From the back of his guest  
The knapsack removed,  
And the maiden thought best:  
Conditions improved  
If she took from him his cane,—  
This would then constrain  
The youth to remain.

And e'er since then to dark corner consigned  
The knapsack and that staff of his we find.  
Our Simple Steve is not foolish enough  
To leave when things stood thus. Of better stuff

Are made his mind and heart. Now that he felt  
To be with love regarded by the two,  
Respected by the host with whom he dwelt  
And not in vain for her love he would sue:

Quick his decision came. "Yes! I shall stay."  
The autumn came, its winds blew o'er the heath,  
And although rare the flowers bright and gay  
They culled enough for a fine bridal-wreath.

When from the church they came as man and wife  
The dear old man but said: "Thank God of High!  
Dear children be as happy in your life  
As I am now, and happy now I'll die!"

"You must not die,"—whispered the groom-elect,  
"Your great-grandchildren in the course of time  
To come will too your sweet blessings expect,  
Don't think of death, you are still in your prime!"

Years come, years go and time ceaselessly flies,  
Who could the other cause more happiness  
Within that home, one with the other vies,  
Their hearts are filled with thoughtful tenderness

And now, shall I or not describe a scene!  
 One wintry eve, the earth covered with snow,  
 The clouds chased by the winds, the night serene:  
 Within the prairie in but one house glow

Bright lights of burning lamps of which the flame  
 Shines on most happy folks. The very light  
 Trembles with joy so happy it became  
 When it beheld that truly beauteous sight.

Around the hearth, on which a glowing fire  
 Spreads cosy warmth, it sees a hoary head,  
 A husband and a wife who do not tire  
 To play with two fine boys, about to bed

To be put by the mother, who a lullaby  
 Now sings to them — — —

The great-grandfather and  
 The father kiss the boys.

Dark is the sky  
 Without, bleak winter reigns, cruel, severe!  
 Within a spin-wheel 's whirled by mother's hand,  
 The lullaby 's a song of love and cheer.



**CYPRESS LEAVES FROM THE  
GRAVE OF DEAR ETHEL.**

GRAVE OF DEAF AND DUMB  
CYPRUS LEVANT MUSEUM



## I'LL TELL WHAT UNTIL NOW...

(Elmondom mit eddig.)

I'll tell what until now I could  
A sacred secret keep,  
As hides the sea the precious pearl  
Within its mighty deep.  
My precious pearl, beauteous dove,  
Sweet maiden list' to me  
What I have felt, what were my woes,  
I'll now relate to thee.

I deeply loved, my love though brought  
But misery for me,  
The more intense my passions grew  
More woe begone I'd be.  
My love, my grief,—twins were these two,  
The children of my fate,  
And all the time I loved thee, dear,  
I was unfortunate.

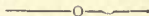
My lips were sealed by cruel fate,  
I did not dare confess,  
Most eagerly I sought that none  
Should know my wretchedness.  
A burden it had been my mind's  
Condition to conceal,  
I often feared that crushing me  
It would the truth reveal.

Just as the sunrays oft are hid  
By clouds, I also tried  
Thy picture sweet within my heart  
Most carefully to hide.

A light wind though will dissipate  
 The clouds upon the high,  
 And all the brighther, warmer shines  
 The sun then in the sky.

That some one else I love I e'en  
 To lie had deemed it best,  
 The lie brought gruesome agonies  
 To my sorrowful breast.  
 The truth now has been told, sweetheart,  
 About my love, my woe:  
 Will thy reply sweet sympathy  
 And consolation show?

Who art my life's redeeming cross,  
 My life's salvation! Speak!  
 Hast thou for me no such reply  
 Which I ardently seek?  
 Of course thou hast it not, thy lips  
 Have mute become for aye:  
 Within thy coffin — — dead, I now  
 Thy tombstone here survey.



### WHAT WOULD I NOT HAVE DONE...

(Mit nem tettem volna érted.)



What would I not have done for thee  
 My pretty, sweet, blonde maid!  
 E'en to submit my true love's plea  
 My cruel fate forbade.

All that I was ever allowed  
 For thee, love, to perform:  
 Was this, I spread the funeral shroud  
 Over thy lifeless form.

## WHERE ART...

(Hová lettél.)

Where art thou who hast been the morning star,—  
Too soon extinguished though,—of all my hopes?  
I look for thee, but vain my efforts are,  
We meet? We don't? My mind in darkness gropes.

When in the silent night the moon shall spread  
Her yellow rays all over earth, then I  
My ways wend to the city of the dead  
And consolation there to find shall try.

Wilt from thy sleep aroused be by my call?  
Wilt then thou leave thy cool, deep couch below  
The earnest words of love to hear which all  
My heart and soul then utter in their woe?

Will then my call arouse thee from thy sleep,  
Wilt then thou leave thy cool, deep couch below,  
To wipe away the burning tears I weep,  
The tears which but for thee beloved one, flow?

Will then my call arouse thee from thy sleep,  
Wilt then thou leave thy cool, deep couch below?  
Will to thy spirit, rising from the deep,  
My burning kiss give of its warming glow?

Or does no grave e'er ope again its door?  
And shall we but in heaven meet again?  
Or will no night, no heaven evermore  
Bring us together? Are my hopes all vain!

## AH! HOW SADLY...

(Jaj de bus ez a harangszó.)

Ah! How sadly toll the bells!  
 The death bell rings  
 For a faded rose-tree twig  
 Of fifteen springs.

To the church the coffin 's borne,  
 That church within  
 Which we were to have wed when  
 Thy love-I'd win.

Guardian angel of my love  
 Up in the high:  
 Pity me! Destroy me or  
 Quench thou my sigh.

Perhaps thou thyself art dead  
 Killed by sorrow,  
 For letting that dear rosebud fade  
 And know no morrow?

## CLOSE THAT COFFIN...

(Zárjátok be már azt a koporsót.)

Close that coffin. Close it at last  
 And to the cemetery take,  
 Her lifeless form I viewed,—aghast,—  
 Too long, yea long enough to make  
 Its memory to live fore'er  
 Or heart and soul to shreds to tear.

## IF WHILE ALIVE...

(Ha ébren meg nem látogatsz.)

---

If while alive thou could'st not come  
Even in dreams to me,  
Come thou, beloved dead, I have  
So much to say to thee.

To be together to comune  
Chance vouchsafed us no aid,  
What each to each desired to say  
Our longing eyes betrayed.

Dost recollect? When I would call  
Thou wouldst swiftly run,  
But softly, from a nearby room  
To spy at me thy fun.

I was rejoiced when I saw thee  
So near and yet so far,  
That half-ope door appeared to me  
The heaven's gate ajar.

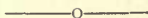
When I left, thou wouldst from behind  
A curtain see me go,  
Thou thoughtst I know it not, but my  
Fond heart did always know.

I saw thy burial. The grave...  
Wherein thy form must dwell...  
Ah me! that sight brought to my heart  
The agonies of hell.

A thousand lightnings struck me when  
I heard the gruesome thud  
Of earth thrown on thy coffin's lid,  
It froze my brain and blood.

That coffin held my saintly dove.  
 Wilt ever come to me?  
 To hold thee near my heart, my arms  
 Shall e'er wide open be.

Beloved one come! and kissest thou  
 Me with thy spirit breath:  
 I follow be it heaven or hell  
 My soul encountereth.



I AM HERE...

(Én vagyok itt.)



I am here, my consuming bliss!  
 The faithful pilgrim to thy tomb,  
 I came to ask what didst thou dream  
 This first night in thy grave's dark room?

Oh! I had a most gruesome dream,  
 The earth, chased by a wrathful sun  
 Tried to escape the hot pursuit;  
 Swift is the hunt, swift is the run.

Now down, now up, up to the stars!  
 Now forward into moundless space!  
 All of the worlds,—upset, confused,—  
 Onward to their destruction race.

And still the sun pursues the earth,  
 In vain! Now as through space they fly,  
 The sun pulls with his iron hand  
 A dreadful comet from the sky

And hurls it at the fleeing earth.  
 It hit my heart. The pain it gave  
 Though awful, still was naught to that  
 I feel when I am near thy grave.

## UP IN THE ZENITH...

(Amott fönn...)

Up in the zenith of the sky  
 A beauteous star shines bright,  
 No other star up in the high  
 Spreads such a lustrous light.

"'Tis Ethel's star"—a voice doth say  
 Methinks—"whose rays you view,  
 Your earthly life then cast away,  
 Arise! she waits for you!"

With glad rejoicing I would rise  
 To blessings unalloyed,  
 Not worthy I of Paradise,  
 My faith has been destroyed.

## I'LL NOT DISTURB THY PEACE...

(Nem háboritom-e nyugalmad.)

I'll not disturb thy peace, dear dead,  
 My life's one treasure buried here.  
 When with my sore heart's orphaned child—  
 My pale-faced woe,—I shall appear  
 Quite often here, my tears to shed.

I will not come like tempest wild,  
 Not come with noise or coarse display.  
 I simply come to kiss this stone,—  
 My tears e'en wipe this kiss away,—  
 Then peacefully leave thee alone.

## FOR TWO LONG DAYS...

(Láttam két hosszú nap.)

---

For two long days I gazed  
Upon her cold remains,  
Mute lips whose speech, closed eyes  
Whose sight her death enchains.

Thy brow, an Eden bare  
I kissed: my solemn seal,  
My first and only kiss,  
And that thou did'st not feel.

I kissed my altar which  
Thy death had wrecked, thy brow,  
It was so cold, my soul  
Is thereto frozen now.

And I then kissed thy pall,  
Beyond which I can't see,  
Beyond which I can't step,  
Which bars my heaven to me.

Around thy coffin saw  
The torches' light disperse,  
And saw how thou wert borne  
To thy tomb in a hearse.

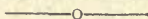
I had been there myself  
I heard the churchyard bell,  
The thuds, when clods of earth  
Upon thy coffin fell.

All this, all this I know  
And yet it somehow seems,  
It can't be true, I ask,  
Is this one of my dreams?



Then I go to thy house  
To look around, but oh!  
I nevermore see there  
Thy eyes' heavenly glow.

Nowhere and nevermore  
I'll look into that eye,  
Then to my home I go  
And heartrendingly cry.



### WHY DOST THOU LOOK INTO MY ROOM?

(Miért tekintesz be szobámba?)



Why dost thou look into my room  
Pale, prying moon?  
The world has changed with me of late  
Thou'lt see it soon.

When formerly thy glances lost  
Their way to me:  
An all consuming love of life  
Thou could'st there see.

A deadly war saw'st going on  
Twixt joy and pain,  
But thou could'st never note that woe  
Had my joy slain.

But things have changed. Dost thou now look  
Into my face:  
Thou could'st thereon, as in a glass,  
Thy pallor trace.

I'm cold and drear as is the place  
Which to me gave  
This mood: I have been weeping o'er  
My sweetheart's grave.

## WHY MOCKEST NATURE...?

(Természet, még te is gunyolódol.)

---

Fair nature, even thou dost mock?  
Since they have laid her here away  
Although midwinters season 's on  
Autumnal beauteous is the day.

The Danube's surface shows no ice,  
Saint Gellert mountain shows no snow...  
That to my body's and mind's eyes  
The contrasts more glaringly show.

Why rise ye not to angry wars,  
Ye lazy elements why sleep?  
North wind—fierce eagle of the air,  
Why dost not o'er the country sweep?

Why dost thou not the clouds pursue,  
And make their snow spread o'er the ground,  
As do the birds their feathers drop  
Whom the pursuing hunters wound.

My keenest pleasure I would find  
If I fair nature could behold  
Changed as my heart: from Persia fair  
Into Siberia, icy, cold.

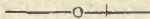
Ah! if these mellow sunlit days  
Are none of nature's mockeries,  
But kindly, she the winter banned,  
My dead love out there should not freeze!

## WHY SHOULD IT BE ODD?

(Mi volna különös azon...)



It is not odd if now and then  
 I'm seen to smile 'mong merry men,  
 When list'ning to goodnatured fun?  
 In cloudy sky still reigns the sun,  
 And when his light shines bright on high,  
 The clouds,—it seems,—heartbroken die.



## WHERE ART THOU...

(Hol vagy te, régi kedvem.)



Where art thou wild and reckless boy,—  
 My old good humor, cheer and joy?  
 Thy sister with her woefilled face,  
 Did she crowd thee out from the placé?

My heart had been thy toy, thou played  
 Therewith, and with the swiftness made  
 By arrows shot into the air  
 Thou and my heart went everywhere.

Until we stumbled o'er a grave,—  
 We felt, alas! we could not save  
 Ourselves. That toy, to thee confined  
 —My heart—I broken left behind.

## SHE, THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL...

(Ő a kedves drága kis lány.)

The dearest little maid eyes e'er beheld  
 And love of life within my heart had dwelled,  
 Like ivy twines itself around the trees:  
 So did fair hope all of my heartstrings seize.

The maiden went away, — — They carried her  
 To where she henceforth dwells,—her sepulchre,  
 The doors of which shut on her earthly clay,  
 To open only on great Judgment-day.

With her, my love of life had also gone,  
 Accompanied her to her grave and drawn  
 By forceful ties remaineth with her still;  
 Will nevermore the old dwelling place fill:

This is the cause my heart 's now quiet, void...  
 An empty, dreary house, almost destroyed,  
 And through the ivy which around it grows,  
 My plaintive sigh, like softest zephyr blows.

There is none who would nurse it here below,  
 It strives upwards—towards the heaven to grow.  
 But Oh! Would it be that destructive doubt,  
 Did not constantly cut each springing sprout.

Who shall then henceforth dwell within my heart,  
 Which almost into ruins falls apart?  
 An old hermit might use it at his cell,  
 His name is death, he'll come therein to dwell.

## I STOOD BESIDE HER GRAVE...

(Áltam sirhalma mellett.)

---

I stood beside her grave where she at rest...  
Exhausted, I my arms crossed o'er my breast.

A statue like I stood beneath the sky.  
I looked upon a grave with tearful eye.

The seaman stands upon the ocean's shore  
And glances o'er the waves which loudly roar.

A beggar made of him the angry sea,  
He bows his head at fate's cruel decree.

---

 IT IS NOT TRUE...

(Hazugság, amit...)

---

It is not true what I have often heard:  
That sorrows great have the power to kill,  
Or else, where thou, my sweetheart art interred,  
I too, with thee, dear maid, one grave would fill.

Our sorrow 's not an ax which with a blow  
Doth fell the tree of life and ends its woe:  
It is a worm which gnaws—forever gnaws,  
And slow but sure the heart's last blood-drop  
draws.

## THOU WERT...

(Te voltál.)

Thou wert my rose, my one and only one,  
 Thou didst fade and my life 's a dreary void;  
 Thou wert my lone life's bright and warming sun,  
 And when thou set: my life's light was destroyed.  
 Thou wert the wings of my keen phantasies, . . . .  
 Thy wing broke . . . and no more my fancy flies.  
 Thou wert my heart-blood's heat, with thy decease  
 My life grows cold as if submerged in ice.

## IF BUT MY FRIENDS WOULD NOT...

(Barátaim, csak vigasztalással...)

If but my friends would not increase my grief,  
 Try with condolences to bring relief.  
 My only treasure now,—they ought to know,—  
 Bequeathed by my love,—is this my woe.

By my poor heart this heirloom 's treasured high  
 (The heart which is all void is doomed to die.  
 Be it sweet joy, be it heartrending woe,  
 With one the heart must ever overflow.)

This treasure I shall not spend nor exchange  
 For all the bliss within the world's range.  
 Within the secret workshop of my mind:  
 Each part is for a beauteous song designed.

Each song shall be a stone to build a home,  
 High, into clouds to reach its mighty dome.  
 This proud and beauteous structure be fore'er  
 The pantheon of my dead sweetheart fair.

## I HAVE WANDERED FAR AWAY.

(Messze vándoroltam.)

I've wandered far from thee, my dear, departed soul,  
 But be I anywhere, sad recollections roll  
 Back to thy grave, as if they found a deep,  
dark line  
 Which from thy tomb runneth to where  
I might repine.

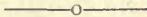
I have returned to thee, I could not greet thee  
though  
 With loving kiss, thou art within the grave below.  
 Like weeping willow tree its crown: I bend my  
head,  
 Not on thy soft breast but the hard head-stone  
instead.

My fingers play, not with thy silken hair, they play  
 With blade o'grass which sprung up from thy  
earthly clay.  
 The whispers which I hear not from thy sweet  
lips rise,  
 The gentle winds that blow bear but the  
graveyard's sighs.

Thus I am lost in thought while on thy grave I gaze,  
 And quieted and calm I think of bygone days.  
 My mind is all at peace, the tempest of my woe  
 Has run its course, has ceased many a day ago.

A calm sea is the past, thy death has been the rock  
 On which the barge of hope I steered, met with  
the shock  
 Which upset it. That rock now, in the distant blue  
 Marks the horizon which with quiet heart I view.

And it shall rise before my eyes fore'er and e'er!  
 Thy picture, Ethel dear, within my heart I'll bear  
 Until I die. Upon thy tomb the wreath must fade  
 Within my heart e'er green thy memory,  
sweet maid!



### COME SPRING, COME...

(Jöjj tavasz, jöjj...)



My thoughts, last autumn, were: come gentle spring,  
 Because sweet happiness to me you'll bring.

My sweetheart to some country-place shall move  
 My calls on her she'll lovingly approve.

Yes, is she'd be one hundred miles away,  
 An hundred miles I would traverse each day.

When early dawn is kissed by rising sun,

When by the sun aroused, night has begun

To spread its wings, and when the moon on high,—

A sultan he, for whom the starry sky

The harem is, calls on his fairy fays:

Her faithful shadow then I'll be, always

And e'er her footsteps following, until

Her love, like springtide's flowers fair shall fill

Her heart, and she with virgin-blushes' glow

One of these flowers shall on me bestow!

Why should she not pin roses to my breast?

Does it not a bethrothal's kiss suggest?

Come springtide come! Come with flowers replete,

I'll need them for my sweetheart's bridal wreath.

— — — — —  
 — — — — —

Come springtide come! Yield me thy flowers  
which bloom,

I want to put a wreath upon her tomb.



## TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS...

(Hatalmas orvos az idő.)

No better healer e'ver was known than time  
 Which ever swiftly flies,  
 Whate'er my sufferings are now, his art  
 He'll promptly exercise:  
 My woe which now 's a dark and stormfilled cloud,  
 Shall soon calm moonray be  
 Which spreads bright light over my memories'  
 Unruffled, placid sea.

The never tiring hands of fate might yet  
 A garland weave, thereby  
 My love of life and convalescent heart  
 A-strength'ning vivify.  
 It is conceived with ease how sad shall be  
 The speech, the flowing tears,  
 Wherewith the broken heart fore'er takes leave  
 Of joyful hopes and cheers.

It is for this that now when cold and bare  
 And hopeless is my breast,  
 It is for this that now I'm fond to go  
 Where sweet Ethel 's at rest.  
 Embrace, oh death, my weary life! How sweet  
 It would be now to die,  
 As sweet as for the little babe it is  
 On mothers breast to lie.

And when I die one sole and only wish  
 I leave. I humbly crave  
 That I be laid to my eternal sleep  
 Close to my sweetheart's grave.  
 Each midnight we to each other our dreams  
 A-whispering convey,  
 We'll rise together at the angel's call  
 On resurrection-day!

## A TINGE OF BLUE...

(Kéket mutatnak még.)

---

In far off wood do leaves of trees  
 To have a tinge of blue still seem?  
 When o'er it sweeps the stormy breeze,  
 Is foamy still the Danube stream,  
 As foams the fiery stud which flies  
 When rider bold the whip applies?

Doth still grow red the fair bride,—dawn,—  
 When her groom,—the sun—makes his call?  
 Sad widow's tears over the lawn,—  
 The night's dew drops,—do still they fall  
 When as night heaven and earth enfolds,  
 The stars—her orphans—she beholds?

At one time my horizon knew  
 No bounds and I could see it all.  
 A tiny grave—my sweetheart's—grew—  
 Methinks—into a mountain wall,  
 Which now shuts from my purblind eye  
 All of the world, the earth, the sky.

## DID I COMPLAIN?

(Panaszkodám hát?)

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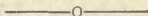
Did I complain, made I a piteous plea?  
 With my complaint did heartsore I annoy  
 My fellow men, as does the whining boy  
 Whose fingers bleed! Shame and disgrace on me!

And after all what was the use to weep?  
 At hearts surcharged with woe, men never cease  
 To mock or tender them their sympathies.  
 Let them their jeers, their fellow feeling keep.

Could I have told in speech my woeful fate?  
 Can it be told, what it is 'fore a grave  
 To weep o'er her, to whom you truly gave  
 Your life's best love, death can't annihilate?

Howe'er I did complain. I did annoy  
 My fellow men by talking of my woe,  
 Permitted them to see my tears' fast flow,  
 As if I had been but an o'ergrown boy.

But henceforth I shall nevermore complain:  
 Into an icy lake shall change my heart,  
 Without a stream by which it might depart,  
 But where unseen may live my endless pain.



### HOW SAD IS LIFE FOR ME...

(Beh szomorú az élet én nekem.)

How sad is life for me e'er since the day  
 My sweetheart to her grave has been consigned.  
 I drag myself about, a withered spray  
 Which blowing winds upon the highway find,  
 And borne about more lifeless grow and dry  
 Leaf after leaf they lose and then they die.

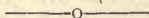
A sense of woe will often o'er me creep  
 And like a hungry beast, with brutal force  
 Its sharp claws in my heart will bury deep.  
 I curse aloud a fate which to the doors  
 Of heaven will lead us men, but which, alas!  
 Will not permit us o'er its threshold pass.

Most oft in silence I carry my grief.

Am I alive or dead? I do not know. — —  
 Friends speak to me, their speech gives no relief.  
 To what they say I listen not, and though  
 I used to be glad when they came, I own  
 I am now happiest when left alone.

I often roam about, without an aim

I walk and walk, till I—I know not how  
 To my beloved maid's sepulchre came,  
 A sweet hope holds me fast there, I avow.  
 This hope is: here my heart is rent in twain.  
 O hope! O hope! Why is all hope in vain.



### WHEN SORELY SUFFERING...

(Midőn nagyon bánt...)

When sorely suffering in heart and mind,  
 I promptly leave the town and world behind,  
 And then my steps towards the graveyard wend,  
 Where men are laid by to their dreamless end,  
 But when it midnight strikes and when on high  
 The pale moon wanders in the cloudy sky;  
 The buried corpses interrupt their sleep,  
 Come forth out of their gloomy, narrow deep,  
 And clad in white they wander to and fro'  
 Until the breaking of the dawn a crow  
 Announces loud; there to the graves I go  
 When nights I am tormented by my woe.  
 When, then, I, at the grave of Ethel dear  
 Can freely weep and with the flowing tear  
 My doleful soul plaintively sighs, relief  
 And ease come then to my heartrending grief...

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 But then shall I of all sorrow be free  
 When at thy side thy grave I share with thee.

## THE SNOW, THE FUNERAL PALL...

(A hó, a holt föld téli szemfedője.)

The wintry pall of lifeless earth: the snow  
 Had fallen at the night.  
 The churchyard's clad in white.  
 The morning sun looks sadly down and though  
 In shineth bright,  
 Its rays, it seems, but with reluctance spread  
 Over the barren realm of the dead.

The snow within the churchyard does not melt,  
 Around one only spot  
 It disappeared, but not  
 The sunrays makes it yield. For whom I felt  
 Deeprooted, hot  
 And passionate love, sweet Ethel 's buried here,  
 The snow yields to my freely flowing tear.

## IF IN HER LIFE...

(Ha életében...)

If in her life I had not loved her well,  
 This sweet, fair, curly-headed maiden here:  
 I'd love her since my eyes upon her fell  
 As she lay cold and lifeless on her bier.

How beautiful was she! As if at morn  
 A queenly swan upon her wings would stir,  
 As pure snow would the wintry rose adorn:  
 The white angel of death thus came to her.

## OUR HOARY EARTH...

(Játszik öreg földünk.)

---

Our hoary earth is e'er at play  
 With bright rays of the sun,  
 A-cooing, wooing all the day,  
 And kissing while their course they run.

On Danube river's shining face,  
 On hill and vale, on window pane,  
 On churchspires of the market place,  
 Their burning kisses showeth plain.

At dawn, at eve, e'er full of cheer,  
 The sun is full of mirthful glee,  
 As if the grave which riseth here,—  
 My Ethel's tomb,—he would not see.

---

 WITHIN THIS ROOM...

(E szobában küzködött.)

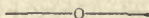
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Within this room fought life and death  
 For her and here she sighed the breath  
 Which closed the fight.  
 Eternal night  
 Came to the maiden fair and bright.

Within this room I freely shed  
 A sea of tears for the dear dead.  
 Why did this flow  
 Not drown my woe,  
 Did not my life end here below?

Within this room henceforth I'll dwell.  
 The very walls sweet tortures spell:  
     But happy I!  
     She's always nigh,  
     I see her with my mental eye.

Within this room,—for this I pray,—  
 I want to live until that day  
     When 'neath this sun  
     My course I've run,  
 And I my goal—my grave—have won.



### MY MOTHER, MY MOTHER...

(Anyám, anyám...)

My mother, my mother, the best though the most  
 Disconsolate mother that lives!  
 Miser reality—the cruel master of hope,—  
 To thee thereof no portion gives.

Like Noah of old thou hast sent out thy doves  
 Of hope to find thy yearning's goal,  
 With realization's green twig in their bills  
 No bird returned to cheer thy soul.

Thy last, fondest hope: when once in thy grave  
 Thou liest cold in dreamless sleep,  
 Thy sorrowing son, some warmth will bring  
 With the burning tears which he shall weep,

Will not be realized. This consolation e'en  
 Can not be thine! Forgive him pray!  
 At his beloved sweetheart's grave, thy son  
 All of his tears has wept away.

## THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE...

(Tizenkettőt ütött az óra...)

The clock struck twelve and from the stroke  
I from my slumber deep awoke.

    Within my dark room, I  
    A white figure espy  
    Soft gliding o'er the floor  
    And from my awed heart's core  
There came a cry: "Thou'rt come sweetheart,  
Upon my tree of bliss thou art  
    The fruit which too untimely fell  
    Come to my arms and let me tell

Thee my dear sweet fugitive dove:  
My lips await thy kiss of love."

    In accents soft and mild,  
    Reply came from the child:  
"Wait, wait! first let me find  
My life! to be consigned  
Within the cold, dark tomb  
Is a most awful doom,  
It is so dark and drear  
I want life warm and clear.  
Pray then, give back to me  
My life, alone with thee,  
To live anew thou wilt me see!"

    Beloved one! I can not give  
    What I have not, but if to live  
    Anew, thou need'st a soul, my own  
    I yield, 't is thine and thine alone!"

I strove to give it her, — — but night  
Had swallowed up the ghostly sight.



DO I IN VAIN...  
(Hiába várlak hát...)

---

Do I in vain must henceforth wait for thee,  
Sweet child, for whom my mournful tear  
I freely wept? Wilt thou no more appear?  
As heretofore thou used to come to me  
At midnight, bringing me a moment's cheer?

The night comes, midnight comes, but what care I?  
Thou cometh not with it, I see no more  
Thy gentle spirit entering my door,  
I cover up my weary, tearfilled eye  
With clipped wings of my hopes of days of yore.

Where art thou? Why dost thou remain away  
Sweet beauteous maid whose loss I e'er bewail?  
Art 'fraid of me, because my face is pale?  
Fear not my face, I pined for thee alway,  
This caused its ghastly color to prevail.

Oh! come again, once more rise from thy grave  
Who—though a shade—still art fairer than fair—  
To see thee once again, oh, how I crave!  
Shouldst tell me for my grief thou dost not care,  
Ah! dear one, to beseech I'll no more dare.

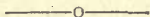
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MYSTERIOUS, ENCHANTING...  
(Mi büvös, bájos hang...)

---

Mysterious, enchanting sound!  
As if the vesper bell, which fills the air,  
The pious village folk would call  
Aloud, with solemn voice, to prayer.

It is the sad sweet memory  
 Of a sweet girl which rings within my soul,  
 The maiden young and beautiful  
 Over whose grave my tears incessant roll?



### DISCARDED LUTE...

(Függ már a lant...)



Discarded now it hangs upon the wall  
 The lute, on which my grief I sang away  
 For thee, sweetheart, who in thy funeral pall  
 Within this grave imprisoned art for aye.

There is the lute, discarded, on the wall,  
 Brooding in silent woe, if e'er it sings  
 It will not be the lute's harmonious call,  
 It will be but the sound of snapping strings.



**SELECTED LYRICS.**



## AT HOME.

(Hazámban.)  

---

Beautiful home, upon thy wide-spread plain  
Expands a waiving field of golden grain,  
Whereon the mirage plays, O, coutry dear,  
Knowest thou still thy son, now pining here?

'Tis long ago since welcome rest I found  
Beneath the poplar trees I yet see round,  
While, through the autumn sky high overhead,  
Migrating cranes in V-shape southward sped.

When on the threshold of our house, with tears,  
Heartsore, I bade good-by to all my dears,  
And when dear mother's last and parting sigh  
On gentle zephyr's wings away did fly;

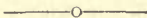
Ah, many a line of years, since then begun,  
Their course completed, to their death have run,  
While on revolving wheels of fate I passed  
Through various scenes in which my lot was cast.

The great world is the school of life, I trow,  
Through which I plodded with perspiring brow,  
Because the road I trod was hard and rough,  
And, from the start, I traversed wastes enough.

I know—and none knows better than I well think—  
To whom experience held her hemlock drink,  
That rather I would drain the cup of death  
Than the black chalice which she proffereth.

But now despair and grief and bitter pain  
Which swelled my heart nigh rending it in twain,  
Are gone; their memory e'en is washed away  
By holy tears of joy I shed to-day.

For here, where once I lay on mother's breast,  
Drank in her honeyed love—to me the best—  
The sun shines smilingly from heaven's dome  
Again on thy true son, O fair, loved home!



### ON THE DANUBE.

(A Dunán.)

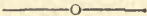


Tell me, old stream, how oft thy bosom strong  
Is cleft by storms and ships that glide along?

How deep and wide these rifts! On heart of man  
Inflict such wounds no grief or passion can.

Yet, when the ship is gone the storm is o'er,  
The stream rolls smoothly, showing rifts no more.

But when the human heart is cleft, no calm  
Can heal the wound or bring it aught of balm.



### A FUNNY STORY.

(Furcsa történet.)



"Look out! Beware! 's the old man's friendly chaff,  
"Young man! Look out, watch o'er your better half,  
The woman 's young and beautiful, and hence,  
Beware! there is a nigger on the fence!"

"Poor, dear, old man, I trust they are not true  
The stories which I hear, but take this cue:  
The people who within glass houses live,  
Must throw no stones, is the advice I give."

"This is all nonsense, I tell thee my friend,  
Her days of skylarking are at an end!"  
"E'en old goats lick the salt, 'is often heard,  
Well, no offence, the tale might be absurd."

The older man the chance would often seize,  
The younger one with his warnings to tease.  
"The woman 's young and fair" would always be  
The lesson given in good natured glee.

What happened next? The old man stayed away  
For many months from his young friend. One day  
The younger one made up his mind to see:  
What might of this strange thing the reason be!

While on his way, he sought what to reply  
When his old friend again to tease should try.  
When he again should hear: "Look out! Beware!  
That better half of yours is young and fair."

But lo! This time the old man did not tease,  
And left his friendly visitor in peace.  
Not only did not tease, but shook his head,  
And almost tearfully he slowly said:

"Yes, you were right, my friend, to me to quote  
The old proverb of yours about the goat" — — —  
Just then his wife's new babe began to cry,  
What could he do? He hums a lullaby!

## IN THE FOREST.

(Vadonban.)

—

Night's darkness o'er the forest creeps;  
 Of a safe guide I am bereft;  
 Which path leads from these lonely deeps?  
 Is it the one to right or left?

Far o'er me, on the arch of sky,  
 Many a star doth brightly shine.  
 Taking their course, who knows if I  
 Might reach the goal for which I pine?

For, brighter than all stars above,  
 In lustre shone my darling's eye;  
 I trusted her; false was her love:  
 Deceived, still o'er my loss I sigh!

—o—

## WHAT USE?

(Mi haszna hogy a csoroszlya.)

—

Of what avail to plough the earth  
 Without the seed that brings to birth?  
 Neglecting this but weeds will grow,  
 And all your work for naught will go.

Believe me, fairest, sweetest rose,  
 Beneath thy glance my poor heart glows;  
 And as the plough the ground upheaves  
 Thy glance my heart in furrows leaves.

Thy glance in vain cuts deep my heart  
 But sorrow from its depths will start;  
 But if thou sow with love, then fair,  
 Sweet-scented roses blossom there.



FROM AFAR.  
(Távolból.)

---

A house stands by the Danube far away,  
To me so fair, I think of it all day;  
The fond remembrance of that spot so dear,  
Will ever make my heart swell with a tear.

Ah, had I never thence set forth; but man  
Is always moved by some ambitious plan,  
And falcon-wings grew to my heart's desire  
I left my home, my mother, and my sire.

How great my mother's grief I cannot tell;  
When bidding her 'mid sobs and sighs, farewell,  
The pearly dew, that showered from her eyes,  
To quench her burning pains, did not suffice.

Still do I feel her trembling arms' embrace;  
Still do I see her haggard, care-worn face.  
Oh, had I then my fate at all foreseen,  
Her dear entreaties vain had never been.

Seen in the rays of hope's bright morning star,  
Our future days enchanted gardens are;  
Only to our delusion do we wake.  
When in the devious pathway of mistake.

But why relate how hope's enticing ray,  
Though cheering me, misled me from my way?  
How, wandering o'er the bleak world's barren sod,  
My faltering feet on myriad thorn-spikes trod.

Some friends have started toward my home to go;  
What of the truth shall I let mother know?  
Go to her, countrymen, if you come near  
The house wherein reside my parents dear.

Pray, tell my blessed mother not to fret;  
Say that her son is now fair fortune's pet.  
For should the loving soul the plain truth hear,  
Her tender heart, alas, would break, I fear!

## LONGING FOR DEATH.

(Halálvágy.)

---

Give me a coffin and a grave,  
And let the grave be deep and low;  
And bury with me all I feel,  
All passions strong, all thoughts of woe.

O, mind and heart, twice cursed, e'er have  
You been the bane of my whole life!  
Why torture me with burning scourge?  
Why should not end now all this strife?

Why should this feverish brain inspire  
To rise above the stars on high?  
When angry Fate hath it ordained  
That crawl upon the earth should I.

Why have I not fair heavenly wings,  
If my aims soar to heaven's dome?  
To carry me into heights where  
Immortality is at home!

And if to me this world is void  
Of joy, why have I, then, a breast?  
Created that of human joys  
It be the home, the shelt'ring nest!

Or if there be a heart which flames  
And burns in passion's deep abyss,  
Why, then, this icy look on me,  
Thou God of happiness and bliss?

Give me a coffin and grave,  
And let the grave be deep and low;  
And bury with me all I feel,  
All passions strong, all thoughts of woe.

## WOLF ADVENTURE.

(Farkaskaland.)  

---

"Thou'st eaten, comrade; bloody are thy fangs,  
While we around here suffer hunger's pangs.

"The howling tempest blows, while far and near,  
The land lies waste; the winter is severe.

"No trace can we espy of man or beast;  
Come! tell us quickly, now; where was the feast?"

A pack of hungry wolves thus seek to learn,  
Where one—their fellow—did his prey discern.

Without delay, the wolf that hath fared well  
Proceeds the following narrative to tell.

"A shepherd and his wife a hut maintain,  
Which I sought out, down there in yonder plain.

"Behind their hut, I knew there was a fold;  
Hearing the sheep bleat, I to sup made bold.

"To this abode last night did softly hie  
Two stealthy wanderers—one young man and I.

"He had a sweet tooth for the shepherd's wife.  
I, for the sheep, was bound to risk my life.

"The lover sneaked around; I could not sup  
On mutton, so, instead, I ate him up!"

## I.

(Ēn.)

The world is the garden of God.  
 And man—the weed and flower from its sod—  
     Is the crop.  
 Within this garden I'm a tiny seed,  
 But if it be God's will not to a weed  
     Shall I grow up.

Pure are the depths of this ambitious breast,  
 A providence divine did it invest  
     With holy flames,  
 Which vestal fires on virtue's altar burn  
 Within my stainless heart and ever turn  
     To highest aims.

I ask no favors at the hand of fate,  
 Whatever it may bring, I bravely wait  
     For bad—for good. — —  
 Fate is capricious, what it gives to day,  
 Without ado to morrow takes away,  
     That's understood.

Just as the lowland's plain where I was born  
 As straight and even are my deeds, I scorn  
     Duplicity.  
 Plain is my speech and what I mean I say,  
 To me,—from truth's pathway to go astray  
     Is infamy.

A precious tree,—Almighty God above  
 Has planted in my heart of hearts: a love  
     Most passionate!  
 And from its twigs and flowers and leaves I twine  
 A wreath which I to thee, sweet home of mine,  
     Now dedicate.

## LIVING DEATH.

(Élő halott.)

I do not feel glad when  
Fair, sunlit springtide comes,  
I feel not sad when all  
To winter's frost succumbs.

As o'er an autumn eve  
Had come a mist all dense,  
Over my heart had come  
A cold indifference.

I am all through with them:  
The foe, the friend, the mate,  
'Tis nobody I love,  
'Tis nobody I hate.

I have not a pleasure,  
No woe o'er which to weep,  
All sentiments, all aims,  
I've put them all to sleep.

One only yearning is  
Awake within my breast:  
As soon as possible  
Within my grave to rest.

## THE LAST CHARITY.

(Az utolsó alamizna.)

A single mother bore these two—  
The poet and the angry fate—  
And thus this life they journeyed through  
Sworn friends and ever intimate.

Trees then, as now, grew all around,  
And many rested in their shade;  
It served the minstrel, too, who found  
A branch, of which a staff he made.

These were the only friends he knew—  
The beggar's staff, the angry fate.  
All else were faithless and untrue,  
But each of these was his true mate.

But what had of his lute become?  
Do minstrels not possess a lyre?  
Aye—aye—he had one, too, not dumb,  
That gave forth strains to charm and fire.

Once of his lute he grasped the string—  
Once in a stormy, thundering night—  
And mute became the thunder's ring  
To hear his song far up the height.

And when the angry, murky sky  
Had listened to his song divine,  
It looked with smiling, starlit eye  
Down on the bard in calm benign.

But, lo! when hunger to him came  
He went the sons of men to greet,  
Thinking the hardest heart to tame  
With strains so marvellously sweet.

That which had lulled the tempest's roar  
And made the dark sky smile again,  
In mighty chords he did outpour  
With mellow and melodious strain.

But what the storm and sky obeyed  
Fails utterly men to impress;  
And when his songs in vain he played  
The shamed lute breaks in pained distress.

Such is the lyre's unhappy tale  
But of the bard's career who knows?  
None can tell when misfortune's gale  
Brought his long suffering to a close.

Before a younger race he stood.  
After the lapse of many years:  
The grizzled locks beneath his hood  
Had scanty grown through cares and fears.

"A few small pence for charity!"  
His piteous, faint voice then demands,  
While, like a sere twig, quiveringly  
He stretches forth his trembling hands.

Then sympathetic voices ask:  
"Who art thou thus with grief bowed down,  
Whom fate hath set so hard a task  
And on whom God doth seem to frown?"

He pleads again and tells his name:  
"A few pence," when, O, strange to hear!  
The answer comes. "Stop, child of fame,  
Thou dost not need to beg: good cheer!"

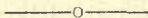
"Thy name shines brightly as by night  
The starry heavens glow in fire,  
The songs men once despised, delight  
The world which now applauds thy lyre!

"Hail to thee, great one; haste to change  
Thy rags and be in velvets dressed.  
A bounteous board we shall arrange,  
A laurel wreath on thee shall rest!"

"I thank ye for this speech so fair,  
But hunger's pangs I feel no more;  
For velvet garb I have no care,  
But wear these rags which long I wore.

“A goodly thing it is to see  
 The laurel wreath a proud youth crown;  
 But sprouts and leaves can no more be,  
 When sapless trunks are crumbling down.”

“But still a few pence I require,  
 And grateful for them I shall be;  
 The coffin-maker waits his hire  
 Who fits my final home for me!”



### INTO THE KITCHEN DOOR I STROLLED.

(Befordultam a konyhába.)



Into the kitchen door I strolled.  
 To light my pipe I then made bold,  
 That is to say, 'twould have been lit  
 Had there not been full fire in it.

And, since my pipe was lit, I went  
 For something very different.  
 Simply because a maiden fair  
 By chance I had espied in there.

It was her task the fire to light  
 And sooth, she did the task aright;  
 But, O, my heart! Her lovely eyes  
 Were flaming in more brilliant wise.

As I stepped in she looked at me  
 Bewitchingly, bewilderingly—  
 My burning pipe went out, but, O!  
 My sleeping heart burned all aglow.



## LOVE IS, LOVE IS A DARK PIT

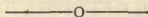
(A szerelem, a szerelem.)

Love is—love is but a dark pit,  
Suddenly I fell into it;  
And since into this pit I fell,  
It seems I live beneath a spell .

I'm set to watch my father's sheep,  
I might as well be fast asleep.  
The herd now roams about at will,  
And tramples grain on vale and hill.

With careful thought my mother filled  
My bag with food, I could have stilled  
My hunger, but my bag I lost;  
By fasting now I pay the cost.

Dear father and dear mother, pray,  
Forgive me if I don't obey.  
The while my heart with love's aglow,  
What I am doing I don't know.



## YOU CANNOT BID THE FLOWER.

(A virágnak megtiltani nem lehet.)

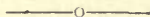
You cannot bid the flower not bloom; it thrives  
When, on mild zephyrs' wings, the spring arrives.  
A girl is spring, her love a scented flower,  
Which buds and blooms 'neath balmy air and  
shower.

When first I saw thee, dear, I fell in love  
 With thy fair soul the tender charm thereof,  
 With that soul's beauty, which I ever see  
 Reflected in thine eyes bewitchingly.

The question rises sometimes in my breast—  
 Shall I, or others by thy love be blessed?  
 These thoughts pursue each other in my mind,  
 As sun-rays' clouds, when blows the autumn wind.

Knew I another waited thy embrace,  
 Could kiss the milk and roses of thy face,  
 My broken heart I far away would bear,  
 Or end in death the depth of my despair.

Shine down on me, O star, so born to bless!  
 And light the dreary night of my distress!  
 O my heart's pearl! if thou can'st love me, love,  
 And blessing shall be thine from God above.



### AT THE CROSS-ROAD...

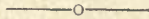
(Keresztuton állok.)



To the crossroad I have come,  
 I would like to know:  
 Is it East or is it West  
 That I ought to go?

It is all the same to me,  
 Go I here or go I not  
 Anywhere and everywhere  
 Sorrow is my lot.

If I could only know it where  
 Death does for me wait:  
 The road to choose which takes me there  
 I would not hesitate.



### MY LITTLE FLUTE.

(Kis furulyám.)



My little flute from willow's twig I made,  
 The weeping tree in lonely graveyard swayed.  
 I carved it sitting on a graveyard stone,  
 Are you amazed, that mournful is its tone?

And there my own star set... no more its spark  
 Shall gleam for me and henceforth all is dark.  
 Is it then strange, that sad my song's refrain?  
 E'en my desire to live I can't sustain.

And when, at eve, the herd strolls slowly home,  
 I feel impelled to yonder grave to roam...  
 And when the moon's pale face doth slowly rise,  
 My flute sends forth heartrending songs and sighs.

So long will sorrow hold me in its bane,  
 So long will broken-hearted I remain:  
 Until my soul, together with my sighs,  
 Into a better world, heavenward flies.

Heigh-ho! Heigh! with sorrows now away!  
 For I my Violet shall see to-day!  
 And even though I blush, I'll rest  
 My head upon her virgin breast.

## I'D LIKE TO SAY...

(Elmondanám.)

---

I'd like to say: "Stop, pretty maid,  
My rose, my star! Do not depart!  
What God endowed me with I give  
To thee sweet girl: a feeling heart."

I'd like to say: "My heart 's a sea,  
Rule it at will, remember though,  
Of precious gems the fairest one—  
Loyalty's pearl—is found below."

I'd like to say: "This gem retains  
Fore'er its splendor marvelous.  
I'd say all this and more, but oh!  
There is no one I could speak to thus!"

---

 AT THE FUNERAL.

(Temetésre szól az ének.)

---

At the funeral sounds the dirge!  
Who goes now with dust to merge?  
No more an earth-bound captive he,  
Happier far than I can be!

Here, beneath my window borne,  
How many over him do mourn!  
Why can I not buried be?  
No one then would weep for me!

## MOURNFUL IS THE DAY.

(Bus az idő, bus vagyok én magam is.)

Mournful is the day and mournful I have grown,  
 False are all the pretty maidens I have known.  
 They are as fickle in their love,  
 As changeful as the clouds above.  
 Lack-a-day.

Dark and overcast my days are: I know why;  
 For the maid I truly loved I vainly sigh.  
 She now loves another lad,  
 That's the reason I am sad.  
 Lack-a-day.

Truly orphaned, none so poor as I am now.  
 Never to her my true love can I avow.  
 Not fore'er this will be so:  
 Brighter days will dawn, I know.  
 Lack-a-day.

## VOICES FROM EGER.

(Egri hangok.)

Snow on the earth, clouds in the sky!  
 Who cares? Let it be so.  
 None need to marvel, for this is  
 The winter's daily show.  
 And by my faith, I could not tell  
 When winter came,  
 Did not a glance into the street  
 The fact proclaim.

I sit here in this cheerful room  
With faithful friends around,  
Who fill my bowl with "egri" wine.  
Such as but here is found.  
The friends are true, the wines are good;  
Who would have more?  
I now enjoy such happy days  
As ne'er before.

If my contentment had but seeds,  
I'd sow them o'er the snow;  
A rosy bower then would bloom  
And in the winter grow.  
And if to heaven I then might cast  
My joyous heart,  
To all the world it, like the sun,  
Warmth would impart.

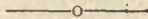
From here the mountain I can see,  
Where Dobó once his name  
Inscribed with sword and Turkish blood  
Upon the page of fame.  
Ah! until such man as he  
Again we see,  
Much water will the Danube bear  
Into the sea.

Ah! long is withered now and dead  
The Magyar's blooming spring,  
And apathy inglorious  
Doth to the nation cling.  
Will ever spring again return  
Into our land?  
And will once more our plains and fields  
In growth expand?

'Tis joyless thought; but seldom I  
 Enjoy a feast so rare.  
 So let us not our pleasure mar  
 By memories fraught with care;  
 And, after all, do sighs abate •  
 Or temper grief?  
 The minstrel 'tis alone who finds  
 In song relief.

Let us our country's cares not heed  
 For this one day alone,  
 And each sad thought of her let us  
 Now, while we drink, postpone.  
 Fill up once more! Another glass  
 Of glowing wine  
 And still one more to follow that  
 None should decline.

Well, well! What do I notice now?  
 A cycle means each glass;  
 My mind now in the future roams  
 While I the present pass.  
 And in this future I once more  
 Again rejoice,  
 For now throughout my fatherland  
 Rings freedom's voice.



### THE MOONRAYS LAVE...

(Fürdik a holdvilág az ég tengerében.)

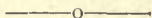


The moonrays lave in th' ocean's mirrored sky...  
 Within a wood an outlaw heaves a sigh.  
 The grass around not so much dewdrop shows  
 As from the eyes of that robber chief flows.

He leans upon an ax, with himself he  
Communes and says: "And this became of me!  
Sweet mother mine! Why did I not obey  
The teachings which you gave me day by day!

I left your roof, I am a fugitive,  
With thieves and highway robbers I now live.  
Oh! What a shame! I am e'en now their chief,  
The unsuspecting travelers bring to grief.

I'd leave this life and with my comrades break.  
Alas! too late for me this course to take.  
My mother's dead... the old home desolate...  
And tumbling down... for me the gallows wait."



### THE BEST LAID PLANS...

(Füstbe ment terv.)

On going home, all of the way  
I am in deep thought lost,  
And try to find sweet words wherewith  
My mother to accost.

How I shall greet her when again  
In the arms am locked  
Of her, I had not seen for years,  
Who once my cradle rocked.

And countless beauteous sentiments  
And speeches I prepare,  
The time stood still it seemed, but lo!  
I reached home, ere aware.

I stepped into her little room,  
My mother flies to me:  
And mute I hang upon her lips,  
As fruits hang on a tree.



## THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

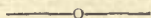
(A faluban utcahosszat.)

Through the village, all the way,  
 A gipsy band for me doth play;  
 A flask of wine I wave in glee,  
 I dance in maddest revelry.

“O gipsy, play thy saddest airs,  
 That I may weep away my cares;  
 But when her window we do reach,  
 Play joyous tunes, I thee beseech.

“The maid that lives there is my star,  
 The star that shot from me afar;  
 She left me, strives from me to hide,  
 And blooms at other lovers' side.

“This is her window. Gipsy play  
 A tune which is surpassing gay!  
 Let not the false maid hear or see  
 That I can feel her falsity!”



## MY GRAVE.

(Sirom.)

When I am dead; above my grave  
 No monument will stand  
 To mark where lies my earthly dust  
 I but a slab demand.

But if in time to stone should turn  
 My soul's unending woe:  
 Then in sad truth my lowly grave  
 A pyramid will grow.

## ON AN ASS THE SHEPHERD RIDES.

(Megy a juhász számáron.)

---

On an ass the shepherd rides,  
 And his feet reach to the ground;  
 Great his stature, but more great  
 Is his sorrow so profound.

On the sward his flute he played,  
 With his browsing flock near by,  
 When the sudden news is brought  
 That his sweetheart soon must die.

Quick he mounts his ass and rides,  
 Hastens toward her home in fear;  
 But, alas! too late he comes—  
 Death has been before him here.

What can the poor fellow do  
 In his bitterness and woe,  
 But upon his donkey's head  
 Deal a heavy, sounding blow!

---

 THE ALFÖLD.

(Az Alföld.)

---

Rugged Carpathians, what is to me  
 The wild romance of thy pine forests old?  
 With admiration I can view thee e'er,  
 But without love; nor does my fancy stray  
 Aloft to thy fair mountain vales. But there  
 Below, in Alföld's sea-like region, there  
 Is my own world, my home! My eagle soul  
 Springs from its prison bonds, when I behold  
 The bound'ry of my plain. And so, in thought,

Upward to thee I fly, amid thy clouds,  
 When smiles upon me then, the image fair  
 Of that dear plain, from Danube's waters spread  
 Unto the Tisza's distant shore. Tinkle  
 Beneath the sky of the mirage, the bells  
 Of Kis-Kunság's hundred fat herds, at noon;  
 While by the well with the long windlass, waits  
 The double trough, and galloping, the steed  
 Snorts in the wind, and stamps the ground. The  
colts'

Low whining, too, is heard, and of the lash  
 The cruel sound. There waveth in the field,  
 Unto the gentle breeze the green, sweet corn,  
 Adorning with the emerald's glowing tint,  
 So glorious, the place. The wild ducks come  
 In the ev'ning's twilight, from the neighboring cane,  
 Soaring affright, to an aerial path,  
 If but a zephyr sways the reeds. Then there  
 Far in the centre of the plain, lonely  
 An inn is standing, with its chimney, old  
 And crumbling, where the thirsty peasants come  
 For goat's milk, as they journey to the fair.  
 Near the inn is the dwarfed poplar wood,  
 Yellow is the sand with melons rich;  
 There where the screaming hawk her nest doth  
build,

Where, undisturbed by children, she may rest.  
 There grows the sad, sad "orphan's hair" and  
blossoms  
 Blue, of buckthorn, 'bout whose cooling stems  
 The parti-colored lizards wind themselves  
 To rest themselves in noonday heat. Beyond,  
 Far, far away, where earth and heaven meet  
 The summits, blue of fruit trees dimly rise,  
 And farther still, like a misty column pale,  
 The spire of some distant village church is seen.  
 O, Alföld! fair, at least to me; for here  
 Was rocked my cradle; here, too, I was born.  
 May here the dark pall wrap my slumbering form;  
 In this dear land, I fain would find a grave.

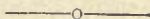
## THE EVENING.

(Est.)  

---

The daylight wanes,  
And quiet reigns.  
'Mid breezes driven,  
Cloudlets riven,  
The moonlight plays  
In varied rays,  
As ruins o'er  
Might fancy soar.  
The city wight  
Has no delight,  
Seek in the field  
What pleasures yield  
The eves.—All gay  
Two lovers stray,  
Sing on their way.  
Their song is heard  
By many a bird.  
From forest's shade  
To lad and maid  
Comes the mournful tale  
Of the nightingale,....  
From the garden borne  
The sound of horn,  
Where the herdsman tends  
His fire! It extends  
Far, far around  
And then the sound  
Of the horn's sad note,  
In the air doth float.  
While all around  
O'er the dewy ground  
And rich, green grass  
His herd doth pass.  
Then soft the gate

Is opened, elate  
The herdsman heeds  
The sound, and speeds,  
Kiss follows kiss  
And all is bliss!  
Who went there, who?  
The lover true!  
How blessed ye two!  
All joyous be!  
But why of ye  
I cannot be?



## BRIGHT STAR...

(Fényes csillag.)



Bright shining star, pray, tell me why  
Thou did'st not stay up in the sky?

The reason I would like to know,  
Why from heaven thou sped below.

“For one thing I fled from above:  
I looked upon thy sweetheart love,

Her eyes shone brighter than did I,  
And angrily I left the sky.”

**HAPPY NIGHT.****(Boldog éjjel.)**


---

Happy night-time, I am with my darling rose  
 In the garden to each other nestle close;  
 Quiet's all; the dogs but bark somewhere, afar.  
 Within the sky  
 Like fairies lie,  
 Bright moon and star.

I would not a good star have become, I know,  
 I'd be not content within the sky to glow.  
 All the beauteous heaven is but naught for me.  
 And from the height  
 I'd come each night,  
 Dear rose, to thee!

**HOW VAST THIS WORLD!****(Ez a világ a milyen nagy.)**


---

How vast this world in which we move,  
 And thou, how small thou art, my dove!  
 But if thou didst belong to me  
 The world I would not take for thee.

Thou art the sun, but I the night,  
 Full of deep gloom, deprived of light.  
 But should our hearts together meet,  
 A glorious dawn my life would greet.

Ah! look not on me; close thine eyes;  
 My soul beneath thy glances dies;  
 Yet, since thou can'st not love me, dear,  
 Let my bereaved soul perish here.

## TWO BROTHERS.

(Két testvér.)

---

A comrade I possess of sterling worth,  
Honest and true he is from head to heel.  
When sorrow's chill and windy blasts I feel  
He will around me fold the cloak of mirth.

If I, my country's fate considering,  
Am sad, depressed and almost moved to tears.  
My dear companion forthwith then appears,  
Saying, "Cheer up, this is no manly thing!"

"Be patient now," he whispers, "rouse, dear friend,  
A better fate will come, and, once again,  
Will heaven's good graces and good will attain  
It yet will help our poor forsaken land."

If hopeless love has made me sore at heart  
And resignation holds me grieved and dumb,  
My friend then tarries not, but soon doth come  
Saying: "Be of good cheer; a child thou art.

"Loose not thy faith;" such is his soothing way—  
"Although it seems that she, on whom was spent  
Love's capital, is quite indifferent,  
She will all this with interest repay."

This train of thought leads me to think, alas!  
That I so poor, so impecunious am;  
Again I hear the cheering epigram:  
"This hopeless state of things thou wilt see pass."

"Be patient, friend; the time will soon arrive  
When thou cold rooms no more will occupy;  
And when frost's crystal flowers shall beautify  
Thy window-panes, and there on them shall thrive."

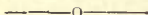
Thus flows my dear companion's cheering speech  
 Till I forget my sorrow and my care;  
 And all around me groweth bright and fair;  
 My soul hath landed on a happy beach;

This friend whom I am ever glad to meet,  
 A haughty brother has, with laugh and sneer  
 For my companion's way of giving cheer,  
 Whom he delights most shamefully to beat.

This brother is a stern and churlish man;  
 He drives my friend away and smites his face.  
 Yet can no usage ill his love efface;  
 He will return again whene'er he can.

And must I tell you who this friend may be,  
 Whom to possess is now my happy lot?  
 "Hope" is his name. Who knows and loves him  
 not?

His sterner brother is "Reality."



**ITS RAINING.**  
**(Esik, esik, esik.)**

It's raining, raining, raining!  
 A kiss-shower it is,  
 And my lips enjoy it,  
 Each loving kiss a bliss.

The torrent brings a vivid  
 And shooting flash of light,  
 The lightning shoots, the rays  
 Of your two eyes so bright.

I hear the thunder rolling,  
 Rolls like a heavy gun;  
 Good-bye, my darling girl;  
 Thy mother comes—I run!



## DRUNK FOR THE COUNTRY'S SAKE.

(Részegség a hazáért.)

---

God bless you, boys! Come, drink again  
Let us this jovial glass fill high!  
Pray let me not my country see,  
Forsaken and in misery,  
Far rather drunk in dreams I'd lie.

For then I dream that once again  
At home the voice of cheer I hear,  
It seems to me that with each round  
Of joyous drink I heal a wound  
Thou sufferest from, my country dear.

If it could be while I lie here  
My country truly happy were—  
You never should, good friends, I say,  
Even if I might live for aye,  
Behold me sober more, I swear!

---

THE LEAF IS FALLING.

(Hull a levél...)

---

The leaf is falling from the bough;  
Darling sweetheart, I must go!  
Fare thee well, my sweet one,  
Fare thee well, my dear one,  
Pretty little dove!

How yellow is the moon on high,  
Just as pale art thou and I.

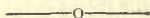
Fare thee well, my sweet one,  
Fare thee well, my dear one,  
Pretty little dove!

The dew-drops fall on branches dry,  
Hot tears roll from thine and mine eye.

Fare thee well, my sweet one,  
Fare thee well, my dear one,  
Pretty little dove!

The rose may bloom yet on the tree,  
We two each other may yet see.

Fare thee well, my sweet one,  
Fare thee well, my dear one,  
Pretty little dove!



## THE FOREST HOME.

(Az erdei lak.)

Just as the heart its primal secret holds,  
A cottage small the circling hills conceal;  
If raging tempests bear it down the vale,  
The frail and straw-thatched roof no harm doth  
feel.

'Neath foliage dense of whispering forests cool,  
This straw-thatched roof doth nestle in the shade,  
While on the trees the piping bullfinch swings,  
The wild dove coos and sighs throughout the  
glade.

And as hunted chamois, swift doth run  
 A little brook down from the hills above;  
 Like maidens coy, who in smooth water gaze,  
 Fair flowers bloom on either side thereof.

Unto these flower-maidens gallants come;  
 With ardent passion do the wild bees haste,  
 Enjoy—yet in the stream how many fall,  
 Intoxicated with the love they taste!

The sun and zephyr pity as they see;  
 The kind breeze bears a loose leaf from on high,  
 And when the lover-bee has gained his raft,  
 The sun with gracious ray his wings doth dry.

The she-goat, over on the mountain's brow,  
 With udder full and sportive kids goes round;  
 From her and from the wild bees' golden store  
 All that the cottage table needs is found.

The piping bullfinch and the plaintive dove,  
 They fear no traps by any dweller there;  
 Those who inhabit scenes like this, know well  
 How sweet and glad is Liberty's pure air.

No serfdom here; no tyranny there is  
 To give command with harsh and thunderous  
 word;  
 Only, at times, the heaven's artillery loud,  
 Reminding people to fear God, is heard.

And God is good; He is not wroth for long;  
 Since when the ominous clouds their ire have  
 spent,  
 He smiles forth in forgiveness once again  
 In the arched rainbow where all hues are blent.

## THE GOOD OLD LANDLORD.

(A jó öreg korcsmáros.)

Here, in the lowland, where you travel far away,  
 Before you reach the hills; here, on the Alföld's  
 plain,  
 Contented now I dwell, my heart is glad and gay,  
 Because, while roaming round, I joy and pleasures  
 gain.

My home is in the quiet village public-house;  
 But seldom sounds therein the noise of wild carouse.  
 A hearty, good old man is landlord of the place.  
 Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

My room is neat and clean, therefor I do not pay:  
 Ne'er have I been as here, cared for so tenderly!  
 My meals are timely served though others be away,  
 But, if I should be late, they all will wait for me.  
 One thing I do not like, the master of the house  
 Quarels once in a while with his good-hearted  
 spouse.

But what of that? Soon kindness reillumes his face.  
 Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

Somethimes, to pass the time, we former days recall,  
 Which were for him, by far, the happiest and the  
 best.

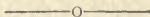
He owed his house and farm, had plentiful of all.  
 He knew not e'en how many cattle he possessed.  
 Knaves borrowed all his gold and fraudulently kept:  
 The Danube's stormy floods once o'er his homestead  
 swept,  
 And thus they grew so poor, the landlord and his  
 race.

Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

For him the sun of life is now about to set,  
 And aged men may wish to have at last some rest.  
 Alas, misfortune has, I notice with regret,  
 Left him oppressed with care, with sorrow filled  
his breast;  
 All day he works, the Sunday e'en is not his own;  
 Late he retires to bed, and rises with the dawn.  
 Filled with compassion, him I tenderly embrace.  
 Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

I often beg of him to be of better cheer,  
 Say better times will come, ending his misery;  
 "Ay, ay, it will be so," he says "my end is near,  
 And, when the grave receives me, I shall happy  
be."

This answer fills my heart with sorrow and with  
grief;  
 Falling upon his breast, I find in tears relief.  
 My dear old father is the landlord of this place,  
 Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.



## THE MAGYAR NOBLE.

(A magyar nemes.)

The sword which once my fathers bore,  
 Hangs on the wall and gleams no more,  
 Rust covers it instead of gore.  
 I am a Magyar noble.

I never work and never will,  
 The thought of labor makes me ill;  
 Peasant, 'tis thou the earth must till.  
 I am a Magyar noble.

Peasant, make good the road, I say,  
Thy horse doth draw the load that way,  
But go afoot I never may.

I am a Magyar noble.

Wherefore should I for science care?  
The sages always paupers were.  
I never read or write—I swear!—

I am a Magyar noble.

One talent I possess complete,  
Wherein none can with me compete:  
That I right well can drink and eat.

I am a Magyar noble.

I never pay my tax when due;  
Wealth have I, but not much, 'tis true.  
What do I owe? I never knew.

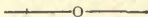
I am a Magyar noble.

The country's cares are naught to me;  
I heed not all its misery.  
Soon they will pass by fate's decree.

I am a Magyar noble.

My ancient rights and home decay,  
And when I've smoked my life away,  
Angels shall bear me up some day.

I am a Magyar noble.



## FAIR MAIDEN OF A VILLAGE FAIR.

(Szép vidéknek szépséges leánya.)

Fair maiden of the village fair,  
How love I thy resplendent eyes!  
Resplendent? No; the phrase is weak,  
And all my warm intent belies.

How often have I written, said:  
That I have seen a pure blue sky;  
Yet false it was, none such I saw  
Until I gazed into thine eye.

Didst thou not mark my raptured gaze,  
With what devotion on thine eyes  
I hung, as on the crucifix,  
Enrapt, doth hang the saint that dies!

And thou couldst my redeemer be  
In truth, yet have no need to die;  
My ardent breast thou wouldst embrace,  
Nor on a pulseless body lie.

What folly is it that I say?  
Love I ne'er can have from thee!  
Where is the maid her love would give  
Unto a poet, poor, like me?

For God hath made the poet poor;  
And this is fit, for, mark my words,  
No plumage, many hued and gray,  
Bedecks the sweetest singing birds.

How can the simple poet, then,  
Expect a maiden's heart to gain?  
Maids justly love to shine down here;  
As stars of earth they wish to reign.

Thou, little sweetheart, art my star  
And none can say me nay that I,  
Who may not wear thee on my breast,  
Shall yet pursue thee with my eye.

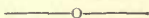
I with mine eyes shall follow thee;  
Through life I will pursue afar;  
And if from thence thou send'st no warmth  
At least look down on me, my star.

## BARGAIN.

(Alku.)

“Come, shepherd boy, poor shepherd boy, give ear,  
Behold this heavy purse with gold filled here;  
Thy poverty I'll purchase now from thee,  
If you, with it, thy love will give to me.”

“If but an earnest were this glittering gold,  
Thy proffer magnified an hundredfold—  
Nay, if the world on top thou shouldest lay—  
My pretty one thou could'st not take away!”



## MY LOVE.

(Száz alakba...)

An hundred forms my love at times doth take,  
And in an hundred shapes appears to me;  
Sometime an isle around which billows break,  
The seas—my passions that encircle thee.

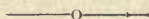
And then again, sweet love, thou art a shrine;  
So that I think my love luxuriant falls,  
Like leafy bowers, verdant and benign,  
Around the church's consecrated walls.

Sometimes thou art a traveler, rich and great,  
And, like a brigand, on thee breaks my love;  
Again it meets thee in a beggar's state  
And, suppliant, asks thee for the alms thereof.



Or thou art as the high Carpathian hills,  
 And I the thunderous cloud that shakes thy heart;  
 Or thou the rosebush round whose fragrance thrills  
 The nightingale, of which I play the part.

Thus my love varies, but doth never cease;  
 It still remains imperishable and sure;  
 Its strength abides, but with a greater peace;  
 Oft calm, and yet with depths that will endure.



**STREAMLET AND STREAM.**  
 (Forrás és folyam.)



The streamlet's waves roll on in gleeful ways;  
 Their merry splash is as a silvery voice,  
 In such a tuneful current did rejoice  
 The mellow accents of my youthful days.

My soul was then a streamlet, pure and clear,  
 A mirror of the laughing sky above;  
 Sun, moon and star in this sky was my love;  
 The lively fish, my joyous heart, leaped here.

The streamlet has become a swollen stream  
 Its whispers, silver clear, are heard no more;  
 And o'er the storm is heard its mighty roar;  
 And overcast is now the heaven's bright gleam.

Bright sun, look not upon the stream just now;  
 Thou wilt not see in it thy shining face;  
 The struggles of the storm its waves displace;  
 Upheave its waters from the depths below.

What do the stains upon the waters mean—  
 The bloody stain, shown by the angry sea?  
 The wide world cast its anchor into thee;  
 My blood—blood of my heart—is now here seen!

## MY FATHERLAND.

(A hazáról.)

---

The sun has set, but stars did not  
Shine brightly in the sky above.  
Nowhere a light, my midnight oil  
Burns and my patriotic love.

The love of home's a beauteous star,  
In comely splendor does it shine.  
Poor fatherland, poor fatherland,  
But few of such bright stars are thine!

My oillamp's light is fluttering  
And flickers. Why quivers the flame?  
The midnight struck. Might not the ghosts  
Of my ancestors fan the same?

Not to ancestors look, Magyar,  
They are like couraging suns on high.  
You must not look into the sun,  
The bright light but blindens your eye.

Ye glorious forefathers ours!  
Whose rising once shook all the earth,  
On crumbling Europe's forehead, who  
Inscribed your own, your nation's worth!

Yea, great were you, Magyar, one day,  
And lands and power you possessed;  
In Magyar seas were lost the stars  
A-falling north and east and west!

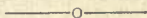
It is so long, that laurel wreaths,  
Dear Magyarland, adorned you,  
That fancy,—though a swift-winged eagle,—  
Grew weary ere so far back flew.

That laurel wreath upon your crown  
Hath dried so long ago, it seems  
To be a legendary myth,  
Or has been seen but in our dreams.

Since long I have not wept, but now  
My eyes are filled with tears anew.  
Tell me, my Magyarland, is this  
Your morning's dawn, your sunset's dew?

My nation's glory, what were you?  
A shooting star, that shone on high,  
Then fell with sudden sweep and lost  
Forever is to human eye?

Or, glory of the Magyar, are  
A comet you, which comes and goes,  
And which in future centuries  
Returns, the world to hold in throes?



### OH, JUDGE ME NOT.

(Meg ne itélj...)



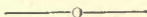
O, judge me not, fair maid, I pray;  
Not from our first and sole salute;  
Not always is my tongue, as then  
So ill-behaved, so dumb and mute.

Oft floweth from my lips a stream  
Of cheerful speech, and often floats  
Humor or jesting o'er its waves,  
Like merry folks in pleasure boats.

But when I saw thee first I tried  
 Some word to say, and tried in vain;  
 Before a storm breaks out all round  
 A graveyard quietude will reign.

A storm came up here in my breast;  
 I speechless stood, charmed by a spell;  
 The storm broke out, 'mid thunderings  
 The lightnings of my wild love fell.

How the tornado rends, destroys!  
 But I shall suffer patiently.  
 For when I once thy love shall gain  
 The rainbow of my soul I'll see.



### IF GOD...

(Ha az Isten...)



If God Almighty thus did speak to me:  
 "My son, I grant permission unto thee  
 To have thy Death as thou thyself shalt say;"  
 Thus unto my Creator I would pray:

"Let it be autumn, when the zephyrs sway  
 The sere leaves wherewith mellow sunbeams play;  
 And let me hear once more the sad, sweet song  
 Of errant birds, that will be missed ere long.

"And unperceived, as winter's chilling breath  
 Wafting oe'r autumn bearing subtle Death  
 Thus let Death come; most welcome will he be  
 If I observe him when he's close to me.

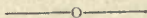
"Like to the birds, again I will outpour  
A mellower tune than e'er I sang before,  
A song which moves the heart, makes dim the eyes  
And mounts up swelling to the very skies.

"And, as my swan song draweth to its end,  
My sweetheart fair and true may o'er me bend;  
Thus would I die, caressing her fair face,  
Kissing the one on earth who holds most grace.

"But if the Lord this boom should disallow,  
With spring of war let Him the land endow;  
When the rose-blooms that color earth again  
Are blood-red roses in the breasts of men.

"May nightingales of war—the trumpets—thrill  
Men's souls, and with heroic passion fill;  
May I be there, and where the bullets shower  
O, let my heart put forth a deadly flower.

"Falling beneath the horse's iron heel,  
Here also may a kiss my pale lips seal;  
Thus would I die while I Thy kiss obtain,  
Liberty, who 'mid heavenly hosts dost reign!"



### I'D BE A TREE...

(Fa lennék, ha...)



I'd be a tree wert thou the blossom of a tree,  
If thou a dewdrop art, a flower I would be,  
I'd be a dewdrop if the ray of sun thou art, ...  
Our beings, thus united, would never, never part.

Wert thou, my pretty little girl, the heaven on high  
I gladly would become a star within the sky.  
Wert thou, my pretty little girl, the devil in hell:  
Te be with thee for e'er, e'en there I'd gladly dwell.

## THE RUINS OF THE INN.

(A csárda romjai.)

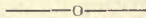
Oh, beauteous, boundless strength of lowland plain,  
 My glad heart's pleasure ground dost still remain,  
 With hills and vales, the broken highland seems  
 A volume that with pictured pages teems;  
 But thou, where hill succeeds not hill, my plain  
 Art like an open page, whereof I gain  
 The knowledge at a glance, and over thee  
 The loftiest thoughts are written legibly.  
 'Tis sad; I cannot pass by happy chance  
 My life upon the puszta's wide expanse.  
 Here would I dwell amid these valleylands,  
 As the free Bedouin on Arabian sands.  
 Puszta, thou art the type of liberty;

And, liberty, thou art as God to me!  
 For thee, my Deity, alone I live,  
 That once for thee my life-blood I may give;  
 And, by my grave, when I for thee have died,  
 My cursed life shall then be sanctified.  
 But what is this,—grave, death, what do I write?  
 But marvel not, for ruins meet my sight;  
 Not ruins of a fort, but of an inn;  
 Time asks not to what end the house hath been;  
 A fortress, or a tavern, 'tis the same;  
 He treads o'er both alike, and when he came,  
 Walls tottered, crumbling, iron e'en as stone,  
 And nothing, high or low, he leaves alone.

Of stone how came they this old inn to rear,  
 When all the lowland shows no quarry near?  
 A town or hamlet, nestled here at first,  
 Long ere the Turkish rule our land had cursed.  
 Poor Hungary, my wretched land; ah me;  
 How many yokes have been endured by thee!

This ancient town was sacked by Osman's hordes,  
Who razed each house therein, except the Lord's.  
The church remained, a ruin, it is true,  
Still of our loss a mourner left to view.  
For centuries it stood thus; stood to mourn;  
Until at last, by sorrow overborne,  
It fell, and, lest its stones should scattered be,  
They built the wayside inn which here you see,—  
From God's house build an inn! and wherefore nay?  
One serves the body, one the soul, I say!  
Each in our being has an equal share;  
On each we must attend with dutious care.  
From God's house build an inn, and wherefore nay?  
Our life can please our God in either way,  
And purer hearts within an inn I've known,  
Than some who daily kneel before God's throne.  
Inn, fallen inn, when yet within thy door  
The travellers rested and enjoyed thy store,  
My phantasy builds up thy wall anew,  
And one by one thy transient guests I view;  
The wandering journeyman with staff is here;  
The puszta's son in greasy cloak stands near,  
There, with his long beard, is a peddling Jew,  
The roving Slovak tinker, with a few  
Who drink; the smiling hostess, young and fair,  
Flirts with a merry student debonair;  
The wine has made his head a little light,  
His heart more loving to the hostess bright,  
The aged host! in rage why starts he not?  
He calmly sleeps beside the stack, I wot!  
Then, 'neath the haystack's shade, now, in the tomb,  
Where, too, his fair young wife had long found room  
All have returned, long years since, dust to dust;  
The inn hath fallen a prey to age's rust.  
The wind the covering from its head did tear;  
The roof, whereof dismantled, it stands bare,  
As though its master, time, it stood before,  
And prayed for better usage than of yore.  
In vain the suppliant prays, day after day;  
Crumbling, it falls, until one cannot say

Where was the doorway, or the window where;  
 It was the dead's last hope before it fell;  
 The cellar is a ruin; there is the well,  
 Whose hoist, one day, some passing vagrant stole,  
 Leaving behind the crossbeam and the pole,  
 On which a royal eagle came to light,  
 Because the puszta yields no loftier height;  
 Behold his look and mien, so full of pride;  
 His memories seem with ages gone to bide.  
 The sun, that heavenly lover, flames above;  
 He burns, because his heart is filled with love  
 For "Délibáb" the puszta's fairy child,  
 Whose fond eyes gaze at him in yearnings wild.



### MY DREAMS.

(Álmaim.)

Sometimes ill dreams will haunt my sleep,  
 Like those which came to me last night;  
 For hardly one had time to pass  
 Before another did affright.

Sin's heroes I in purple saw;  
 On virtue crushed their feet did tread;—  
 A ghastly footstool, red and white,  
 Whose eyes shed tears, whose heart-veins bled.

I saw gaunt faces, worn and serene.  
 And yellow as the moon at night;  
 Each phantom face so ghastly seemed,  
 Like to a wraithly weird moonlight.



Around them joyous faces were,  
On which the sun of comfort shone;  
And yellow as each starveling face  
The golden spurs their heel had on.

A man I saw upon his bier,  
A deep wound just above his heart!  
His own son killed him! And his wife—  
Does she now play the mourner's part?

His wife! Ah, nay; she does not weep;  
While he lies near in dreamlessness,  
She, in a close, adjoining room,  
Receives her lover's fond caress!

Then, as he lies within his tomb,  
His relatives—a hungry crowd—  
Come, and his grave-vault open break  
And rob him of his funeral shroud!

I saw forsaken, desert lands,  
Where public virtue seemed as dead;  
Where night did reign, where dawn was near,  
On herdsman's swords a sanguine red.

I looked on fallen states enslaved,  
Where bondsmen's shrieks one could not hear;  
Because their plaints and groans were killed  
By tyrants' laughter in the ear.

Such dreams, indeed, are nightly mine;—  
Small marvel that it should be so!  
For what in visions I divine  
The world doth, and the world will know!

How long will this dread world endure?  
Why is that heavenly force so slow—  
Thou comet long ordained—this earth  
From its set axis to o'erthrow?

## CURSE AND BLESSING.

(Átok és áldás.)

Accursed the earth where once  
 Grew into strength the tree,  
 Of which the timber gave  
 A cradle for poor me!  
 Accursed be, too, the hand  
 Which planted it, I say;  
 Accursed also the nursing  
 Dewdrops, the rain and ray.

But blessed be the earth where grows  
 The tree in woodland shade,  
 Of which my coffin will,  
 In course of time, be made.  
 And blessed be, too, the hand  
 Which planted it; and blessed  
 Also the rain and ray  
 Which it with life invest.

## SWEET JOY.

(Édes öröm ittalak már.)

Sweet joy, I oft have drank of thee;  
 What of the glass became, tell me?  
 It broke, the goblet which I drained,  
 And broken glass alone remained.

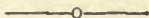
And, bitter grief, I drank of thee;  
 What of the goblet came to be?  
 It cracked, the tumbler which I drained,  
 And broken glass alone remained.

The radiant sun the heart enjoys;  
The darkling storm-cloud but annoys;  
Grief is the heart's dark cloud, I say,  
Which rising winds bear far away.

I like a shadow am; as though  
About a graveyard I do go,  
O, days departed, days gone by,  
Ye are the graveyard where I sigh!

And through this graveyard in the night  
A firefly is my guiding light;  
And o'er the graves of my dead days  
My memory like a firefly plays.

The air with motion now is fraught;  
A cool, faint breeze is o'er me brought;  
And whisperingly it asks of me,  
Is it not better not to be?



## THE MANIAC.

(Az örült.)



Why bother me? Away!  
Be quickly off, I say!  
Great work I have on hand just now,  
I twist a whip with sweating brow,  
From rays of sun, with which I will  
Scourge the world till its anguish fill  
The air, and I will laugh as she  
Laughed, mocking at my misery.  
Ha, ha, ha!

For such is life! We laugh and weep  
Till death brings its eternal sleep.  
I, too, was dead; some years ago  
To poison me were mean and low;  
Those of my friends who drank my wine,  
What did they do? Who can divine?  
While I was lying in the shroud,  
Embracing me, they cried aloud!  
I felt that I could rise and bite  
Their noses off, but just for spite  
I thought let them their nostrils keep;  
When I become a rotten heap  
And, decomposed, lie in their way,  
From smelling me explode they may!  
Ha, ha, ha!

Where did they bury me?  
In Africa's sandy sea,  
This was most fortunate, for, lo!  
Hyena dug me from below;  
My only benefactor he,  
I cheated him most skilfully;  
My limbs he tried to chew and gnaw;  
I flung my heart into his jaw,  
So bitter was my heart that he  
Soon died of it in agony.  
Ha, ha, ha!

Alas! this always is the end  
Of those who other folk befriend!  
But what is man? Tell me, who can.  
Some say the root of flowers fair,  
Which bloom above in heaven there!  
Man is a flower, 'tis true, whose root  
Down into deepest hell doth shoot;  
I heard a sage discuss these things one day  
Who, being a fool, of hunger died, they say;  
Instead of cramming learning in his head  
Why did he not steal, rob and kill for bread?  
Ha, ha, ha!

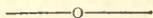
Why laugh I like a fool here, why?  
I should lament and loudly cry,  
The world's so bad that even the sky  
Will often weep that it gave birth  
To such foul creatures as the earth.  
But what becomes of heaven's tear?  
Falling upon this earth down here,  
Men tread upon it with their feet!  
—God's tear becomes—mud in the street.  
Ha, ha, ha!

A hoary veteran is the sky,  
The sun and moon his medals signify,  
And thus the brave old soldier fares,  
The clouds, the threadbare cloak he wears,  
A cross and rag pay for his cares.  
Ha, ha, ha!

What means the quail's call in man's tongue,  
When chattering in the morning young?  
He says of women to beware,  
She'll draw you sure into a snare.  
Woman is a splendid creature,  
Beautiful, though dangerous;  
The lovelier in form and feature,  
The more of peril she brings us.  
A deadly drink she serves in cups of gold,  
Love's drink, to quaff I often did make bold.  
One drop of thee, O! what a heavenly treat!  
Yet from one drop such gall can be distilled  
As though the sea with poisonous drugs were filled!  
Have you seen ocean depths the tempests plough?  
They furrow it; death seeds are sown, I trow.  
Have you seen tempest, this brown ugly churl,  
His lightning flashes o'er the wide sea hurl?  
Ha, ha, ha!

The fruit when ripe falls from the tree;  
Ripe earth, you must be plucked, I see.  
Until to-morrow I shall wait

Then, hoary earth, you'll expiate  
 Your crimes! A great deep hole  
 I'll dig in thee, and, on parole,  
 I'll fill it up with powder dry  
 And blow the earth up to the sky!  
 Ha, ha, ha!

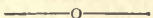


### I DO NOT WEEP...

(Nem sirok én.)



I do not weep, do not complain,  
 To tell my sorrows I refrain.  
 But if you saw my haggard face  
 What's writ on it with ease you'd trace,  
 And in my purblind eyes you'd see  
 The dreadful curse which weighs on me,  
 The miserable life I lead;—  
 An awful curse is my life's meed.



### WHAT IS THE END OF MAN?

(Az ember ugyan hova lesz?) ..



What is the end of man?  
 Explain to me who can:  
 Did old Socrates  
 After his decease  
 From poison go,—  
 I'd like to know,—  
 To the same place, where  
 Had gone his murderer?  
 This can not be; and yet...and yet;  
 Could we a glance of the hereafter get!

## WHAT IS GLORY?

(Mi a dicsőség?)

What glory is? A splendid rainbow which on high  
 The rays of sun reflecting in the flow of human <sup>appears,</sup>  
 tears.

## MAJESTIC NIGHT.

(Fönséges éj.)

Majestic night!  
 How brightly shine, while wandering o'er the sky,  
 The pale moon and the evening star on high!  
 Majestic night!  
 On meadow-grass the dew-drops brightly shine,  
 In forest's shade a nightingale sings fine.  
 Majestic night!  
 The youth goes forth to meet the lovelorn maid...  
 The robber chief goes forth to ply his trade...  
 Majestic night!

## ARE THEY LOVERS?...

(Szeretője-e?...)

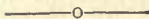
Soul and body, are they lovers,  
 I would like to know?  
 Do they, as is fit for lovers  
 Feel each other's woe?  
 Or is the soul a so-called friend,  
 Who honest friendship does pretend,  
 Until he finds the end is nigh,  
 When he is off and let him die?

## MUTABILITY.

(Mulandóság.)



The king of all the kings is constant change,  
 The world is his great royal home and strange  
 The things are which e'er follow in his wake,  
 Where'er he goes, whatever course he'll take.  
 Where'er he enters,—and that is everywhere,—  
 O'er what he steps,—and naught in life he'll spare,—  
 By foul decay is touched... Strewn o'er the  
ground  
 Withered flowers and broken hearts are found.



## WE WERE IN THE GARDEN.

(Kint a kertben voltunk.)



We were in the garden, you and I,  
 We sat close together. God on High  
 Knows what happened 'round us, I do not,  
 Was it spring or autumn? I forgot.  
 One thing I remember very well:  
 Close to you I sat, bound by a spell.

I looked into your dark, beauteous eye,  
 And your snowwhite hands squeezed, shy and sly.  
 Looking at each other with intent,  
 I asked, whether you would be content  
 If, as we were sitting, all alone,  
 God Almighty turned us into stone?

"I would be!" You answered, in a breath.  
 Did you, when you said that, long for death?  
 Or, sweet maid, the answer my ear caught,  
 Was it caused by that sweet, blissful thought:  
 We two petrified, would,—happy share!—  
 Close together sit for e'er and e'er?



## POETIC FANCY 'T WAS.

(Költői ábránd volt...)

Poetic fancy 't was what until now I felt,  
 Poetic fancy 't was, not love, which thrilled my  
 soul.  
 My aching, bleeding heart, wherein these fancies  
 dwelt,  
 No trace of any illness shows, is strong and whole.  
 If love had been what caused my heart's great woe  
 Not even fleeting time could prove a helpful  
 friend  
 Man's passion 's a wild stream and swift its torrents  
 flow,  
 Destruction carrying along and deathly end.

'Tis only now I reached this wildly flowing stream,  
 It carries me along in waves that rise and swell,  
 The bellringers call out: the danger is supreme!  
 The peril's nigh! Ring out aloud the alarmbell.  
 The bells should toll! The folks might rush to save  
 me yet.  
 But no! My feverish heart itself 's an alarmbell:  
 The maiden heard it toll, it caused her no regret,  
 She having not, let no one else the tumult quell.

Oh girl! oh girl! that thou should'st cause me  
 such a woe  
 I did not find set forth on fate's recording scroll.  
 Did'st draw me on that thou could'st simply over-  
 throw  
 Poor me, or blind me with the splendor of thy  
 soul?  
 Thy soul shines bright as shines the sun before his  
 rays  
 An eclipse caused to grow more pale, and as the  
 sun

Will have grown cold when he, at last, has run his  
 days,  
 So is thy own breast cold thou cruel, heartless one!

Thou said, and saying it thou didst not tremble,  
 e'en,  
 Thou said, that never yet thou hast loved any one.  
 Fearest thou not our God's revenge which is most  
 keen  
 Because his saintly goal of life "to love" thou  
 darest shun?  
 Or doest thou think no man is worth thy sentiment  
 Of love, and to be told by thee: "thou art my  
 own!"  
 Or fearest thou that when thy heart its treasures  
 spent,  
 "They are forever lost" shall be thy plaintive moan.

It may be true that disillusion be thy share,  
 But therefore not to love no reason though.  
 More worth than stagnant, lifeless peace that does  
 not care,  
 Are sufferings quick with life which from life's  
 struggles flow.  
 Will man not build a home because it might well be  
 That at some future day a fire destroys his place?  
 Shall therefore he the summer's heat bear patiently,  
 And he submit to winter's icy arms' embrace?

But more than once I saw thy lips ope for a sigh.  
 'Tis easy then to know thou hast a heart which  
 feels.  
 But just as icy snow covers the Vulcan high,  
 Thy brain's a shield of ice which thy true heart  
 conceals.  
 Tell me, oh girl, 't is so and patiently I wait.  
 Until thyself shalt come to me and say: "I yield,"  
 Until the time shall come when we, in blissful state,  
 With freely given burning kisses our love have sealed

The time is long, each day I'll have to wait shall be  
 Like all eternity to me, but I'll not fail.  
 I'll feel as does the eager seaman out at sea  
 Whose craft toward the shore is driven by the gale.  
 The wind then turns and although he is near the  
 shore,  
 Nevertheless he cannot yet a safe port gain.  
 While this eternal longing makes me sick and sore,  
 For thee—my dear,—I'll deem 't is sweet to bear  
 my pain.

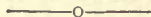
The body to whose wounds the sharp knife is  
 applied.  
 Can no such pain feel as is felt by me just now.  
 I'd suffer not to burning stake if I'd be tied  
 As I do by the yearning longings I avow.  
 One drop of balm, I pray, put on this burning pain,  
 One tiny drop from hope's deep well apply sweet  
 maid:  
 That thou in time to come, be it in years, wilt deign  
 My woes with the reward "may be" to have repaid.

Oh no! do not encourage me with future's bliss,  
 It is not alms I want! My soul's salvation give!  
 What I said "I would wait"—as false thou must  
 dismiss,  
 My patience has long since become a fugitive,—  
 And wild horse like it runs, my soul with it is borne,  
 It runs on paths perilous to a high degree,  
 Where by a wild beast into shreds it might be torn,  
 Dost know this wild beast's name? It is—insanity!

Give me, dear maid, give me back to myself, I pray,  
 Give me back to the world, restore this life of  
 mine.  
 But no! keep me for sweet thyself, I wished to say,  
 Thou can't thus cast me off, fore'er my life is  
 thine.  
 Tell me: "come to my loving arms! Thou hast  
 conquered!"

And at these mighty words, the heavens e'en  
 Who cares? Can man a death more glorious <sup>might fall,</sup>  
 Than 'neath this blissful weight feel death has <sup>preferred</sup>  
 ended all?

And if thou lovest me not, thy love I ne'er should  
 'Tis all the same, united is my soul with thee <sup>own,</sup>  
 As are the leaf and twig. Ere winter's blasts have  
 The leaves are sere and lifeless fall they from <sup>blown</sup>  
 the tree;  
 This is our fate, e'en to the grave. Go far away,  
 Shun me,—'t is all in vain, beyond all thy control.  
 A dark form which ne'er leaveth me, be night or day,  
 Thy shadow 't is? Oh, no! It is my doleful soul.



### I DREAM OF GORY DAYS.

(Véres napokról álmodom.)



I dream of dread and gory days,  
 Which come this world to chaos casting,  
 While o'er its ruining works and ways  
 The new world rises everlasting.

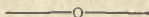
Could I but hear, could I but hear  
 The trumpet's blare to carnage calling!  
 I scarce can wait till on my ear  
 The summons sounds, to some appalling.

Then to the saddle quick I'd spring,  
 My mettled steed with joy bestriding,  
 And haste to join the noble ring  
 Of heroes, who to fight are riding.

And should a spear-thrust pierce my breast,  
 There will be One—a fair thought this is—  
 By whom my wound will then be dressed,  
 My pain assuaged by balmy kisses.

If taken captive I should be,  
 This One, my dungeon's gloom adorning,  
 Will surely come to visit me,  
 In radiance like the star of morning.

And should I die, and should I die  
 On scaffold or 'mid cannons' rattle,  
 This One with tears will then be nigh  
 To wash away the blood of battle.



### BRIGHT-BLUE THE NIGHT.

(Világos kék a csillagos éjszaka.)

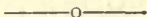
Bright-blue the night, stars gleam on high.  
 While from the open window I  
 The heaven view with wistful eyes:  
 My soul to my beloved-one flies.

Bright, starry sky and sweetheart maid,  
 No fairer things our Lord-God made;  
 At least I, who the world well know,  
 Can truly say I find it so.

The waning moon sinks to the west,  
 Behind yon mountain to find rest.  
 My own woe like she groweth pale,  
 Until to note it e'en I fail.

• Within the sky the Pleiads glow,  
Some roosters in the distance crow.  
It dawns, a sharp fresh wind arose,  
It coolingly around me blows.

Shall I my window leave, lie down?  
Let golden dreams my sleep now crown?  
Oh, no! not e'en the fairest dream,  
Makes life so sweet it now doth seem.



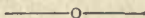
### ONE THOUGHT TORMENTS ME.

(Egy gondolat bánt engemet.)



One thought torments me sore, lest I  
Upon a pillowed couch should die—  
Should slowly fade like fair, frail flower  
Whose heart the gnawing worms devour;  
Or, like the light in some void room,  
Should faintly flicker into gloom.  
Let no such ending come to me,  
O God! but rather let me be  
A tree, through which the lightning shoots,  
Or which the strenuous storm uproots;  
Or like the rock from hill out-torn  
And thundering, to the valley borne!  
When every nation wearing chains  
Shall rise and seek the battle plains,  
With flushing face shall wave in fight  
Their banners blazoned in the light!  
"For liberty!"  
Their cry shall be—  
Their cry from east to west,  
Till tyrants be suppressed.  
There shall I gladly yield  
My life upon the field.

There shall my heart's last blood flow out,  
 And I my latest cry shall shout.  
 May it be drowned in clash of steel,  
 In trumpets' and in cannons' peal;  
 And o'er my corpse  
 Let tread the horse,  
 Which gallops home from victory's gain  
 And leaves me trodden 'mid the slain.  
 My scattered bones shall be interred  
 Where all the dead are sepulchred—  
 When, amid slow funereal strains,  
 Banners shall wave o'er the remains  
 Of heroes who have died for thee,  
 O, world-delivering Liberty!



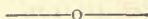
### THE ROSEBUSH TREMBLES.

(Reszket a bokor.)

The rosebush trembled when  
 A bird on its twig flew;  
 My own soul trembles when  
 I think, my dear, of you,  
 I think, my dear, of you,  
 My darling, charming maid.  
 Thou art the richest gem  
 My God has ever made.

When swollen is the Danube,  
 Then it doth overflow;  
 My heart, with love replete,  
 Doth now for thee just so.  
 Tell me, my dearest rose,  
 Art thou to me still true?  
 Not even thy parents, dear,  
 Can love thee as I do.

I know thy love was mine  
 'Neath last year's summer sun;  
 But winter came since then—  
 Who knows what he has done?  
 Shouldst thou love me no more,  
 I pray God bless thee still;  
 But, if thou lov'st me then,  
 A thousandfold he will.



### MY SONGS.

(Dalaim.)



Oft am I sunk in deepest thought,  
 Although my musings bring me naught,  
 My thoughts o'er all the country fly,  
 Flit o'er the earth, soar to the sky,  
 The songs which from my lips then roll  
 Are moon-rays of my dreamy soul.

Instead of dreaming, better 'twere  
 If for my future I should care;  
 And yet I ask, what care have I  
 Since God doth guard me from on high,  
 The songs which from my lips then roll  
 Are mayflies of my care-freed soul.

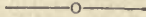
But if a lovely maid I meet,  
 My thoughts to inner depths retreat;  
 And then into her eyes I gaze,  
 As on the lake fall starry rays.  
 The songs which from my lips then roll  
 Are roses of my love-bound soul.



If mine her love, my joy wine crowns,  
 If not, then wine my sorrow drowns,  
 And where wine in abundance flows,  
 There gayety right swiftly grows.  
 The songs which from my lips then roll  
 Are rainbows of my misty soul.

Yet, while I hold the glass in hand,  
 The yoke oppresses many a land;  
 And joyous as the glasses ring,  
 As sadly bondsmen's fetters cling;  
 The songs which from my lips then roll  
 Are clouds that overcast my soul.

Why do men dwell in slavery's night?  
 Why burst they not their chains in fight?  
 Or do they wait till God some day  
 Shall let rust gnaw their chains away?  
 The songs which from my lips then roll  
 Are lightning flashes from my soul.



## THE IMPRISONED LION.

(A rab orozslán.)



The boundless desert is his home no more,  
 Within an iron cage he now must roar.

He, so debased, the desert's royal king,  
 To stand thus fettered by an iron ring!

To trifle with his sorrow let us cease;  
 'Tis desecration to disturb his peace.

If of his liberty he is bereft,  
Its memory still be to his heart's ease left.

If to the tree his near approach be stayed,  
Let him at least enjoy a little shade.

See in his mien what majesty is found,  
And with what grandeur do his looks abound!

Although from him his liberty they took,  
They could not take his proud, heroic look.

Even as the pyramid he seemeth grand,  
Which towered above his own loved land.

His memory fondly leads him back again;  
Once more is he upon his native plain,

That vast expanse of wilderness where o'er  
The wild simoom hath raced with him of yore.

O glorious land! O happy days and sweet!  
But hush! He hears the prison-keeper's feet.

And lo! the world of fantasy hath fled  
When cruel keeper smites him on the head.

A stick—and such a boy commands him now  
O heavenly powers to this he has to bow.

Hath he become so pitiful and poor,  
This deepest degradation to endure?

Behold the stupid herd, the gaping crowd  
At his humiliation laugh aloud.

How dare they breathe, for should he break his  
No soul of them from hell-fire would remain!  
chain

## IF BORN A MAN, THEN BE A MAN.

(Ha férfi vagy, légy férfi.)  

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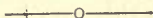
If born a man, then be a man,  
And not a wretched grub  
That pusillanimously bears  
Fate's every knock and rub!  
Fate is a cur that only barks,  
But fears a manly blow;  
A man must ever ready be  
To bravely meet his foe!

If born a man, then be a man,  
And boast not of the fact;  
More clear tongued than Demosthenes  
Are valiant thought and act.  
Build up, destroy, but silent be  
When finished; spare display  
Just as the storm that does its work  
Subsides and dies away.

If born a man, then be a man,  
Hold honor, faith, thy own;  
Express them even if thy blood  
Should for thy creed atone.  
Forfeit thy life an hundred times  
Ere thou thy word dost break;  
Let all be lost, 'tis not too much  
To pay for honor's sake.

If born a man, then be a man,  
And bargain not away  
Thy independence e'en for all  
The great world's rich array.  
Despise the knave who sells himself,  
The man who has his price!  
"A beggar's staff and liberty"  
Be ever thy device!

If born a man, then be a man,  
 Strong, brave and true as steel!  
 Then trust that neither man nor fate  
 Can crush thee 'neath their heel.  
 An oak be, which the hurricane  
 May shake and break and rend;  
 But ne'er possess the power its frame  
 Or giant force to bend!



## SONG OF THE DOGS AND WOLVES.

(A kutyák és farkasok dala.)



### I.

How fierce the tempest blows—  
 The winter's cruel twin:  
 The chill and freezing snows  
 To reign outside begin.

What heed we who enjoy  
 The kitchen corner snug?  
 Where masters kind supply  
 Straw and a cosy rug.

For food we have no care;  
 When masters gorge their meat,  
 The remnants are our share,  
 Which we may freely eat.

Full oft we feel the log  
 That hurts, but then, we own  
 That nothing harms a dog—  
 A fact too widely known!

When master's wrath is o'er,  
 And he has ceased to beat  
 Grateful we crawl before  
 And lick his gracious feet.

## II.

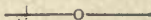
How fierce the tempest blows—  
 The winter's cruel twins:  
 Chill rain and freezing snows  
 To reign outside begin.

Empty the country is,  
 Our home this barren space;  
 Not e'en a bush affords  
 To us a hiding place.

Without 'tis bitter cold,  
 And hunger fierce within;  
 Relentlessly pursue  
 These foes of ours, born twin.

Besides those foes, a third—  
 The loaded gun—we dread,  
 When the milk-white snow  
 Is stained with bloody red.

We freeze, we starve, we feel  
 The shot wounds in our breast;  
 Hard is our lot, but yet  
 With freedom we are blest!



**I AM A MAGYAR.**  
 (Magyar vagyok.)

A Magyar I! The splendor of my land  
 Naught can surpass. She is the loveliest  
 Upon the globe, and countless as the sand  
 The beauties are she bears upon her breast.

In mountains she is rich and from their height  
 One casts his glance beyond the distant sea;  
 Her fertile plains are wide, you think they might  
 Extend to where the world's end seems to be.

A Magyar I! By nature am I sad  
 As are the first tunes of my nation's lay.  
 And though I often smile when I am glad,  
 I never laugh, however I be gay.  
 But when the utmost joy doth fill my breast,  
 In freely flowing tears breaks out my glee;  
 Yet joyous seems my face when most depressed,  
 For none shall ever dare to pity me.

A Magyar I! With pride I cast my eye  
 Over the sea of history past and see  
 Vast, mighty rocks that almost reach the sky;  
 They are my nations deeds of bravery.  
 We, too, were acting once on Europe's stage,  
 And ours was not an empty, useless role!  
 When, at the play, our sword we drew in rage  
 All feared us, as the child the thunder's roll.

A Magyar I! But what is that to-day?  
 Ghost of a glorious past that restless stirs  
 At dark, but which the midnight spells must lay  
 In dreamless sleep down is his sepulchres.  
 How mute we are! Our neighbors nearest by  
 Scarce gain a sign that we are yet alive;  
 One brother will the other vilify  
 And in our land, but wrong and falsehood thrive.

A Magyar I! But O! how I deplore  
 To be a Magyar now! It is a shame  
 That while the sun in brightness shines all o'er,  
 No gleam or dawn to us as yet there came;  
 Still all the wealth on earth could not suffice  
 My love of thee dear spot, e'er to efface;  
 Dear native land, I still must idolize  
 And love thee still in spite of thy disgrace!

## A HOLY GRAVE.

(Szent sir.)  

---

Far, very far away,  
Whence in the gentle spring,  
To us the swallows come;  
Far, very far away,  
Where in our wintry days,  
The swallow has her home.

A holy grave doth rise,  
Close to the green sea-waves  
That wash the yellow shore;  
A weeping willow's branch,  
A wild shrub's crape-like veil  
This lone grave shadeth o'er.

Beside this single shrub,  
There comes no thing to mourn  
The glorious dead's decease,  
Who for a century,  
After a busy life,  
Sleeps here in endless peace.

He was a hero bold,  
The last-left valorous knight,  
Who for fair freedom fought;  
But how could fate protect  
One on whom his own land  
Ingratitude had wrought.

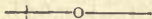
He into exile went,  
Lest his degenerate land  
He should be forced to see,  
And, seeing, he should curse;  
While from an alien shore  
He looks with charity.

And here, day after day,  
 He watched the clouds that came  
 From his own dearest home.  
 Was it the sunset glow,  
 Or yet his country's shame  
 That burned in heaven's dome?

He often sat to catch  
 The murmur of the waves  
 That move the rolling sea.  
 He almost dreamed he heard  
 His country once again,  
 Was happy, proud and free!

That he should hear once more  
 His native land was free  
 Was still his fond belief.  
 And for his freedom's news  
 He waited, until death  
 Brought him most sweet relief.

At home, even now, his name  
 Is hardly known. But one  
 Remembers him, the bard.  
 Forgotten he would be—  
 Sang not the bard of him,  
 Freedom's eternal guard!



### THE WIND.

(A szél.)

—

To-day, a soft, mild, whispering breeze am I,  
 As gently o'er the greening fields I rove,  
 Breathe kisses on the faces of the buds,  
 My sweet, warm kiss, the pledge of my true love.

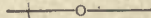


"Bloom, bloom! fair daughters of the balmy spring!"  
 Soft whispering in their ears 'bloom! bloom!' I say  
 Then, as their coverings they shyly ope,  
 In bliss upon their breasts I faint away.

To-morrow though I am the shrill-voiced wind,  
 The bush in fear shall tremble in my path,  
 Beholding in my hands the whetted knife,  
 It knows I shall deprive it of its green.  
 "Ye foolish, trusty maidens fade away!"  
 I hiss unto the flow'rs and withered, sere  
 They fade away upon the autumn's breast,  
 While cold and scornful I but laugh and jeer.

To-day a meek breeze I, as o'er smooth streams  
 I peacefully and calm float through the air  
 Observed but by the little, weary bee,  
 Who, flying homewards from the meads, doth bear  
 Her burden at her side,—the gathered sweets  
 For honey-making,—culled from flowers bright.  
 The tiny creature on my palm I bear  
 And thus assist her in her weary flight.

To-morrow, once again, the tempest mad!  
 O'er angry seas on my wild steed I'll ride,  
 Cause in my wrath their dark-green locks to shake,  
 The lord like, who by stubborn child's defied.  
 I'll sweep the sea, and if a ship I meet,  
 Her wings, the flut'ring sails I'll wrest.  
 And with her mast write on the waves her fate:  
 "No more wilt thou in any harbor rest!"



### THE FLOWERS.

(A virágok.)

Out in the field to where I go,  
 Midst blade o' grass fair flowers grow.  
 The flowers sweet, which here I see  
 How precious are you all to me.

As had I met a beauteous maid  
 My heart throbs with the joy conveyed,  
 Plant flowers fair,—when once I die,—  
 Above the grave wherein I lie.

Beside the flowers I take my seat  
 And then with friendly chat I greet,  
 E'en love's confession make to them.  
 Do you love me? I ask of them  
 They answer not, but I can tell  
 They understand me very well.  
 Plant flowers fair,—when once I die,—  
 Above the grave wherein I lie.

Who knows? Does not the flower's scent  
 Its very language represent?  
 We grasp it not, it doth not reach  
 Our souls as does sweet human speech;  
 Man's soul the sweet perfume enjoys,  
 But does not hear the spirit voice.  
 Plant flowers fair,—when once I die,—  
 Above the grave wherein I lie.

Aye, aye! this scent is speech, e'en more!  
 It is a song, a song of spirit lore.  
 When I cast off this earthly clay  
 And in the grave am laid away.  
 I'll no more scent that sweet perfume  
 I'll hear the song within my tomb!  
 Plant flowers fair,—when once I die,—  
 Above the grave wherein I lie.

This scent, the flowers' melody,  
 At one time be my lullaby,  
 The gentle tune of which shall bring  
 Sweet sleep to me each coming spring.  
 From spring to spring these songs shall thrill  
 My soul, my sleep with bright dreams fill.  
 Plant flowers fair,—when once I die,—  
 Above the grave wherein I lie.

## RAGGED HEROES.

(Rongyos vitézek.)  

---

I also could with rythm and rhyme  
My poems clothe and deck them out,  
Just as a dandy it behooves  
To dress for some gay ball or rout.

But then these cherished thoughts of mine  
Are not like fashion's idle toys,  
Who find, beperfumed and begloved,  
In fancy garb their chiefest joys.

The clash of swords, the cannon's roll  
Have died in rust; a war begun  
Is now without a musket waged—  
But with ideas shall be won.

I, too, the gallant ranks have joined,  
And with my age am sworn to fight,  
Have in command a stalwart troop,  
Each song of mine a valiant knight.

My men, 'tis true, are clad in rags,  
But each of them is brave and bold;  
We gauge the soldier not by dress  
But by his deeds of valor bold.

I never question if my songs  
Will live beyond me; 'tis but naught  
To me; if they are doomed to die  
They fall at least where they have fought.

Even then the book shall hallowed be  
Wherein my thoughts lie buried deep;  
For 'tis the heroes' burial place  
Who for the sake of freedom sleep.

## FIRE.

(Tüz.)  

---

Not like the willow tree rots in the swamp  
Do I want pass away. My death  
Be like the oak's on high which is consumed  
By lightnings fiery breath.

Give me the flaming fire! For fish and frogs  
The water might be good enough,  
For poetasters too, who froglike croak  
Their labored doggerel like stuff.

A flaming fire! Thou art my element!  
Throughout the days of long ago  
My body often froze, my soul how'er  
Was e'er surcharged with fiery glow.

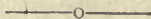
Come, pretty little maid, I love thee well  
Come, passionately I love thee!  
But fiery be thyself, or else: good-bye  
My love, we two can not agree.

Innkeeper, bring a jug of wine! but heed:  
Good wine! If watery at all,  
That jug flies either at thy head or I  
Shall promptly smash it on the wall.

This is the only life that's worth to live:  
With fiery maid and fiery wine!  
And what I have almost forgot to name:  
We must not miss, the song divine.

Then sing a song! a fiery song! The tongue  
Shall rot within the human frame  
Which can not sing a song from which the heart  
Is not inspired by holy flame.

Not like the willow tree rots in the swamp  
 Do I want pass away. My death  
 Be like the oak's on high which is consumed  
 By lightning's fiery breath.



### MY JULIA IS MINE, AT LAST.

(Bírom végre Juliskámat.)

My Julia is mine at last,  
 Forever mine alone,  
 To God and all the world, I can  
 Proclaim her as my own.

In joyful mood now, I have not  
 Forgotten former woe,  
 Shall I now laugh, shall I now weep  
 With joy, I do not know.

Am I the man who until now  
 But misery had seen?  
 And to whose heart, each day of life  
 A dreadful curse had been?

Am I indeed the man who now  
 With happiness is blessed?  
 No man throughout the world has e'er  
 Bliss like my own possessed.

Most eagerly the fall of leaves,  
 The autumn I expect,  
 The autumn will my life's spring be:  
 I'll be bridegroom-elect.

Into the future I not look,  
 I do not even try.  
 This future is like noonday-sun,  
 It would blinden my eye.

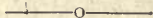
I rather look into the moon,  
 Into the yesterday,  
 It is as fair, but gentler is  
 The pale moon's silver ray.

How glorious this yesterday  
 Which at her home I spent,  
 Eternity 'tis in its bliss  
 That one day's great event.

'Tis then I drew her to my side,  
 And burning hot the breath  
 Which, when I kissed her ruby lips,  
 My lips encountereth.

My own lips flamed up from that kiss!  
 E'en now I feel the glow,  
 As if a melting sun's fierce flames  
 Would still within me flow.

I do not even fear the grave,  
 Its cold can do no harm,  
 These flames shall even there my heart  
 Protectingly keep warm.



### THOU ART MINE.

(Te az enyém, én a tied...)

Thou art now mine and I am thine,  
 And all the world is ours!  
 Though high above does brightly shine  
 The sun in midday hours:  
 Not e'en the sun on high,  
 Can anywhere espy  
 Such happy folks as you and I.

My rose is but a little maid,  
My knee holds her secure,  
My rose is but a little maid,  
Her soul is big and pure.  
My sweetheart's soul is grand,  
And wide its bounds expand  
It is as big as fairyland.

Cometh my Julia to my mind,  
I can see in the dark,  
In her white soul, bright eyes I find  
The light creating spark.  
These two torches suffice  
To see with my own eyes  
The glories of the Paradise.

Remembrest thou, of course thou must,  
Dear mother, when I played  
Before our house, how I would thrust  
Myself ahead, and made  
The boys to do the thing  
I wished about to bring?  
I wanted to become the king!

Well, mother dear, I hear you yet  
A-laughing at thy boy,  
Who on his childish head had set  
As crown, a broken toy.  
But God Almighty, He  
Had heard my childhood's plea,  
Indeed a king he made of me!

I am a king since mine thou art  
Sweet Julia! mine alone!  
Not on my head, within my heart  
The crown which now I own.  
God bless thee Julia dear,  
No king on earth my peer,  
Since thy sweet love crowns my career!

## HOW BEAUTEOUS IS THE WORLD.

(Mily szép a világ.)

Did I once curse my life  
 As one big, dreadful strife?  
 Did through the world affright  
 I roam, like ghosts at night.  
 Indeed, I blush with shame,  
 To have injured thy fame  
 Thou life, which art so sweet,  
 Thou world, with bliss replete.

My wild youth's stormy days  
 Have calm become. The rays  
 Of heaven's smiling eye  
 Spread light beneath the sky,  
 Like loving mothers do  
 When they their babies view.  
 Indeed, our life is sweet,  
 The world with bliss replete.

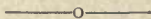
Each day that comes and goes  
 Weeds out one of my woes.  
 A garden is once more  
 My heart, and by the score  
 Sweet flowers therein bloom  
 Each with a rich perfume.  
 Indeed, our life is sweet,  
 The world with bliss replete.

No more with diffidence  
 I view faith; confidence .  
 My soul gladdens anew,  
 As if friends, good and true,  
 Who had been absent long  
 Around me now would throng.  
 Indeed, our life is sweet,  
 The world with bliss replete.



Friends of my youth! Come, nigh,  
 And nearer still, for I  
 Shall nevermore offend  
 By mistrusting a friend.  
     Mistrust,—the devil's own,—  
     Forever I disown.  
 Indeed, our life is sweet,  
 The world with bliss replete.

And comes then to my mind,  
 The flower which had entwined  
 Itself around my heart,—  
 A fair dream's counterpart,—  
     The brown maid I adore  
     Who loves me with loves lore:  
 Indeed, then life is sweet,  
 The world with bliss replete.



### AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

(Az év végén.)



Thou goest; thy course is run, old year!  
 Well go! But stay, pass not alone;  
 Dark is the next world, so one might  
 Be led astray; my song shall light  
 The road, and thus thy way be known.

Again I grasp my good old lute,  
 Once more I touch its tuneful strings;  
 It has been mute, but I will try  
 To conjure its old melody,  
 If still it passionately sings.

If e'er thou sangest sweet, let now  
 The mellowest lay thy strings outpour;  
 A song as fair as ever came  
 From thee, and worthy of thy fame  
 Shall solemnize this parting hour.

Who knows? who knows? This may the last,  
 The last song be that I shall hear.  
 Laying aside the lute to-day,  
 Wake it again I never may;  
 To die may be my fate this year.

The army of the God of Wars  
 I joined and now go forth to fight.  
 A next year I may never see;  
 But yet I hope my poetry  
 With blood dipped battle-blade to write.

Sing, I beseech of thee; O, sing  
 In accents silver-clear, my lyre!  
 Let mild or thunderous be thy voice,  
 Let it be sad, let it rejoice;  
 But sing with passion and with fire.

A tempest thou shalt be, which will  
 O'er hill and vale with fury sweep;  
 A zephyr be, which smilingly  
 Lulls with its mellow lullaby  
 The verdant meadows into sleep.

Or yet a mirror be, wherein  
 My youth, my love, shall meet my eye,  
 My youth which dies, but never wanes,  
 My love which ever green remains,  
 Eternal as the vault on high!

O sing, sweet lute, thy sweetest tunes,  
 Give all the song that in thee is!  
 The setting sun sheds with delight  
 His rays from yonder flaming height  
 And spends the remnant that is his.

And if thy swan song it may be,  
Peal it forth mighty and sublime;  
Not to be lost of men with ease,  
But let it over centuries  
Come echoing from the rocks of time.



### AT THE HAMLET'S OUTSKIRTS.

(Falu végén kurta korcsma...)



Outside the hamlet, on the sands  
Of Szamosh's banks, an inn there stands,  
Which in the stream were mirrored clear,  
Did eventide not draw so near.

The night draws nigh, the daylight wanes,  
And quiet o'er the landscape reigns;  
The swinging bridge is safely bound,  
And darkness girds it all around.

But, in the tavern, hark the noise,  
The laugh and shout of village boys.  
The sound of cymbals cleaves the air;  
The gipsy-player tarries there.

"Come, pretty hostess, darling mine,  
Pray give us some of your best wine;  
Let it possess my grandsire's years  
With fervor such as is my dear's.

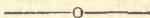
"Strike, gypsy boy, strike up! I swear  
I want to dance a livelier air—  
My money all to you I roll;  
To-night I'll dance away my soul."

But some one knocks. "My master says  
Too great the noise is that you raise;  
Unless in bounds your mirth you keep,  
He swears he cannot go to sleep!"

"Bad luck to you!—your master tell  
That both of you can go to hell!  
Play, gypsy boy, for spite now play,  
Even if my shirt the piper pay."

Again a knock comes. "For God's sake,  
Pray do not such a turmoil make!  
I beg of you now to be still,  
My mother lies near here very ill."

None answer her. The noise has ceased,  
Their passion quickly is appeased,  
Mute has become the gypsy's play,  
The boys in silence homeward stray.



**TWILIGHT.**  
(Alkony.)



The sun is like a withered rose,  
Which, dropping, bends her weary head.  
Her leaves, just like his pallid rays,  
With sad smiles o'er the landscape spread.

Mute and calm the world around me  
I hear the distant curfew bell;  
From heaven or dreamland come the sweet  
And distant sounds, I cannot tell.

Attentively I list, I love  
Sweet reveries' adagios:  
God knows what I feel and feel not—  
And where my mind, God only knows.

## AUNT SARAH.

(Sári néni.)  

---

Upon the threshold sits, by age bent down,  
Aunt Sarah, bowing low her silver crown;  
An eyeglass rides upon her bony nose,  
I fancy her own funeral shroud she sews.  
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,  
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

What heretofore she did in dresses wear—  
The folds and creases—now her face doth bear;  
Clad now in faded rags, her dress I trow  
Must have been new some twenty years ago.  
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,  
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

I almost freeze when I behold her head,  
Life's winter hath thereon its white snow shed;  
And like a stork's nest in the chimney there,  
Looks on her hoary head her stragging hair.  
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,  
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

Her eyes, once bright, have left their native place,  
Sunk in, and beautify no more her face.  
They faintly flicker in a ghastly gloom,  
As tapers left to burn in some death room.  
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,  
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

A barren plain, it seems, is now her breast,  
As if beneath not e'en a heart did rest.  
Her heart, not wholly dead, still pulsates there,  
And sometimes does its old emotions share.  
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,  
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

Youth is a spendthrift, who will freely spend  
 His wealth and charms, and does not apprehend  
 The miser father—Age—who will some day  
 Gather the treasures spent, take them away.  
 Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,  
 When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

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### HOMER AND OSSIAN.

---

Where is the Greek, where is the Celt?  
 They disappeared, like cities dealt  
 A deathly blow by ocean's flow  
 Which swallowed them, we only know  
 Where once they stood, because we see  
 Their towers' spires above the sea,  
 These mighty towers still seen by man,  
 Are you: Homer and Ossian!

A beggar one, of royal blood  
 The other, but what is more odd  
 The similarity we find:—  
 The beggar and the prince—both blind!  
 Who knows, did not both lose their sight  
 By looking in the dazzling light  
 Of their own soul, their glory bright?

Great geniuses both! Did they  
 With magic hand on their lutes play  
 Divine command like, they to build  
 For men a world, which their mind filled  
 With thoughts inspiring, wonderful,  
 Sublimely grand and beautiful?  
 Did you hear Homer? In his song:  
 The thoundrous bolts, the passions strong  
 Eternal smiles of peaceful joy,  
 With dawn's brightness laughingly toy,

The midday sun's gold rays spread o'er  
The sea's blonde waves and o'er the shore  
Of islands green, where gently play  
The demigods with human clay.  
Yea! Mortal men,—God's from above,—  
Unite to play thy plays: sweet love!

And did you e'er to Ossian list?  
In northern sea's eternal mist,  
Above wild peaks, when thundrous storms,  
In dreadful nights the shapeless forms  
Let loose! his clarion voice is heard  
And all the nature seemeth stirred.

With blooded hues, when like abed  
The sun had gone, the moonrays spread  
A spectre shroud o'er the horrid scene:  
The field o'er which the marching ghosts,—  
Of former days' the warrior hosts,—  
Led by their captains can be seen.

All that is light and fair and bright  
Is in thy song, thou beggar-knight,  
Homer! Thou art the world's delight.

All that is drear, austere, severe  
Is in thy song thou royal seer,  
Prince Ossian! to mankind dear  
Are ye, Homer and Ossian!

Proceed! Proceed to inspire men  
With your immortal songs! and when  
To centuries, milleniums,  
—Time 's pitiless,—the world succumbs:  
Your name, your fame shall e'er remain  
Untarnished, your laurels retain  
Their freshest green! and great you'll be  
Till time 's lost in eternity!

## THE MOON'S ELEGY.

(A hold elegiája.)

I wonder why I am the moon?  
     My God! What are my sins?  
 Why is my misery so great,  
     Why must from pain I vince?  
 I'd rather be earth's humblest slave,  
     Than here proud king of night,  
 On earth in sandals walk, than here  
     In boots, spurred like a knight.  
 I'd rather smell the barroom's breath,  
     Than starry flowers scent;  
 Is there a good man who does not  
     O'er my sad fate lament?  
 Each dog, each poet barks at me.  
     These rhyming whittlers e'en  
 Think, out of sympathy with them  
     I am so pale-faced seen.  
 I, sympathize with them, whose heart  
     Is unmoved, but whose ears  
 Move to the tune of doggerel verse  
     One from these fellows hears?  
 'Tis true, I am pale faced, how'er  
     I am not so from woe!!  
 It is from wrathful ire, because  
     Those foolish chumps below  
 Dare kinship claim, and look on me  
     As were they chums of mine,  
 And with them I would be engaged  
     In guarding herds of swine.  
 Once in a while I truly hear  
     A God-born son of song,  
 And blissfully I list to lays  
     Which rise from passions strong.  
 But until one such minstrel sings,  
     What whinings must I hear!



And how these poetasters thrive,  
     And how they persevere  
 To mew and blab! At evenings I  
     Do actually fear  
 To rise because their screeching song  
     Is sure to reach my ear.  
 Just as I thought! There 's one right here!  
     Look at him! How he sprawls,  
 See-saws the air! He thinks he sings,  
     In truth he only bawls.  
 He sighs as does some gipsy lad  
     Who just had come to grief,  
 I wonder if his moans and groans  
     Bring him any relief?  
 What things he talks! Constantly asks  
     That I should look and see  
 What does just now his sweetheart do?  
     All right! I grant his plea.  
 Well then, your sweetheart just now crawls  
     Out of the oven door,  
 Brings forth the baked potatoes which  
     She had put in before.  
 She eagerly bites into one  
     Oh! what a face she makes!  
 She burned her lips, her yell and howl  
     All of the household wakes!  
 O! What a face! well you deserve  
     To have such just a belle!  
 Now, having told you what she does  
     There 's but one thing to tell:  
 Pray, sing no more, but sneak away  
     And go, yes, go to hell.

---

**A ROSEBUSH ON THE HILLSIDE GROWS.**  
 (Rózsabokor domboldalon.)

---

A rosebush on the hillside grows;  
 Come; darling, on my breast repose.  
 Thy love then whisper in my ear,  
 Let me that joyful story hear!

Within the Danube's rushing waves,  
 The sun it, seems, its shadows laves,  
 And o'er them sways and glows in glee,  
 As I sway thee upon my knee.

It has been said of me, that I  
 Am atheist and God deny;  
 Yet even now I pray intent,  
 To read thy heart-beats I am bent.

---

**AT THE END OF SEPTEMBER.**  
 (Szeptember végén.)

---

The garden flowers still blossom in the vale,  
 Before our house the poplars still are green;  
 But soon the mighty winter will prevail;  
 Snow is already on the mountain seen.  
 The summer sun's benign and warming ray  
 Still moves my youthful heart, now in its spring;  
 But lo! my hair shows signs of turning gray,  
 The wintry days thereto their colors bring.

This life is short; too early fades the rose;  
 To sit here on my knee, my darling, come;  
 Wilt thou who on my breast dost now repose,  
 Not kneel, perhaps to-morrow o'er my tomb?  
 O! tell me, if before thee I should die,  
 Wilt thou, with broken heart, weep o'er my bier,  
 Or will some youth efface my memory,  
 And with his love soon dry the mournful tear?

If thou dost lay aside the widow's veil,  
 Pray hang it o'er my tomb. At midnight I  
 Shall rise, and, coming forth from death's dark vale  
 Take it with me to where, forgot, I lie,  
 And stanch with it my ceaseless flowing tears,  
 Flowing for thee who hast forgotten me,  
 And bind my bleeding heart, which ever bears,  
 Even then and there, the truest love for thee.

## MASTER PATÓ.

(Pató Pál ur.)

Like an enchanted prince, beyond  
The famous Nowhere's mighty pond,  
Lives in a hamlet all alone,  
A Mister Pato, grouchy grown.  
Ah! what could be made of this life:  
Would there be here a young, fair wife,  
Master Pato's answer is:  
"We have lots of time for this!"

The ancient home threatens to fall:  
The plaster 's peeled of from the wall,  
The winds took of the roof a piece,  
And now and then a shutter seize,  
Let's make repairs, or by and by,  
We'll through the ceiling view the sky.  
Master Pato's answer is:  
"We have lots of time for this!"

The garden 's bare, howe'er the field,  
Does all the richer harvest yield  
Of poppies and dandolines,  
And choicest weeds of all designs.  
Why do the farm hands hang around?  
Why 's rust upon the ploughshares found?  
Master Pato's answer is:  
"We have lots of time for this!"

His fur-cloak and his pantaloon,  
So threadbare are that both shall soon  
Just fit but for mosquito nets,  
Does ever he new garment gets?  
The stuff has been bought long ago,  
The tailor must be sent for though.  
Master Pato's answer is:  
"We have lots of time for this!"

And thus he passes all his days.  
 His fathers gave him means and ways,  
 And rich inheritance, but he  
 Of misery is never free.  
 Look not upon his faults with scorn:  
 As a Magyar he was born,  
 And his country's motto is:  
 "We have lots of time for this!"

---

O

ON A RAILROAD.

(Vasuton.)

---

I am in raptures, happy, gay;  
 Glorious scenes now greet my eye.  
 Only the birds ere now could fly,  
 But men can also fly to-day.

Fleet-winged thought or venturous mind,  
 We'll in the race with you compete.  
 Spur on your horse! A splendid heat!  
 We shall, withal, leave you behind.

Hills and vales, seas, men and trees,  
 What else I pass God only knows;  
 My wonder, my amazement grows,  
 Viewing these misty sceneries.

The sun runs with us as in dread  
 Of quick pursuit—a madman's thought—  
 By devils who, if him they caught,  
 Into small fragments then would shred.

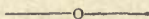
He ran and ran and onward fled,  
 But all in vain! He had to stop,  
 Tired, on a western mountain top;  
 Blushing with shame, his face is red.

But in our ride we still proceed;  
 We weary not, feel no fatigue;  
 And, rolling up league after league,  
 To reach new worlds shall yet succeed.

A thousand railroads men shall build  
 Throughout the earth, till endless chains  
 Or iron lines, like human veins,  
 The world with healthy life have filled.

The railroads are the veins of earth;  
 Culture and progress prosper where  
 They cause pulsations in the air;  
 To nation's greatness they give birth .

Build railroads, more than heretofore;  
 You ask whence you shall iron take?  
 The chains and yokes of slavery break;  
 Let human slavery be no more!



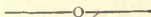
### MY WIFE IS DEAD.

(Meghalt a feleségem.)



My wife I loved is dead,  
 Satis tarde quidem,  
 All my hopes have fled,  
 Debuisset pridem.  
 As housewife she was fine  
 Cuncta dissipavit,  
 She hated beer and wine  
 But semper potavit.  
 Oh! thóu most cruel death.  
 Cum sero venisti?  
 Where's my Elizabeth!  
 Quam bene fecisti!  
 To church I wend my way,  
 Adibo popinam!

And for her soul I'll pray,  
 Moerorem deponam!  
 I wish she would return,  
 Quod Deus avertat.  
 I'd fast, my meals I'd spurn,  
 Ut ibi maneat.  
 I'd hold her in esteem,  
 Crinium tractibus,  
 To kiss her, my one dream  
 Per dorsum fustibus  
 What am I now to do?  
 Ducam pulchriorem,  
 I'll say to the world adieu,  
 Quaeram meliorem!



### MY MOTHER'S HEN.

(Anyám tyukja.)



Well, this is rich! The hen housed in the room!  
 Good mother hen, art happy I presume.

God has been good to thee to be kept, where  
 My own good mother takes of thee good care.

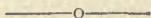
Right here thou art allowed to hop around,  
 On trunk and table e'en thou hast been found.  
 Right in the room thou hast been cackling loud,  
 And not chased out, to stay thou wert allowed.

They would not chase thee out, oh no! indeed!  
 As if thou wert a dove, the choicest feed  
 Is sought for thee, fine grains of corn and wheat,  
 No prince receives more wholesome food to eat.

But then, good mother-hen, for all this, I  
 Expect of thee that thou wilt truly try  
 For my own mother each and every day;  
 —She needs it, don't forget!—fresh eggs to lay.

And now, my short-tailed dog, I talk to thee,  
 Just prick thy ears and listen now to me:  
 A faithful servant thou hast been till now,  
 And always well behaved, I must allow.

Just list', my good old dog and don't forget,  
 For chicken meat thy teeth thou must not whet.  
 Thou and this hen must e'er as friends be known,  
 My mother does no other chicken own.



### NATIONAL SONG.

(Nemzeti dal.)

Rise, Magyar; 'tis the country's call!  
 The time has come, say one and all:  
 Shall we be slaves, shall we be free?  
 This is the question, now agree!  
 For by the Magyar's God above  
 We truly swear,  
 We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
 No more to bear!

Alas! till now we were but slaves;  
 Our fathers resting in their graves  
 Sleep not in freedom's soil. In vain  
 They fought and died free homes to gain.  
 But by the Magyar's God above  
 We truly swear,  
 We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
 No more to bear!

A miserable wretch is he  
Who fears to die, my land, for thee!  
His worthless life who thinks to be  
Worth more than thou, sweet liberty!  
Now by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!

The sword is brighter than the chain,  
Men cannot nobler gems attain;  
And yet the chain we wore, oh, shame!  
Unsheath the sword of ancient fame!  
For by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!

The Magyar's name will soon once more  
Be honored as it was before!  
The shame and dust of ages past  
Our valor shall wipe out at last.  
For by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!

And where our graves in verdure rise  
Our children's children to the skies  
Shall speak the grateful joy they feel,  
And bless our names the while they kneel.  
For by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!



## MY WIFE AND MY SWORD.

(Feleségem és kardom.)

---

Upon the roof a dove,  
A star within the sky  
Upon my knees my love,  
For whom I live and die;  
In raptures I embrace  
And rock her on my knees,  
Just as the dewdrop sways  
Upon the leafy trees.

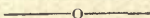
But why, you surely ask,  
Kiss not her pretty face?  
It is an easy task  
To kiss while we embrace!  
Many a burning kiss  
I press upon her lip,  
For such celestial bliss  
I cannot now let slip.

And thus we pass our day,  
I and my winsome wife,  
Bright as a rare gem's ray  
Has been our wedded life.  
A friend—my sword—it seems  
This love likes not at all;  
He shoots his angry gleams  
Upon me from the wall.

Lock not on me, good sword,  
With eyes so stern and cold,  
There should be no discord  
Between us, comrades old.  
To women leave such things  
As green-eyed jealousy;  
To men but shame it brings,  
And you a man must be!

But, then, if you would pause  
 To think who is my love,  
 You never would see cause  
 Your comrade to reprove  
 She is the sweetest maid  
 She is so good and true;  
 Like her, God has but made,  
 I know, a very few.

If thee, good sword, again  
 Shall need our native land;  
 To seek the battle-plain  
 Will be my wife's command.  
 She will insist that I  
 Go forth, my sword, with thee,  
 To fight—if need, to die—  
 For glorious liberty!



### THE FALLEN STATUE.

(A ledőlt szobor.)

A monument stood on a mountain high;  
 So lofty was the mount, seemed to the sky  
 To reach; the clouds its girding belt suggest,  
 The noon sun on its shoulders took his rest.

Upon this mountain top, a monument  
 In bronze, majestic and magnificent  
 Stood. There he holds a sword to action drawn,  
 And waves aloft a banner to the dawn.

How came this statue to the mountain top?  
 Fell it from heaven? Did men carry it up?  
 If heaven-born, 'tis sacred all the time;  
 If built by men, still more is it sublime

It was the joint work of earth and heaven.  
To mortal men's toil God His help hath given;  
Miriad hands, at work for centuries,  
Achieved the shaping of this masterpiece.

But it was done! The statue stood erect .  
All Europe looked at it with deep respect.  
All knees bend low, some with esteem sincere,  
While others crawl in dust, impelled by fear.

The mountain stands, though barren is its crown.  
But where's the monument? Did its renown  
The heavens covet, and from here below  
Transplanted it into its realm? But no!

An earthquake came, which shook it from its base,  
And then the storm-wind swept it from its place,  
Till thundering it fell. The statute's now  
Down in the valley, swallowed by the slough,

My fatherland! Thou saintly monument!  
Dragged into the mire, all impotent,  
Three hundred years unmercifully bled,  
Then left in the foul swamp,—a living dead!

Around thy head, which once the stars on high  
With gems to deck would with each other vie,  
Came worms of earth to crawl. It was supposed  
That bled to death thy life's career hath closed.

My fatherland! Beloved fatherland!  
What sentiment was it, that I, unmanned  
By gruesome recollections of the past,  
Felt my heart quiver like a wind-tossed mast?

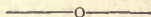
Our woe begone! Our doleful days are o'er!  
The saintly monument which we adore  
We rescued from the slough into the air  
Of light and freedom and the sun's bright glare!

Come one! come all! Let us its body clean,  
 Untarnished shall it be, as it has been  
 Of yore! Come all! The women with their tears,  
 Men with their blood to wash the scars and sears.

When in the former splendor it shall shine,  
 We can retire to rest, dear friends of mine.  
 But no! Not even then! New tasks await  
 Our undivided efforts for the state.

We must replace the statue on the height  
 Where once it stood in glorious splendor bright!  
 From whence with sword and battle flag unfurled,  
 Looked dignified on the admiring world!

Up, all of you, my nation's sires and sons!  
 Disgrace on him who now his duty shuns.  
 Esteem is his who truly pays his dues:  
 Disgrace,—esteem!—between the two now choose!



### THE GOD OF THE MAGYARS.

(A magyarok istene.)

Away, ye narrow minds, who even now  
 Dare harbor doubts about the future's days;  
 For who will not a mighty God avow,  
 His loving care for our home who gainsays?

The times, the people's tempests, dire and dread,  
 Is held by Him in His parental care;  
 For centuries He has upheld our Land,  
 To fight the robber foe from everywhere.

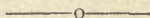
The times, the people's tempests, dire and dread,  
 Would have scattered us, as if we were  
 But dust; His saintly wings were o'er us spread—  
 The gales past o'er our heads—and all was fair.

The volumes of our story read, you'll trace  
 His power divine on every page thereof;  
 Like golden thread runneth His kindly grace  
 Throughout our life, which he hath blessed  
with love.  
 And thus we lived the thousand years that passed;  
 And should these thousand years have lasted but  
 That now, when we have reached the port, the last  
 Waves shall us all unsparingly englut?

Not for a moment think that this can be;  
 It would be sacrilege to think this e'en.  
 No human being would, of course not He,  
 Upon His children play a trick so mean.

The Magyar nation sinned, her sins were great;  
 For all transgressions though she did atone.  
 She has had virtues, too; rewards await  
 Her still—rewards the future can't postpone.

Thou, my dear home, wilt live because thou must!  
 Sweet joys and glory be henceforth thy share!  
 Forever freed of woe and care, 'tis just  
 To look expectant toward a dawn most fair.



## FAREWELL.

(Bucusu.)



The sun had hardly dawned, when lo! it set.  
 I had but come, and now I must depart.  
 Scarce had I time to greet and kiss thee, dear,  
 When duty calls and we again must part.  
 God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,  
 Good-bye, my heart, my, love, my soul, my life!

I carry now the sword and not the lute,  
 The minstrel as a soldier now must fight.  
 A golden star hath led me heretofore,  
 The blood-red sky is now my guiding light  
 God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,  
 Good-bye, my heart, my, love, my soul, my life!

'Tis not ambition which prompts me to leave;  
 No laurels rest where thou the roses red  
 Of happiness hast placed upon my brow,  
 Which I shall never take from off my head.  
 God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,  
 Good-bye, my heart, my, love, my soul, my life!

'Tis not ambition which prompts me to leave;  
 Thou know'st ambition died within my soul.  
 'Tis for my fatherland I sacrifice  
 My life upon the field where cannons roll.  
 God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,  
 Good-bye, my heart, my, love, my soul, my life!

If none my dearest country should defend,  
 Alone I would defend her with all might;  
 Now, when all rise to seek the battle plains,  
 Shall I remain at home, afraid to fight?  
 God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,  
 Good-bye, my heart, my, love, my soul, my life!

I ask thee not to think of me when gone,  
 The while I fight for fatherland and thee;  
 My love to thee is pure and well I know  
 One thought alone thou hast, and that for me.  
 God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,  
 Good-bye, my heart, my, love, my soul, my life!

Perchance a crippled wreck I shall come home,  
 But thou, my darling wife, wilt love me still;  
 For, by our God, when I return, the same  
 Pure love, as now, my heart shall ever thrill.  
 God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,  
 Good-bye, my heart, my, love, my soul, my life!

## THE AUTUMN HAS COME...

(Itt van az ősz, itt van ujra.)

---

Autumn has come, autumn 's here  
Beauteous always, spreading cheer,  
Heaven only knows the reason,  
Why, but I best love this season.

I sit upon a nearby mound,  
Whence I with leisure look around,  
Softly murmur in the breeze  
The sere leaves falling from the trees,

A-smiling spreads these autumn days  
All o'er the earth, the sun his rays,  
The loving mother will thus gaze  
Upon her sleeping offspring's face,

This is not death o'er which we weep,  
The earth in autumn 's but asleep.  
All nature shows it is not dead,  
It rests awhile its weary head.

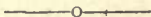
It quietly disrobes, the gay  
Dress of summer 's put away.  
Its flow'ry dress again will don  
When roused from sleep by springtide's sun,

Then sleep fair nature, gently sleep,  
Till o'er the earth spring's breezes sweep,  
And dream the brightest golden dreams  
Of sunlit fields and laughing streams,

My lute touched by my finger tips,  
A song arises on my lips,  
A lullaby for thee we sing,  
Fair nature sleep! sleep till the spring!

Come here, sit close to me my fay,  
 But silent be, until my lay  
     Dies out as dies the breeze which blows  
     Above the stream which yonder flows.

And when we kiss, thy lips, I trust  
 But gently touch my own, we must  
     Not nature, which is gone to rest,  
     In her sweet autumn sleep molest.



### HERE IS MY ARROW.

(Itt a nyilam...)



Here is my arrow! what shall I hit?  
 The king upon his throne doth sit.  
     His royal self my aim! I trust  
     My aim was sure, he bites the dust.  
     Now raise a cheer!  
     For the republic cheer!

The crowns are very costly things,  
 Unfit for it are all the kings,  
     Crown for the kings? Why should we straddle  
     A donkey with a velvet saddle?  
     Now raise a cheer!  
     For the republic cheer!

His purple regal cloak we'll take  
 For what it is best fit to make  
     Therefrom: we make from it, of course,  
     A blanket for a good old horse.  
     Now raise a cheer!  
     For the republic cheer!



The sceptre in his iron fist  
 We wrest from him, let us insist  
 That he a spade and shovel take  
 Wherewith his own grave he shall make  
 Now raise a cheer!  
 For the republic cheer!

One only thing, I say just now:  
 We have been foolish: I allow,  
 Henceforth we shall have better sense,  
 Hold in contempt the king's pretense!  
 Now raise a cheer!  
 For the republic cheer!



### WHO WOULD BELIEVE?

(Ki gondolná...)



Who would believe that on this plain  
 A few weeks since two armies stood,  
 Engaged in fierce, destructive fight,  
 Drenching the country with their blood?

A direful day it was throughout,  
 Foe facing here, foe charging there,  
 Death in the van death in the rear;  
 Sabres were flashing in the air.

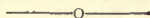
Then, like a troubled brow,  
 The sky was cloudy, dark and wild.  
 Now it looks pleasant, like the smile  
 Upon the bright face of a child.

The earth was like a hoary head;  
 Covered with snow was all the scene;  
 Now like the hopes of ardent youth  
 The earth is dressed in brightest green.

Then bullets whistled through the air,  
 We heard the mighty cannon's roll;  
 Above us now the nightingale  
 Pours out in song her lovebound soul.

Wherever then we cast our eyes  
 We only saw death's ghastly show;  
 But now the sweetest-scented flowers  
 In beauteous efflorescence grow.

Who would believe that on this plain  
 A few weeks since two armies stood,  
 Engaged in fierce, destructive fight,  
 Drenching the country with their blood?



### WAR SONG.

(Csatadal.)

The trumpets blare, drums beat the call:  
 Our boys are off to fight or fall;  
 Forward!

The bullets whistle, sabres clash  
 And rouse the Magyar spirit rash.  
 Forward!

May freedom's flag wave on the hight,  
 That all the world behold the sight!  
 Forward!

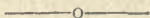
Unfurl the flag! the world shall see  
 The proud inscription, "Liberty!"  
 Forward!

The world the Magyar valor knows,  
 He bravely faces all his foes:  
 Forward!

A virtue God the Magyar gave;  
 He made his nature truly brave:  
 Forward!

Upon a gory ground I tread,  
 A comrade's blood has made it red:  
 Forward!  
 A hero he! Can I be less?  
 Boldly onward let me press:  
 Forward!

If our blood this earth must blot,  
 If even to die here be our lot:  
 Forward!  
 For thee our lives we freely give,  
 Dear Fatherland, that thou shalt live!  
 Forward!



## IN MY NATIVE LAND.

(Szülőföldemen.)

This landscape fills my heart with thrilling joy;  
 Here, years ago, I dwelt, a happy boy;  
 Here was I born, in this fair village-place;  
 I yet recall my dear old nurse's face;  
 Her simple cradle song sounds ever near,  
 And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

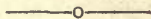
When still a child I went abroad to roam;  
 Now, a grown man, again I seek my home;  
 Ah! twenty years since then have passed away.  
 'Mid joy and sorrow, yea, 'mid toil and play.  
 For twenty years it echoed in my ear,  
 And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

My early playmates all, where now are ye?  
 If one of you 'twere mine again to see,  
 Most lovingly I'd clasp him to my breast,  
 The thought that I grow old would be suppressed  
 Yet this is now my five-and-twentieth year,  
 And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

As fleet-winged birds flit round from bough to bough  
 So do my restless thoughts flit backward now;  
 As sweets are gathered by the honey-bees,  
 So do my musings call glad memories—  
 Each pleasant spot of old to me is dear—  
 And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

I am a child, I am a child again;  
 I romp about, whistling an old refrain—  
 Upon a hobby-horse I ride, my horse  
 Is thirsty, to the trough I ride of course.  
 It drank enough, now "go" I say with cheer  
 And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

The sun has almost run his daily course,  
 Tired are rider and his hobby-horse.  
 Yes, I go home. Upon my nurse's breast  
 Her lullaby half lulls to drowsy rest,  
 As from her lips I catch the cadence clear,  
 And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.



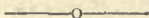
### THE DREAM.

(Az álom.)

—

The dream  
 Is nature's gift to man most dear,  
 His fondest hopes fulfilled appear;  
 The poor man dreaming, feeleth not  
 That he enhungered is or cold;  
 In purple dressed he thinks his hut  
 A mansion filled with wealth untold.

The king in dreams  
 Can neither judge nor grace bestow,  
 In sleep, alike are high and low.  
 The youth, while dreaming, rolls in bliss,  
 His sweetheart gives and takes sweet kiss;  
 But when I dream it seems to me  
 I fight for the world's liberty!

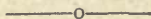


### I PARTED FROM THE LITTLE GIRL...

(Elváltam a leánykától.)



From the little girl I parted,  
 My darling sweetheart who had been.  
 Our last kiss left me broken hearted,  
 The parting's sorrow was most keen.  
 Ah, well! this happened long ago!  
 The tide and time though ceaseless flow,  
 The parting's bitter woe they heal,  
 I do not feel it any more.  
 The sweetness of that kiss of yore  
 I'll not forget! e'en now I feel.



### THE POET'S MONOLOGUE.

(Költő lenni vagy nem lenni.)



May they be damned, may they be cursed,  
 The moments when conceived and nursed  
 I had been into life by her,—  
 To my poor mother I refer—

To be a bard, a man of woe.  
 Poetry! thou art, we know,  
 To the candid human heart  
 The false and spiteful counterpart  
 Of spider's web, which pitiless  
 Restrains us in its vile duress.

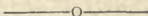
This spider with its venomous fangs  
 Imbibed much of my blood. The pangs  
 Caused by the meshes' knotty ties  
 I do not heed. I sacrifice  
 My heart, if while I undertake  
 The tainted-twisted mesh to break,  
 I find these spiders' snares entwine  
 This throbbing-tortured heart of mine,  
 That I must pluck it out! Ah me!  
 I yield it up! I must be free.

But with my blood, oh no, indeed  
 This murd'rous insect I'll not feed...  
 What compensation is in store  
 For all the heart's blood I outpour?  
 Some worthless fame or work renown,  
 Or even of fair glory's crown?  
 All of this is but dazzling naught,  
 Not worth to sacrifice one brought;  
 And at the best, where is the bard  
 Secure e'en of this poor reward?

Henceforth within thy shores. I race  
 O! ordinary commonplace  
 And with thy tranquil water's flow  
 I peacefully my wont ways go.  
 There is no fear I hit a reef,  
 Or mine be even a single leaf  
 Of laurel wreath; fame and repute  
 Will not be mine and destitute  
 Of bliss I'll be, but I'll have rest  
 And this itself does bliss suggest.

Shall all my life I mute remain,  
 To song though tuned my heart and brain?  
 My very life an instrument,  
 Of tuneful song, shall it be sent  
 Into oblivion? Fore'er  
 Must I forego what 's sweet and fair?  
 Not sing with joy, my woes be mute  
 Forevermore discard my lute?  
 Can ought the ocean's roaring wave  
 Command to be still as the grave?

I'll not be mute, poetry, no!  
 Because to sing I can't forego,  
 I nurture thee with the free flood  
 Of my tormented heart's best blood.  
 I do not care what is my fate,  
 Remain unknown or plaudits wait  
 My songs I'll sing and sing again.  
 Inspired by joy, by hallowed pain  
 I'll sing until my latest breath,  
 Until my voice is stilled by death.



### THE BEGGAR'S GRAVE.

(A koldus sirja.)



A wild beast like who feels his death is nigh,  
 The hoary beggar went into the plain,  
 That in the prairy's heart might himself hie  
 To die, and until then unknown remain.

"Poor lads" who found his corpse had dug a hole  
 And threw the body in. The beggar's staff  
 Was used then for a slab, upon the pole  
 They hung his bag; that was his epitaph.

Where in the desert not a tree e'er grows  
The tiny hill stands with its unique sign:  
Fair nature, who on all thy aid bestows,  
Makest that grass and wild flowers entwine

That lonely grave. And such is fate:  
Once in his life he rags and patches wore,  
While now the glorious sun did decorate  
His grave with flowers fair from nature's store.

To him 'tis all the same, it matters though  
A great deal, that he now had found his rest.  
Who knows what perils did he undergo,  
What fateful tasks he was forced to contest?

The hand, with which he used when hoary grown  
As a support that knotty, stout, good cane,  
When youth, force and strength had been his own:  
Had drawn a bright sword on the battle plain.

He had been there, the midst of bloody strife!  
And of his precious blood he freely gave,  
Fought for his master's power and pelf and life  
Who let him famished then go to his grave.

Well, he is dead... Forgotten now is all,  
The misery, also the battle cries.  
A deadly silence reigns which doth appal,  
And undisturbed in dreamless sleep he lies.

But now and then a songbird will descend  
Upon that staff and warble with a glee.  
What song might sing that tiny feathered friend  
Where on the slab a beggar's bag we see?



## THE STORK.

(A gólya.)

We have all kinds of birds, and man  
Prefers one for its plumage bright  
Or for the song wherewith it can  
The human heart fill with delight.  
The bird I love best can not sing.  
Is not a gaudy feathered thing  
But like myself, is back and white,  
Without a beauteous tail or wing.

The stork 's my favorite, like me  
He dwells upon his lowland's planis,—  
My own dear home. — Still it might be  
That it my heart's best love enchains  
Because I've known him long. When I  
Yet in my cradle whined, his cry  
I heard, my mind e'en now retains,  
His crackling call when he rose high.

My childhood's years were his. My mind  
Was serious e'en when a lad.  
While chums of mine would pleasure find  
To drive the herd, I felt most glad  
When from a nearby hay stack viewed  
The trials of the stork's young brood,  
As they their flying lessons had  
To rise to higher altitude.

The thought arose then in my brain,  
I cogitated long and deep:  
Why did not providence ordain  
That man too through the air may sweep  
Like birds. True, we can walk, but I  
Aspired on wings to rise and fly,  
Instead upon the earth to creep,  
I longed to reach the starry sky.

I longed to reach the starry high;  
 I envied e'en the sun who spread  
 A covering of brightest light  
 Over our own earth's hoary head.  
 His heart's blood pours out every eve,  
 What mean reward,—it made me grieve—  
 To stab those who light's pathways tread

Fair autumn season's golden days  
 The children joyously salute,  
 Good motherlike the season lays  
 Into their baskets luscious fruit.  
 The autumn is no friend of mine  
 I told him "keep your fruit and wine  
 And scare not off my stork, you brute!"

I felt depressed when I then saw  
 Them gather and begin their flight;  
 As for my wasted youth, with awe  
 Looked after them and felt contrite,  
 Upon the roof the empty nest  
 With melancholy filled my breast,  
 As if some mystic breath the sight  
 Of my own future would suggest.

With winter gone, earth casts away  
 Its heavy coat of snowy white,  
 It dons for spring a waistcoat gay,  
 Embroidered green and light and bright:  
 In springtide's days my own soul too  
 Will clad itself in vestments new,  
 To meet the stork, I with delight,  
 Went forth into the distant blue.

When later on, the spark afire:  
 The boy a youth-to-be had grown,  
 Beneath my feet the earth's a pyre,  
 And I resolve not to lie prone:  
 I mount a horse, as if the pace

For blowing wind I'd make, I race,  
The reins e'en of my horse I've thrown,  
My swift run 's o'er the puszta's face.

I love the puszta; 't is where I  
Feel always home, where I am free,  
Where when I cast about my eye  
Naught will impede its sight. I see  
No mighty cliffs and rocks which look  
Like threatening ghosts, hear not the brook  
A-murmuring roll down when she  
The course to freedom's regions took.

Say not the puszta is not fair,  
It is, but like a modest maid  
Prefers to hide from vulgar stare  
Her beauty with a dense yeil's aid.  
Of course, does comrades, friends she hail,  
She promptly casts away the veil  
Spellbound they look and see displayed  
A beauty from some fairy tale.

I love the puszta! Venturesome  
I cross it oft on my swift steed.  
When to remotest spots I come  
To which no footprints of men lead:  
Dismounting, lie down in the grass,  
As o'er the scene my view I pass,  
I see my stork in near-by reed.

Within the puszta's very heart  
The stork and I our day dreams weaved  
The pond's depth seemed to be his part,  
The mirage my close heed received.  
And thus we two, the stork and I  
The best years of my youth see fly.  
He was my friend; I felt bereaved  
Did I not find him always nigh.

E'en now I love that bird, to me  
That stork appears to be the one  
Reality we do not see  
Only in dreams by fancy spun.  
And eagerly, year after year  
I wait that he again appear,  
And leaves he for a warmer sun,  
I bless my friend to me most dear.



**ALEXANDER PETŐFI**

From a Lecture, delivered before the  
Petőfi Sick and Benevolent Society  
of New York.

“O Charity! thou fairest gift of heaven,  
thou family link of nations, thou work  
of their security, thou deliverer of the  
of their security, thou deliverer of the  
Thus asked that immortal Chieftain of  
Liberty, Louis Kossuth.

That realm has come. It surely has come to universal recognition among the Hungarians of New York. Probably no nationality which enriches this proud Metropolis has so many and such well organized and so well conducted charitable societies as have the Magyars, and among the many, the Petőfi Society occupies the high, the proud rank of being one of the oldest, one of the richest, one of the most generous.

All its vocation is love, all its life is charity. The religion of charity has its apostolate, and to it is pledged its aid, “it hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity.”

The Petőfi Society celebrates to-day the twenty-fifth anniversary of its existence. With pardonable pride it points to its work of the

past, and enthusiastically it pledges itself to continue its work in the future. Though in the first instance it is a charity society, and though in its labor of love it knoweth no race, no creed, no religion, and is as broad and as wide as is the horizon from the mountain top, still it is also a Magyar patriotic body of Magyar patriotic men, who love their old home as they have been taught to love it by that sublimely great songster whose immortal name it has adopted, who love truth, honor, fraternity, benevolence and charity as they have been inspired to love it by Alexander Petőfi.

Freedom and love, aims so incalculably valuable to battle for, so divinely blissful to enjoy, so high and heavenly to die for their attainments, are the spring wells from which rise the songs of the world's sublimest songster—Alexander Petőfi. His poetry “bears us on spotless wings far above the sensuous sphere of earth, and like the repentant tear which the Peri conveyed to the Angel, removes the crystal bar that binds the gates of Paradise, and reveals the golden ladder which leads from earth to heaven.”

This golden-tongued singer of songs, whose melodies are translated into thirty-two languages, who lived for love and who died for his country, was born in the last hour of the last day of the year 1822, at Little-Kőrös, on the Magyar Lowland. His schooldays are his purgatory. From one he is expelled; from another

he runs away. Then he enlists as a common soldier in an Austrian regiment, then again he becomes a strolling company's ambitious actor, to find that he is a miserable failure... How he suffered!-friendless, penniless, cold, hungry. It was then that he sang:

For sagest reason of their own  
The gods made mortal teeth of bone;  
Had mine been made of steel, they must,  
For want of use, have gone to rust.

But "truth crushed to earth" lives, and his genius conquered. At the end of 1844 he is at Pest and the associate editor of a literary journal of high repute. Here, at the house of the editor-in-chief, Vahot, he meets Etelka, and falls in love with her. Before he ever plucked up courage to confess to her his devotion, the young maiden of fifteen summers is carried off by grim death, and at her grave he pours out in passionate accents his deep-rooted holy affection.

A whole volume of the most delicious poetry, surcharged with hallowed pain, he published under the title, "Cyprus Lombok," and dedicated it to her memory. Had he never written another line, his fame as a poet of the highest order would have been firmly established with that volume alone.

What wonder that after this awful blow struck at him by cruel fate he grew sick of Pest and again went forth to ramble through-

out the land! He was famous already however, and wherever he goes he finds a most hearty welcome.

Song follows song, and never yet has a poet been living who sang such inspiring apotheosis to love and wine, surpassing himself only when he chants a national anthem, a martial song or a patriotic hymn.

Wine and love are the elements of his soul, but he is always pure, always noble.

Delightful night! I play now with my rose,  
Here in the garden, where a balmy zephyr blows.  
Quiet is all, a dog barks in the far;

While in the high  
Beautiful sky  
Gleam brightly, moon and star.

I would have been a faithless star, for I,  
God knows, would not remain up in the high.  
What care I for the star-lit heaven above?

Yes, I know  
Down I'd go  
Every night to thee, my love.

To the highest pinnacle of mighty passion rose Petőfi in the love songs he created in the year 1846, when he had the good fortune to meet Julia Szendrey, and married her. Let me give here but one:

A rose bush on the hillside grows,  
Come, darling, on my breast repose.  
Thy love then whisper in my ear,  
Let me that joyful story hear.



Within the Danube's rushing waves  
The sun, it seems, its shadows laves,  
And o'er them sways and glows in glee,  
As I sway thee upon my knee.

It has been said of me that I  
Am atheist, and God deny;  
Yet even now I pray intent,  
To read thy heart-beats I am bent.

In his and the other poems born of his love for her, the flame of oriental passion is found. Love and fatherland are the fountain-heads of all happiness, of all life. His love songs are full of boundless passion and tender emotion, but always pure and holy. He has genuine gayety, he praises the good suppers of good comrades, where wine flows, pleasantries abound, ideas pour forth, poetry sparkles and causes a carnival of beautiful figures and good-humored people to move about in the human brain. He lives, it seems, but for wine, woman and liberty, yet his was a soul captivated by sublime and chaste beauty, and he impressed his inward nobleness on all of his beautiful word paintings of family life, landscapes, meditations. His sarcasm is bitter and cutting, at men's follies and vices he strikes telling blows.

Petőfi was Hungary's greatest poet. He is one of the greatest poets of all of the world. Every smile, every tear of his was a song, and in palaces and in straw-thatched huts, in concert halls and in wayside inns are sung his

sublimely beautiful songs, testifying to a popularity no other poet of any other language ever enjoyed; a popularity as enduring as are the stars on high!

Then came the revolution. What a grand historic spectacle we behold! A nation rises in its might and struggles for constitutional rights, for historical existence, and inspired by the sublime battle hymns of Petőfi, the Magyars are victorious, until Austria calls the Czar, who treads with iron heels upon Hungarian liberty and crushes Magyar life.

Two Hungarians have played a most conspicuous part in this fight. One was that greatest of all the great exiled Magyars, whose very language, poured into men's hearts, was a lambent flame to animate with a more exalted and a diviner life—Louis Kossuth. The other was our own Petőfi.

On March 15, 1848, he published his famous "Talpra Magyar," and when his powerful battle hymn was first being read to the populace of Pest, ten thousand hands were uplifted and as many voices echoed the oath:

Now, by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear, the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!

He joined the Honvéd's and is in many a battle as an aide-de-camp of General Bem. In the winter of 1848-49 he came home to Pest,

and is blessed by pressing his new born babe to his heart. But of short duration was his visit.

The sun had hardly dawned, when lo! it set;  
I had but come, and now I must depart,  
Scarce had I time to greet and kiss thee, dear,  
When duty calls and we again must part.  
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,  
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life.

And then he went again into the battlefield.  
With sword in hand he fought for a holy cause,  
while with the lyre he inspired his people to  
hold that cause sacred and dear to their hearts.  
How well did he succeed! Where the three  
hundred Spartans fell is well known to history,  
yet who can tell us how many Termopyles  
Hungary has?

Petöfi died as he hoped and prayed to die.  
Listen to his prayer:

When every nation wearing chains  
Shall rise and seek the battle plains,  
With flushing face shall wave in fight  
Their banners blazoned in the light;  
"For Liberty!"  
Their cry shall be.  
Their cry from east to west,  
Till tyrants be depressed.  
There shall my heart's last blood flow out  
And I my latest cry shall shout;  
May it be drowned in clash of steel,  
In trumpet's and in cannon's peal;  
And o'er my corse  
Let tread the horse,  
Which gallops home from victory's gain,  
And leaves me trodden 'mid the slain.

At the battle of Segesvár, on July 31, 1849, he was last seen, and it is now settled beyond doubt that he fell there and was buried in the great common grave, where, after the battle, all the heroic dead found their eternal rest.

His life lasted but twenty-six years; his songs are immortal. Not if he had grown hoary in the service of his country, could he have grown greater in fame or stronger in the love of his people.

As long as the Magyar will love his fatherland, and as long as man will love woman and woman will love man, just so long will Petőfi's memory live, and so long will his memory be kept green by us and by our posterity. He was an eternal light among the lights of heaven, a central star amidst the central stars in the heaven of song.



## GLOSSARY.

**Alföld** — Lowland. The mighty stretch of fertile land in Hungary, between the Danube and the Tisza, extending to the Slavonian mountains.

**Délibáb** — Mirage,—Fata Morgana.

**“Cserebogár, sárga cserebogár”** — Mayfly, yellow Mayfly, the opening line of a famous Magyar folk song.

**Árvaleányhaj** — Orphan girl's hair, a peculiar grass of the Magyar lowland, resembling the aigrettes in modern millinery, couchgrass, quitchgrass, capillus veneris.

**Eger.** — A city in the comitatus—county— of Heves famous for its wine.

**Puszta,** — The Magyar prairy.

**“Szegénylegény”** — “Poor lad”, the thief of the Magyar lowland, plying his vocation in the prairy and nearby hamlets.

**Kis-Kunság,** — that part of Hungary where the descendants of the ancient Kuns reside. on the lower Tisza's shore.

**Kukoricza János** — John Kukoricza. In the Magyar language the given—christian name—is put after the family name. Kukoricza—Corn. János—John.

**Etelka.**—The “ka” is a suffix, put to the name and denotes a term of endearment—a diminutive. Etel—Ethel. Etelka—dear Ethel, or dear little Ethel.



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